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DOUBLE LENGTH NOVEL
CONFLICT
BY E.V. TIMMS

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WOMEN'S ROLE *in the* CUP

....Occasions When Feminine Whims Decided Great Race Classic

"WHERE'S MY FAVORITE?" An attractive racegoer at Flemington thrills as the horses thunder past the finishing post.

Beautiful Society Matron's Plea Brought Victory

By BETTY GEE, Race Narrator for The Australian Women's Weekly

Women's suffrage ought to be extended to Melbourne Cups. Of 76 Melbourne Cups run, only one lady owner has succeeded, and only four lady horses have won it in all those years.

But, representing the power behind this almost unchallenged throne of man, Woman has wielded her influence in the decision of our greatest turf race, believe me.

THERE was one notorious year when the coal millionaire, the late John Brown, in a cantankerous mood threatened to scratch Prince Foote, the favorite, for the Cup. All the wiles of friends and others who had huge betting interests had failed.

But it was a beautiful matron of Melbourne's fashionable society at a Cup-eve dinner who swayed the decision in favor of a Cup start, and Prince Foote gained his wonderful 1909 victory.

An aggregate of £150,000 was at stake. Many punters stood to win sums ranging from £5000 to £20,000. Old John Brown knew it.

Perhaps what he didn't know, though, was that the husband of the lovely society woman was among these.

He was swayed by her apparently innocent declaration that it would be delightful to see Prince Foote repeat his Derby win in the Cup, and dear Mr. Brown simply must not deprive her of that pleasure under any circumstances.

John fell for her blandishments, and Prince Foote started and won, and hubby landed his £20,000. I'll bet she got a nice new hat out of that.

But I'm ahead of my story.

GRANDPA on my Pa's side was one of those tenacious hounds of the Turf who never missed a Cup. No place for women. You stay and look after the kids. I'll do the Cup. What parties.

He tells me the lady-horse winners of the Cup are:—

1876—Briseis.
1895—Aurarta.
1904—Acrasia.
1921—Sister Olive.

Woman's Cup Winner

THE lady who enjoys the sole distinction of winning the Melbourne Cup is Mrs. E. A. Widdis, wife of a rich Victorian pastoralist.

Her husband raced extensively, but a colt by Wallace he bought in 1914 he presented as a birthday gift to his wife.

Until then the Melbourne Cup ownership had been vested in the Misters, the Messrs, or the Sirs.

But in 1915 the first Mrs. led in HER Cup winner, when Patrobas carried the all-rose-pink livery of Mrs. Widdis to victory.

Bob Lewis is 54 years of age, and slightly bald, but he still holds a jockey's licence.

When he won that Cup on Patrobas, though, he was a tiny cherubic youth, and it is on record that Mrs. Widdis smacked a big kiss on his brow after the Cup. Bob liked it.

There's a beautiful villa home on Adelaide's outskirts called Patrobas. In it lives Charles Wheeler, who trained the horse.

He turned out winners of scores of other notable races. He won another Melbourne Cup with The Parisian.

But his house is named Patrobas, because it was from that colt's win Charles wrested the fortune which made him independent.

UP and down the boulevards of Melbourne and round its fashionable block there were bright, smiling, feminine eyes the day after 1926's Melbourne Cup.

Melbourne's handsomest bachelor, tall, dark Doug Grant, barely out of his majority, had won the Cup with Spearfelt.

More bookmakers' money was distributed among the lasses of Melbourne over that triumph than any Cup in history.

Doug told them all to put their (what's the equivalent to a man's shirt?) on it. And they did, because they trusted Doug implicitly.

Nevertheless, Doug's still a bachelor—and still tall and dark and handsome.

Another bachelor Cup winner in the very next year, Mr. E. E. D. Clarke, was known as the shyest man in Melbourne. But the trainer, James Scobie, saw that the feminine world knew Trivalve was a good thing, and he started second favorite.

When Phar Lap Lost

MRS. TELFORD was "the answer that turneth away wrath" when pressmen and others were worrying Harry Telford about whether Phar Lap would run in the 1929, 1930, and 1931 Melbourne Cups.

Harry used to sometimes get angry at the imputation that he was "hanging out for a cut" from the sweep, but Mrs. Telford eventually took charge and answered all the interviews with sweet tact.

He won the 1930 Cup and a fortune for all, but the other two he missed.

WHEN Phar Lap was obviously off color for the 1931 Melbourne Cup, it was Mrs. Telford who urged his scratching.

He was a 6 to 4 favorite, but she knew in her kind woman's heart that the horse was sick and not fit to win, or even to run. If she'd had the authority, she'd have gone down to the V.R.C. and taken him out.

The owners, Mr. Davis and Mr. Telford, refrained, however.

But there was nothing in the story that they had orders from the V.R.C. not to scratch. They felt the obligation to the public was too great; the crowd would simply have to get a run and see for themselves Phar Lap couldn't win.

So the men had their way against Mrs. Telford's motherly feelings, but Phar Lap was nearer last than first. Nor did she, I believe, indulge in the woman's prerogative, "I told you so."

It made Cup history when Mrs. Jim Chambers, wife of a noted country owner-trainer from a little hamlet near Maitland, urged her husband to take his horse to Melbourne at the eleventh hour for the 1913 Cup.

The horse's name was Posinatus, and his form from the Cup point of view was very second-rate. He stood at odds of 50 to 1.

Victoria's mighty man of the Turf, Eric Connolly, had the favorite, Sea Prince, backed for a colossal fortune, and there was his rival, Posinatus, away in a little country village 600 miles off.

But Mrs. Chambers prevailed. Posinatus was entrained, and arrived at Flemington less than a week before the Cup.

He liked the trip, and the change did him good. He led the race all the way, and beat all the hot-pots pointless.

Mr. Chambers was sick with flu on Cup Day. His strapper had to receive the Cup gift from the hands of the Governor-General, Lord Dudley.

The one who should have been there to do the honors was Mrs. Chambers.

She won the Cup for Posinatus.

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Let's Talk Of Interesting People

At Old Vic Theatre

MISS BRENDA NEWBOLD, of Melbourne, was recently appointed assistant stage manager of the famous Old Vic Theatre, London.

Educated at Clyde, Woodend, Victoria, Miss Newbold became interested in the theatre, and appeared in a number of Repertory Theatre productions, and two Gregan McMahon seasons in Melbourne. She left for London little more than a year ago.

Brilliant Physicist

DR. H. S. W. MASSEY returned recently to Australia from Ireland.

Now a physicist of international reputation, and an independent lecturer in the University of Belfast, Dr. Massey distinguished himself when at Melbourne University; was awarded the Aitchison Scholarship, and studied at the Cavendish Laboratory, Cambridge. He was awarded the senior scholarship of the Royal Commission for the 1851 Exhibition.

Music in Braille

BLIND musicians have benefited greatly from the work of Madame Carita St. Clair (herself a Sydney musician), who has copied into Braille the works of numerous composers, including Beethoven, Mozart, Bach, and several modern writers.

It is an intricate task, requiring special knowledge of the rudiments of music, and Madame St. Clair is probably the only woman in Australia who has mastered it. She started the work 15 years ago for Miss Frew, and the past eight years has continued this service for Mr. Gordon Lavers, the blind pianist, of Sydney.

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MANY WANT *Windsors to Return* to ENGLAND

Reasons Why Duke Remains in Exile

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England

Three out of every five people in Great Britain want the Duke and the Duchess of Windsor back in England.

A nation-wide survey by "Cavalcade," a very widely-read weekly newspaper, showed that 61 per cent. of its readers believe that the famous couple should be invited to return to England and make their home there.

THIS week, however—just a year since Mrs. Wallis Simpson's divorce heralded the greatest constitutional issue in Britain's history—the Duke and Duchess are preparing for their departure to the United States in continuance of their voluntary exile.

This has now been endowed with a real social purpose which was exemplified by their investigations into the working and housing conditions of the people of Germany.

It was epitomised by the Duke himself when, in a speech in Paris, he expressed a desire to "Make some contribution as a private individual towards solving some of the vital problems which are besetting the world."

Thus, after being "Prince Charming" of the Empire for 40 years, after being King for 11 months, after abdicating to marry the lady of his choice, the Duke has taken up a new career—that of social investigation.

In doing this he is carrying on the work for which he showed such a definite flair when, as Prince of Wales, and also as King, he rubbed shoulders with the coal miners of Wales, and saw with his own eyes the poverty of the homes in the depressed areas of the Midlands of England.

The Duke and Duchess are travelling to America by a German ship because they cannot secure the necessary accommodation on a British ship without travelling to England.

This the Duke will not do, because he does not wish to set foot on British soil again until he can return freely to the country of his birth.

It is known that he ardently desires to return, but he will not do so unless the Duchess is accorded the title, "Her Royal Highness," and is openly received by his relatives.

He believes that the Royal Family's advisers will never endorse this, so he expects to spend the rest of his life abroad. At the same time, he is determined to spend it usefully.

The choice of a permanent home is still a matter to be settled by the Windsors.

Many believe that even were they to return to England they would still require a permanent home on the Continent.

On the other hand, if they make a permanent home on the Continent, it is thought it would be in Paris, because of its proximity to England, if the Duke wanted to visit London.

It has been suggested that the King may invite Edward to Buckingham Palace for a short visit. This is mere conjecture, however.

Other authorities believe that no official move of any kind will be made concerning Edward until after the King's visit to India for the Durbar.

AMERICA is making elaborate preparations for the reception of the Duke and Duchess. This is expected to eclipse any welcome extended to visitors to her shores for many years.

The feeling of the American people towards the Duke and Duchess is summed up by the "Christian Science Monitor," which says:—

"The predominant sentiment of the English-speaking world is gratitude that the ex-King, unlike some rulers, is vindicating his Anglo-Saxon culture. He refuses to be a playboy. He seeks serious occupation. 'Tis well."

In America labor and industrial leaders will vie with socialites for Edward's time and interest. He is expected to make a thorough study of the latest industrial technique and will probably confer with representatives of both capital and labor.

But socially the Windsors' visit will mean much to the United States, and the possibilities in this direction have already given rise to a lot of speculation.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF WINDSOR in Germany. Left, they are seen leaving the House of German sport. Right shows the welcome in Berlin.

"I MUST HAVE *New Frocks*"

Jean Batten's FIRST THOUGHT

Record Flight Was Her Way of Getting to World's Fashion Centres

Jean Batten's first thought when she landed in London was the first thought of every woman who goes abroad—"I want new frocks."

There could be no better proof of her femininity than that. Here is her own cabled message to The Australian Women's Weekly from London.

By Beam Wireless from JEAN BATTEN. Exclusive.

"A LITTLE over a week ago I was sunbaking on Sydney beaches in Australian springtime; now I am shopping in London in misty autumn.

"Six weeks before leaving Australia I shipped a suitcase containing clothes. It arrived at Tilbury two days before I landed at Croydon. But it's autumn here, and as I am so deluged with invitations for lunch, cocktail parties and dinner, I must have a complete new wardrobe.

"I have had a swift glance around and one couturier is putting on a mannequin parade for me, but I am bewildered by the variety of styles and lavishness of choice.

"I plan to buy a small close-fitting cloche hat, and, as tweeds, velours, and furs are now seasonable, I am going to buy a West Country tweed suit, woollen sports suit, and several afternoon frocks.

"I saw the nicest black cocktail frock yesterday which I am going out to buy to-morrow.

"My real difficulty will be evening frocks. They're all so beautiful. I am going to give this matter deep thought.

"People throughout the flight were extremely kind to me; unbelievably so. Since I've landed here they're deluging me with congratulatory letters, telegrams, and cables.

Denies Romance

"THIS morning I had forty telephone calls waiting for me. One breakfast got cold before I could eat a bite, and another had to be brought. I was terribly pleased to get cables from my home town, Auckland, Mr. Savage, Prime Minister of N.Z., Mr. Stevens, Premier of New South Wales, New South Wales Aero Club and others in Australia and New Zealand. They really overwhelmed me.

"ONE cable which thrilled me was from Senor Candudas, director of Catalonia civil aviation, on behalf of the fliers of Catalonia.

"It's wonderful to think they can spare time to send me congratulations when they are racked with war.

"Another, too, was from a group of women at the Salvation Army settlement of Hopetown, near London.

"I AM continually confronted with stories of my impending engagement.

"I cannot understand how this rumor arose. I've done nothing to foster it, and at the moment I have no thoughts in that direction.

"I enjoyed talking to the Empire by radio, and I was thrilled when televised.

"At the moment I am so thankful for rest and to know I mustn't be awakened at midnight to go on again, that I have no immediate plans for another flight.

"But I'll go on later, for I love flying.

"I am convinced the aeroplane was intended for international travel. I'll continue to use it for this, records, etc., apart.

"One incident of my flight which amused me was when a fly came in the cockpit at Basra. It buzzed about and I was tempted to swat it, but instead I carried it to Damascus. I hope it enjoyed the change.

"I would like to thank all my well-wishers in Australia and New Zealand for their messages and thoughts of me. It's really wonderful to feel this surge of good wishes. It makes the record doubly worth while."

See Pictures—Page 32

This Week's Double-Length Free Novel

A FEATURE of the splendid fiction in this issue of The Australian Women's Weekly is the 48-page free novel, "Conflict," by the popular Australian author, Mr. E. V. Timms.

Set in the dramatic historical background of the French Revolution, this stirring novel is packed full of thrilling incidents. Its strong love interest adds to its fascination.

Leading critics have accorded "Conflict" very high praise, ranking it with the very best work of its gifted author. Our readers, we feel confident, will warmly welcome it as a fine Australian achievement.

PIMPLES, FRECKLES

WRINKLES, BLACKHEADS, COARSE PORES, and ALL SKIN IMPERFECTIONS QUICKLY REMOVED BY NEW HOME METHOD

FOR years I was worried to death with unsightly Freckles and abominable Pimples and Blackheads. Other girls would avoid me. It was impossible for me to attend parties and dances, because both sexes would shun my company.

Whenever I went out I was actually dressed better and looked smarter than most other girls; nevertheless, I always felt miserable. Every cream and powder and lotion that I saw advertised I would try in the hope of removing these disfiguring blemishes, but one and all proved failures.

My father felt so sorry for me that he took me to France and Germany. During this trip, which occupied six weeks, I underwent the treatment of a famous Parisian Beauty Specialist. Within the first week after I commenced this treatment I noticed a remarkable change, and at the end of four weeks my face was quite clear of all blemishes.

I had about abandoned all hope of ever being able to hold my own in company. You can, therefore, realise my joy on returning to London to have my old friends stop me in the street and exclaim: "How well you look. I would never have known you!"

Since my trip I have never been troubled with my old complaints, because I learned just how to care for my skin.

Realising that there must be thousands of women both young and old who are to-day suffering as I did, you will not be surprised to learn that I am anxious to place my secret before them. If you will, therefore, simply send your name and address with 2d in stamps to cover my outlay for posting, I will send you free, in a plain, sealed envelope, full information so that you may forever remove all trace of Freckles, Pimples, Blackheads, and any other blemishes, by the wonderful method that overcame my troubles. Remember, it is different to any that you have adopted in the past. It does not consist of cosmetics, creams, lotions, salves, soaps, ointments, plasters, bandages, masks, vapor sprays, massage-rollers or other implements. No dieting, no fasting—nothing to take, and cannot injure the most delicate skin.

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LIFE AND *Death* OF A DANCER..

Poignant Story of Mira Dimina, Russian Ballet Beauty

One of the most poignant tragedies associated with the theatre in Australia occurred when the Russian Ballet was here last year. It concerns a lovely young ballerina, Mira Dimina (Madeleine).

Mira's story is now told fully for the first time by Mr. Arnold Haskell, in his new book, "Dancing Round the World." Here is the story.

By ARNOLD HASKELL, in "Dancing Round the World."

I KNEW that I would have to return to Adelaide soon, and on a tragic mission. The doctor had warned me a few days previously, and could hold out little hope.

I thought of nothing else as the train sped out of Adelaide station and the friends cheered and waved. I imagined what the platform would look like on my return, and I could tell no one.

I scarcely knew Madeleine before our journey on the Moldavia, though I had first met her two years before on the Ile de France, when she had just joined the Russian Ballet.

The very first time I saw her she was spraying her throat with a small atomiser. I could remember every trivial detail now that this dreadful knowledge that, unknown to her, I shared with the doctor, linked us so closely together.

Sleepless at night, I pieced together the fragments that made up a portrait of Madeleine and seemed to know her far more intimately in retrospect.

She was pretty in a fragile manner, her features delicately modelled, but the first impression she made on the Russian Ballet was not a favorable one.

With her long coils of corn-colored hair she would have seemed more in place in Hollywood, and she dressed it in a singularly unbecoming fashion that dwarfed her small features and gave her a large head, a mortal sin in ballet.

In contradiction to her appearance, she was timid, diffident, retiring and no one seemed to know her well or enjoy her confidence.

HER first big role was that of Frivolity, in "Les Presages," undertaken at a moment's notice to replace Riabouchinska, who had been left behind in New York with scarlet fever.

The task was a formidable one, made more so by the fact that she did not yet belong to the large hypercritical family who asked nothing better than to keep an interloper outside until such time as she had proved herself beyond doubt.

All this, together with the fact that she did not feel overstrong, resulted in an indifferent performance. She knew it, and was worried at not having done herself justice. She felt an atmosphere of hostility.

I was as sceptical about her abilities as any, but I liked the girl and consoled her, using arguments and excuses that I did not believe in myself.

Also I plucked up courage and told her about her hairdressing, which she altered, now giving full value to her charming little head.

MIRA DIMINA, beautiful member of the Russian Ballet, whose story is told by Mr. Arnold Haskell in his new book, "Dancing Round the World."

Her Big Chance

IT was on the boat going out to Australia that I learnt to know her and could really call her a friend. The accident of our having been together with the first company threw Mrs. Russell (Pete), and her 16-year-old daughter, Lelia, the Hoyers, Madeleine, and myself very much together.

I had never seen her so animated before. She was happy, and knew that her big chance lay ahead.

Daily she bathed in the pool, rehearsed, and exercised, and at night was one of the few to wear evening dress, taking pleasure in the effect caused by her striking appearance, in the very fact of being young, pretty, and alive.

Her cabin adjoined mine, and on the long, hot, sleepless, stifling nights we exchanged an occasional message through the ventilator, always concluding with, "Arnold" . . . "Yes" . . . "What time is it?"

. . . .

FOR nights as I lay thinking of her I could hear that call, until at times it drove me nearly mad, and I would have to put the light on and read or pace about the room.

It could not be true, such a thing had never happened in the ballet world . . . dancers were strong . . . but Madeleine was always so pale and delicate.

Then I pictured her at our first meeting, with the throat spray, and the whole thing began again, those images that semed so real and the voice, "Arnold? What time is it?"

. . . .

She joined our excursion at Port Sudan, buying beads that would match her dresses with a childish unspoilt excitement. She was always a strange mixture of naivete and sophistication.

I met her in the bazaars in Bombay, her arms full of silks and ornaments. She was enjoying every moment of the day, but already there she was not feeling well.

She began to miss an occasional rehearsal, and I would visit her to find her in practice clothes, but fast asleep. The effort had been too much. We thought little of it. The heat had given so many of us minor indispositions. She would be all right once she landed in Australia in spring.

ONCE in Adelaide she seemed better, recovering with all the other invalids. Work was beginning, her big chance at hand, and already she had made charming friends in Mr. and Mrs. Ian Hayward, who were soon to prove, to the full, the depth and quality of their friendship.

Now that I knew her so well I was a little uneasy that I could not admire her dancing more. However, understanding she was, it must eventually spoil the atmosphere, and I valued that friendship and did not want to lose it at a time when ballet friendships were so rare and precious.

I need have had no fears; at that first performance she danced the "Prelude" from "Les Slyphides" like one inspired. In the interval I dashed off to write of the "unearthly quality of her dancing." I have the clipping by me, a proof to myself that what I now know has not caused my imagination to embroider.

In "Le Beau Danube," that followed, she was charming but singularly listless and lacking in animation. When I told her, she said: "But I have not the strength for such a role," and I replied, "Nonsense."

She was overjoyed with what I said about her "Prelude," and both Lidji and Philippoff shared my feelings and promised her the Maiden in "Le Spectre de la Rose," in which dreamy mood she would have excelled.

"In my whole life I have never been so happy," she said that night. "I am proving what I can really do, even you are convinced, and this morning I went to see Mr. Gosse, and he helped me to make arrangements for my mother to come over from America to join me.

"She will sail in a few days, be here in six weeks' time, and then we need no longer be separated. It is the dream of my life."

She continued to dance for a few days, to see her new friends, and to enjoy life.

Last Illness

THEN came the role in "Les Presages" that had proved her first stumbling-block. She danced it well, but the effort was apparent, and there was nothing to suggest frivolity. At times she seemed to be tottering, and when she missed an important cue I rushed round to the wings.

"I will be all right. I must go on; but my head is burning, and I can scarcely breathe. I have such a terrible sore throat."

I dissuaded her from dancing. It was easy: she could scarcely stand, and her temperature was nearly 104 degrees. She went back to her hotel and summoned a doctor recommended by her friends.

Early the next morning I went to see her. She could only talk with the greatest difficulty and was as pale as the white frangipanni her friends had sent to decorate the room.

Please turn to Page 15

THE PROOF IS IN THE WEARING!

"FRANKLY, I DON'T SEE WHY ANY WOMAN WOULD RISK A SUBSTITUTE FOR KOTEX*"

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Mary Pauline Callender
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TWENTY-FOUR HOURS

Jilted at the altar by an heiress, Jim Brown finds happiness in an unexpected way with a keen young "news-hound" . . . .

Complete Short Story

Illustrated By . . . Wynne W. DAVIES

From the station platform they saw a great red glow against the sky to the north, and as they watched there was a second and more violent explosion.

By LUCIAN CARY

JIM BROWN tried not to wake up. He didn't want to wake up. It couldn't be time to wake up.

When he came half awake he remembered Jane. He remembered seeing Jane the day before. Seeing Jane had made the whole thing worse. Odd to meet Jane at a time like this when he had succeeded in forgetting her; or at least in not thinking about her much. He had been right about going to London. Any man who had won the chance to be London correspondent of a New York paper would be a fool to refuse. And a girl who refused to marry him and go along because she would have to give up her own little cub reporter's job that she'd probably be fired from anyway—

Jim dozed off. But in spite of himself he heard a slight, persistent tapping. He opened his eyes and thought he was back in the Kalahari desert. He saw the tent-cloth pale green against the African dawn. But it wasn't a tent-cloth. It was the apple-green ceiling of a bedroom in the Townsends' country house in Minnewaska, and this was the day he was going to marry Marguerite Townsend.

"Come in," he called, and jumped out of bed.

He heard the sound of feet running lightly down the hall outside, and saw the folded sheet of paper that had been thrust under the door. He picked up the paper and opened it and stared at it. He read:

"Dearest,—I must see you before anybody else is awake—I'm starting now—up the road we were on yesterday—keep going north until you see my car—and please hurry—there's so little time.—M."

JIM lit a cigarette and read the note again, and crushed out the cigarette and saw that it was five minutes to seven, and got into clothes. He carried his shoes in one hand and opened the door carefully and looked and listened. The house was silent. He went down the back stairs and out to the garage, and saw that his car was in the front row. He started the motor as quietly as he could, and drove down the Townsends' drive to the main road.

He drove fast through the cool of a summer morning. He couldn't imagine what had happened. Marguerite had told him the night before, as he was leaving for his last bachelor dinner, that she wouldn't see him again until they marched down the aisle. He hadn't known until she told him that it was the custom for the bride and groom not to see each other before the wedding on the day of the ceremony. He wondered what the origin of such a custom was. He thought perhaps the two were kept apart to prevent them from quarrelling at the last moment when there wasn't time to make up.

He saw Marguerite's car ahead. It wasn't going ten miles an hour. He drew alongside. She stopped. He stopped and got out. Her face was pale and she was trembling and her eyes looked as if she hadn't slept. She was still beautiful. But she wasn't the calm, self-possessed Marguerite he knew.

"Jim," she said, "I'm going to marry Gerry."

He didn't know who Gerry was. He had known her only a few weeks. He had never heard of Gerry.

"I know I'm mad," she said. "I know it won't last more than a year or two. But I've got to have that. I thought when I fell in love with you on the boat coming over that you were the answer. I kept saying to myself that I'd never think of Gerry again. And father and mother were so happy about it. But Gerry got in from Paris last night and he called me up and he wanted to see me and—and that's all."

Jim stood there staring at her, not quite believing that this was Marguerite.

"I'm meeting Gerry down the road," she said. "We're going to drive until we come to a State where we can be married at once, and then I'll wire mother."

He could see that she had made up her mind. There was no use trying to stop her. But he felt he ought to say something.

"Please, Jim," she said. "Please don't say anything. I know it's awfully low of me. To break up a big wedding this way. But it will be easier for father and mother than if I told them beforehand. It will be a shock—and then it will be over. They'll know they can't do anything about it. They won't have to try. There won't be any bitter arguments."

She smiled a little wistful smile.

"I know it will be embarrassing for you, Jimmy," she said. "I know I should have told you about Gerry. But I kept telling myself that Gerry didn't matter any more."

He stared and stared at her, trying to understand her and feeling what a fool he was not to have guessed that there was something wrong.

"And all the time," he said, "you were using me to get him back. The announcement of our engagement was your last card."

"I'm afraid," she said. "I'm afraid that's true. What else could I do? And it sounds worse than it was—you know that, don't you, Jimmy?"

Jim shook his head. "I don't know what you mean."

"I mean," she said, "that you weren't—you aren't—in love with me. Not really."

"I—" Jim said.

"Not desperately," Marguerite said. "Not so much that nothing else matters."

"No," he said.

"Oh," she said, "I think that's nice of you."

They looked into each other's eyes and involuntarily they smiled. They were nearer to each other for that moment than they had ever been before.

"Please go back to the house," she said. "Go back to bed and when they come to tell you I've disappeared be more surprised than they are. Give us a chance to get clear away."

She held out her hand. He took her hand in his. "Good-bye, Jimmy," she said.

Jim Brown watched her car gathering speed. He watched it until it disappeared over the hill. He got into his own car and went back to the Townsends' garage. There wasn't anybody about. He put the car back where he'd found it. He heard sounds from the kitchen wing. He went around to a side door. He met a parlor maid. She didn't seem surprised. Jim said "Good-morning" to her, and she said "Good morning, sir," as if it was quite in order for the groom to be coming in at half-past seven the morning of the wedding.

Jim went up to his room and took off his clothes. He couldn't go to sleep. He wished he could talk to somebody. He wished he could talk to somebody who spoke his own language. There wasn't a single person in the whole vast houseful of people who did speak his own language. There wasn't anybody within a thousand miles except Jane Fuller. And how could he possibly talk to Jane? She wouldn't listen. She was somewhere in an hotel in Northbury with all the other reporters who'd been sent up from Chicago to cover the wedding. She would be arriving at the Townsends in two or three hours. But she wouldn't listen.

He sat by the window and smoked one cigarette after another until he heard the house waking up. He got back into bed and pretended to be asleep. It was going to be awful. It was going to be all the more awful because all these strangers would strive to be kind. The Townsends were very, very rich. But they were kind.

George Banks came charging into his room. George was best man. George was virtually a professional best man.

"Up and out of it," George shouted. "It's after nine. In three hours you'll be a married man."

George pulled all the covers off the bed. Jim sat up and rubbed his eyes.

"How's the old head?" George demanded.

"Not bad," Jim said. He hadn't had much to drink the night before.

George Banks moaned. "I wish mine weren't bad," he said. "But I know what'll fix it. I know what'll be bettering for both of us."

He rang for a servant and ordered a drink for which he gave precise specifications. It had to have absinthe and it had to be iced.

George chattered on so freely that Jim needed only to smile and nod now and again. George ordered breakfast sent up to Jim's room. George had just announced that he found the breakfast very bettering when they heard a scream.

"Heavens," George said, "that wild bridesmaid is loose again."

It was his job to maintain the peace. He hurried out. Jim Brown took a shower and shaved. He could hear a good deal of distant commotion in the house. They must have discovered that Marguerite was gone. But they weren't telling him about it yet. They were still hoping to find her.

JIM got into his striped trousers. He had tied his tie, and was putting on the cutaway when Mr. Townsend knocked on the door.

"Will you come with me, Jim?" Mr. Townsend asked. "Marguerite's mother wants to see you."

Mrs. Townsend was tall, like Marguerite, and still handsome. She told Mr. Townsend she wanted to talk to Jim alone. Jim saw that she had been crying.

"Sit down, Jim, dear," she said.

Jim sat down. Mrs. Townsend paced back and forth. It was almost more than she could bear to tell him. She started a sentence three times before she said what she knew she had to say.

"Marguerite is gone," she said at last. "We can't find her."

Jim waited for her to go on. He couldn't tell her what he knew.

Mrs. Townsend sat down and picked up the telephone and put it up again.

"Did Marguerite ever tell you about Gerry Askew?"

"She mentioned him," Jim said.

"You'd think," Mrs. Townsend said, "you'd think that Marguerite was the last girl in the world to let herself become infatuated with a man who's almost disreputable and almost old enough to be her father."

"Yes," Jim said, "I would."

Please turn to Page 45

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Another fascinating instalment of our serial

Illustrated By FISCHER

As he drank his tea, Andrew was most fascinated by Mrs. Boland—he simply could not keep his eyes from her.

The CITADEL

By A. J. CRONIN

The Story So Far:

DR. ANDREW MANSON, a young ambitious Scotsman, begins his medical career as assistant to Dr. Page in Blaenelly, a mining town in South Wales.

He discovers on arrival that Dr. Page is a hopeless invalid, and his wife really controls the practice.

Conditions are appalling in Blaenelly, but every move he makes for reform is met with blank disinterest.

He makes a friend of young Dr. Denny, who practises in the same town, and helps him with his work. Andrew meets Christine, a schoolteacher, and falls in love with her. Shortly afterwards, he has a quarrel with Mrs. Page and resigns.

He then applies for a post at the neighboring town of Aberalaw and is successful. He marries Christine and they enter happily on their new life.

Andrew is at first inundated with patients, but is warned by his nearest colleague, Dr. Urquhart, that he will be asked by the malingering miners to give them spurious certificates of ill-health. Andrew finds this the case, and becomes unpopular by his refusal.

When the secretary of the Aberalaw committee, who engaged Andrew, asks the young doctor to accept his medical card, Andrew becomes more respected.

Andrew and Christine become friendly with Richard Vaughan, virtual owner of the Aberalaw mines, but Andrew is unhappy and feels the lack of inspiration and co-operation from his colleagues, Doctors Medley and Oxborrow.

Now read on—

* * * * * * *

AS it was, Oxborrow, accompanied by his wife, who played the portable harmonium, betook himself on Saturday afternoons to the nearby town of Pernley — etiquette precluding his appearing in Aberalaw — and there, in the Market, he would set up his little carpet-covered stand and hold an open-air religious meeting. Oxborrow was an evangelist. As an idealist, a believer in a supreme quickening force in life, Andrew could have admired this fervor. But Oxborrow, alas! was embarrassingly emotional. He wept unexpectedly and prayed even more disconcertingly. Once when confronted by a difficult confinement which defeated his own straining skill, he plumped suddenly upon his knees beside the bed, and, blubbering, implored God to work a miracle upon the poor woman. Urquhart, who detested Oxborrow, told Andrew of this incident, for it was Urquhart who, arriving, had got upon the bed in his boots, and successfully delivered the patient with high forceps.

THE more Andrew considered his fellow assistants and the system under which they worked the more he desired to bring them together. As it was, they had no unity and no sense of co-operation, and little friendliness, amongst themselves.

They were simply set up, one against the other, in the ordinary competitive way existing in general practice all over the country, each trying to secure as many patients for himself as he could. Downright suspicion and bad feeling were often the result. Andrew had known Urquhart, for instance, when a patient of Oxborrow's transferred his card to him, take the half-finished bottle of medicine from the man's hand in the surgery, uncork it, smell it with contempt, and explode:

"So this is what Oxborrow's been givin' ye! He's been slowly poisonin' ye!"

Meanwhile, in the face of this diversity, Doctor Llewellyn was quietly taking his cut from each assistant's pay cheque. Andrew burned under it, longed to create a different arrangement, to institute a new and better understanding which would enable the assistants to stand together—without subsidising Llewellyn. But his own difficulties, the sense of his own newness to the place, and above all the mistakes he had made at the start in his own district caused him to be cautious. It was not until he met Con Boland that he decided to make the great attempt.

ONE day early in April Andrew discovered a cavity in a back tooth and went, in consequence, upon an afternoon of the following week, in search of the Society's dentist. He had not yet met Boland and did not know his hours of consultation. When he reached the Square, where Boland's little surgery stood, he found the door closed and pinned upon it, this red-inked notice: "Gone to Extraction. If Urgent apply at House."

On a moment's reflection Andrew decided that since he was here, he might at least call to make an appointment so, having inquired the way from one of the group of youths lounging outside the Valley Ice Cream Saloon, he set out for the dentist's house.

This was a small semi-detached villa on the upper outskirts of the East side of the town. As Andrew walked up the untidy path to the front door he heard a loud hammering and glancing through the wide-open doors of a dilapidated wooden shed situated at the side of the house he saw a red-haired rangy man in his shirt-sleeves, violently attacking the dismembered body of a car with a hammer. At the same time the man caught sight of him.

"Hello!" he said.

"Hello!" Andrew answered a trifle warily.

"What are ye after?"

"I want to make an appointment with the dentist. I'm Doctor Manson."

"Come in," said the man, hospitably waving the hammer. He was Boland.

Andrew entered the wooden shed, which was littered with portions of an incredibly old motor car. In the middle stood the chassis, supported on wooden egg boxes, and actually presenting the evidence of having been sawn in half. Andrew glanced from this extraordinary spectacle of engineering to Boland.

"Is this the extraction?"

"It is," Con agreed. "When I'm inclined to be slack in the surgery I just up to my garage and put a little bit in on my car."

Apart from his brogue, which was thick enough to be cut with a knife, he used the words garage, meaning the falling down shed, and car, as applied to the fallen down vehicle, with an accent of unmistakable pride.

"You wouldn't believe what I'm doing now," he went on, "that's to say unless you're mechanical-minded like myself. I've had her five year this little car of mine and, mind ye, she was three year old when I got her. Ye mightn't believe seeing her shtripped but she goes like a hare. But she's small, Manson, she's small by the size of my family now. So I'm in the process of extendin' her. I've cut her, ye see, right across her middle, and that's where I'll slip in a good two feet of insertion. Wait till ye see her finished, Manson!" He reached for his jacket. "She'll be long enough to take a regiment. Come away now, to the surgery, and I'll fix your tooth."

At the surgery which was almost as untidy as the garage and, it must be confessed, equally dirty, Con filled the tooth, talking all the time. Con talked so much and so violently that his bushy red moustache was always dewed with beads of moisture. His shock of chestnut hair, which badly needed cutting, kept getting into Andrew's eyes, as he bent over, using the amalgam filling which he had tucked under his oily finger-nail. He had not bothered to wash his hands—that was a trifle to Con! He was a careless, impetuous, good-natured, generous fellow. The more Andrew knew Con the more he was utterly captivated by his humor, simplicity, wildness and improvidence. Con, who had been six years in Aberalaw, had not a penny to his name. Yet he extracted a vast amount of fun from life. He was mad on "mechanics," was always making gadgets and he idolised his motor car. The fact that Con should possess a motor car was in itself a joke. But Con loved jokes, even when they were against himself. He told Andrew of the occasion when, called to extract the decayed molar of an important Committee-man, he had gone to the patient's house with, as he imagined, his forceps in his pocket only to find himself reaching for the tooth with a six-inch spanner.

The filling completed, Con threw his instruments into a jelly jar containing lysol, which was his light-hearted notion of asepsis, and demanded that Andrew should return to the house with him to tea.

"Come on, now," he insisted hospitably. "You've got to meet the family. And we're just in time. It's five o'clock."

CON'S family were, in fact, in the process of having tea when they arrived but were obviously too accustomed to Con's eccentricities to be disturbed by his bringing in a stranger. In the warm, disordered room Mrs. Boland sat at the head of the table with the baby at her breast. Next came Mary, fifteen, quiet, shy—"the only dark-haired one and her dad's favorite," was Con's introduction—who was already earning a decent wage as a clerk to Joe Larkins, the bookmaker, in the Square. Beside Mary was Terence, twelve, then three other younger children sprawling about, crying out to be taken notice of by their father.

There existed about this family, except perhaps for the shyly conscious Mary, a careless gaiety which entranced Andrew. The room itself spoke with a gorgeous brogue. Above the fireplace beneath the colored picture of Pope Pius X, which bore a strip of Easter palm, the baby's napkins were drying. The canary's cage, uncleaned, but bursting with song, stood on the dresser beside Mrs. Boland's rolled-up stays—she had previously removed them in the cause of comfort—and a split bag of puppy biscuits. Six bottles of stout, newly in from the grocer, were upon the chest of drawers, also Terence's flute. And in the corner were broken toys, odd boots, one rusty skate, a Japanese parasol, two slightly battered prayer books and a copy of "Photo-bits."

Please turn to Page 52

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LOVE Won't Pay the RENT

Sybil married money, while Madge had chosen love and a small flat....

Illustrated by Wynne W. DAVIES

"I'm sorry," said Jimmy, "that you're so ashamed of your home that you've got to lie about it."

YOU can leave a New York August in two ways — horizontally or vertically. The horizontal gives you the wider choice; Long Island and New England, the farther reaches of the Hudson valley and the remoter stretches of the Jersey coast. To get to any of these places, of course, takes time. But to go out of New York—straight up—that takes cash. Young Mrs. James Greenway, in a cheap little black hat and bargain-basement patent-leather pumps, making her defiant way past the last elevator stop, through a handsome iron gateway and up a curving flight of stairs to her sister's penthouse, was the exception which proves the rule. Madge's flight up was merely borrowed.

"Use the apartment any time you like, darling," her sister had urged, when she and her husband had sailed to spend the summer in England. "Why don't you and Jimmy just move in while we're away? There's no earthly reason for you to stay cooped up in that wretched little hole of yours while this place is standing empty."

More generous than tactful, of course, but then Sybil was too beautiful to need tact. Moreover, she had done her best to keep Madge from marrying Jimmy. Sybil had a highly practical theory about marriage. Other things being equal, she said, it is better to marry a man making fifty thousand a year than one earning fifty dollars a week. Well, you can't pick any flaw in that. But Sybil's philosophy went a step further. If one man was making fifty thousand a year and the other fifty dollars a week, she insisted other things were practically equal. It was romantic nonsense to pretend that there was that much difference beween one husband and another. Love, as she frequently said, won't pay the rent.

SO Sybil, being beautiful enough and clever enough to do it, had married a penthouse, a chauffeured car, a Cape Cod summer home and plenty of travel.

Madge, being almost as beautiful, but perhaps less clever, had married a two-room apartment in a Bronx walk-up. After a year, she was still doing her own cooking in the little box of a kitchenette, darning Jimmy's socks, and loving it.

"It's not a wretched little apartment," she always insisted to Sybil. "Two rooms are all we need, and the building is clean and well-kept. And what's more, we're saving money. We want to get a little something ahead so that we can afford to have a baby."

"Baby!" Sybil would scoff affectionately. "How ridiculous! You look just about three years old yourself." But she always added, with a kind of impatient tenderness, "Well, it's your own funeral, Madge. If you're satisfied——" For like most hard-boiled people, Sybil had her soft spot and Madge was it. Under her soignee sleekness, Sybil was still Madge's "big sister."

Madge's hand was a little shaky as she slipped Sybil's key into the elaborate, dull brass lock and opened the penthouse door. It always made her shaky to quarrel with Jimmy. She stepped into Sybil's apartment and closed the door firmly behind her, with what she thought was grim defiance. But defiant grimness rested oddly on a face so obviously fashioned for the soft and tender moods. Really, Madge was angry and hurt and frightened and ashamed, a conflicting jumble of feelings that was devastating enough to make anybody's hands shake.

She herself had been half-ashamed of the scene that had flashed into her mind almost the first moment of meeting with Robert Collins. But she had counted on Jimmy's love and understanding and good-natured adventurousness to laugh off her scruples and help her carry out the plan with dash. There wasn't any harm in her scheme. If Jimmy had only entered into it with comradely broadmindedness, it would have been just good fun.

But Jimmy had not. Decidedly not. Madge could have forgiven him easily enough if it had been because he was jealous of Robert Collins—he knew that Robert had been in love with her back in Middlehaven, had wanted to marry her—but she couldn't excuse Jimmy on that flattering ground. Jimmy knew that she had never felt anything but friendship for Robert. And as Jimmy said, he couldn't go around poisoning his life by being jealous of every man who was or had been in love with his wife. He just took it for granted that any man who wasn't blind or half-witted was bound to fall in love with Madge. As long as Madge didn't fall back, so to speak, it was all right with Jimmy.

And it wasn't true, either, as Jimmy had angrily accused, that she was ashamed of him because he wasn't making more money. She was terribly proud of Jimmy. She always carried some of his business cards, "Assistant Circulation Manager, New York Daily Chronicle, Bronx Office," and would pull one out every now and then instead of her own, in pretended mistake, just to show people what an important position her husband held.

It wasn't, of course, quite such an important position as the dignity of the card might suggest. The "Chronicle," being one of New York's biggest dailies, had a great many assistant circulation managers, each in charge of one district. The Bronx office was not one of the largest districts. Neither, though, was it one of the smallest. Not so small as the one where Jimmy had been last year. Nor so big as the one where he confidently counted on being next year. Jimmy had made an unusually good showing in the Bronx; the main office was watching his results with interest.

When Jimmy had been a little fellow he had had a paper route, and, just out of college, he had taken a job with the "Chronicle" while he "looked around." He hadn't looked long before it had dawned upon him

A Complete Short Story by...

FANNIE KILBOURNE

that the line in which he already was getting a toe-hold offered excellent opportunities to men who could get results. And he had discovered that he seemed to be able to get them.

But it takes time before results begin to count in cold cash, and, in the meantime, living in New York is high. Robert Collins wouldn't have understood. Robert lived in Middlehaven and in Middlehaven, with its cheaper, easier living conditions, a man on Jimmy's present salary could have a pretty little bungalow with a nice yard, a small car. New York was different. Robert Collins, himself, wouldn't be the rich, important man in New York that he was at home, owning the Middlehaven "Daily News," and a controlling interest in the big Middlehaven foundry.

"It's a lucky thing I saw Robert coming along the street before he saw me," Madge had gigglingly told Jimmy. "I just barely had time to duck back into Weisheimer's and get rid of my bundles. You simply can't look chic when you're lugging home the week-end groceries, especially when they include two loaves of bread, a bottle of milk, and six large ears of corn."

"You don't have to 'lug home the groceries,'" Jimmy had said quickly. "There are plenty of places that deliver."

The faint sharpness with which Jimmy caught at this trifling point should have warned Madge, but it hadn't. It was such luck that Jimmy, who usually had a sandwich and a glass of milk in a dairy lunch, should have happened to be near enough the apartment to drop in at home to-day.

Merrily full of her scheme, Madge went on: "Robert nearly did a funny page fall right there on Fordham Road, he was so surprised to see me. He hadn't even brought my address, he was so sure we'd be out of town in August."

"If I'd dreamed it was going to be such a scorcher of a summer, I'd have insisted on your taking Sybil up on her invitation to go with them," said Jimmy.

"Liar!" Madge mocked. "You know very well you like me around the place, hot or cold."

Jimmy had not risen to this bait with his usual enthusiastic alacrity.

"Of course I do," he said, "but I wasn't thinking of myself. I hate having you pass up such a good vacation."

"We had our canoe trip in July," Madge reminded him. "That was a good vacation. Besides, I'd rather never see England than have to see it with John. How Sybil stands him!

Please turn to Page 14

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Illustrated by WEP

"I glanced at young Adolphe—firing as coolly as if we were on the rifle range."

THE AFFAIR *at* AIN ZEB

A Complete Short Story

By P. C. WREN

A thrilling story of the Foreign Legion by the author of "Beau Geste."

THE Foreign Legion canteen was quiet that night, being Friday and all pay spent the night before.

Pere Poussin was not drunk.

How can a man be said to be drunk when his articulation is perfect, his speech coherent, his selection of the mot juste unerring, his memory unfailing, his replies unhesitating and accurate?

"Did you ever hear of the affair at Ain Zeb, mon ami?" Pere Poussin asked me, as he raised his fourth bumper, first to me, and then to his lips.

"No," he continued, with some bitterness in his voice. "Who has? Who remembers; who knows, who cares?"

"What was the affair at Ain Zeb?"

"Nothing, nothing. Only an 'affair of outposts'—or rather, of patrols. Only an affair of an inexperienced young officer, a sergeant-major who hadn't the nerve to stand up to him, contradict him, and protest; and of a couple of score of fine Legionnaires thrown away, massacred, butchered . . . all but one. Forty—of whom I'm the sole survivor . . . Oh, yes, that's all the affair of Ain Zeb was.

"And who do you think was the last survivor with me . . . the thirty-ninth . . . the last to die, that is to say?" he continued. "It was a boy . . . a mere child . . . Adolphe, young Adolphe, le petit Adolphe.

"And how old do you think he was? Well, I'll tell you how old he wasn't. He wasn't seventeen, and he died with his boots on . . . in the uniform of the Legion."

"Magnificent," I murmured, as Pere Poussin addressed himself more particularly to me.

"Ah, he was magnificent. And white, mind you. White as you or I: and French to the last drop of his blood. Born in France, of a good French girl. Her father worked in the Obrion vineyards.

"But was he going to labor in the vineyard? His father's son? . . . In the vineyard of Empire, if you like . . . On his sixteenth birthday he started off, tramped to Marseilles, went to the Bureau de Recrutement, said he was a runaway Belgian, nineteen years of age, and enlisted in the Legion.

"Rolled up at Sidi bel Abbes, grinning and wagging his tail, and asking where his father was. I tell you, notre brave Rollet was pleased. He roared with laughter when, inspecting recruits, they pointed the boy out to him and told him who he was.

"He clapped the youngster on the back with his own hand.

"'Good,' he said, 'that's the style. Why can't each of my rascals beget a young rascal like himself, and bring him to the Legion? That's how the Romans did it in their Third African Legion.'

"YES, Rollet himself spoke to the boy, and saw that when he had finished his recruit-training, he was sent out to our company. He's a man, is our Rollet.

"And yet, if he hadn't taken an interest in him himself, and seen to it that he joined his father, the boy might have been alive to-day."

Pere Poussin stopped, and his old—or old-looking—face twitched.

What could one say? This was real grief.

"As I told you," he continued, "he was the thirty-ninth Legionnaire to die. I was the fortieth—and lived.

"Young Lieutenant de Menard would halt just there and nowhere else. Even we, tired as we were, grumbled that the site was undefendable. No water. Commanded from every side by collines, by higher ground, rocks, sand-dunes.

"A snug enough place, I grant you," he resumed, "for a section with plenty of water, and moving in safe and settled country. But we had only what was in our water-bottles, both for drinking and for cooking, and we were in the zone dissidente, and actually on our way to strengthen a poste around which Sheikh Sidi Omar bin Marbrouk himself was raiding with a few thousand of the best. Worse than the Touareg, Ouled Sidi Sheikhs, or the Chambas themselves, they were.

"Why wasn't there any water there if it was called Ain Zeb? will you ask.

"Because it was dried up, my good camel; or gone underground; or because a well there had been buried and concealed by the Arabs; or because there was a perfectly good oasis—a kilometre away—and our clever young de Menard couldn't read his map.

"Anyhow, there it was. Young de Menard must camp there and nowhere else, down in this snug depression where wandering scouts or raiding-parties would never see us unless they chanced upon us—which would be like a man chancing on a needle in a haystack—in this snug, but large, shallow depression commanded on all sides by higher ground, sand-dunes, rocks, where, if we were caught, we should be caught like rats in a trap.

"Why, when we got 'Sacs a terre' and 'Aux murailles,' even old Zarinieff, who, as you know, hadn't too much intelligence, was soldier enough to remark to me:

"'But Name of a Name of a Name of a Billion Bounding Blue Baboons! Surely the good God has already made the murailles. We are already within a perimeter-camp . . . rather a large one, I admit, but it would be better to man the natural walls of this crater than to build our own walls in the middle of it'—or words to that effect.

Please turn to Page 14

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THE KING'S DAUGHTERS

Continuing an intimate and authentic new study of Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose.

TWO HAPPY, happy children—the Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose, in another of the delightful snaps taken by the King himself.

How Princess Elizabeth Greeted Her Baby Sister

Third instalment of a new and delightful study of the children of our King and Queen, which is appearing exclusively in serial form in The Australian Women's Weekly.

In writing this, Lady Cynthia Asquith has made full use of her opportunity to give us an intimate and fascinating peep into the daily life of Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose.

WRITTEN and published by the Gracious Permission of Their Majesties, and Illustrated with many Photographs taken by the King Himself.

By LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH

UNTIL August, 1930, Princess Elizabeth reigned alone in her nurseries. Then another baby came to claim its share of love and time.

Princess Elizabeth's autocracy was now at an end, but, as the new baby was not a brother, the event in no sense diminished the eldest daughter's importance in the eyes of the Empire.

Princess Margaret Rose was born at Glamis, the first member of the Royal Family born in Scotland since the birth of Charles I at Dunfermline in 1600.

This new Princess was fourth in succession to the throne, and the excitement which her birth stirred in the quiet village of Glamis can easily be imagined.

Mr. Clynes, the then Home Secretary, was staying with special police on duty at Airlie Castle, eight miles from Glamis.

His pleasant visit was unexpectedly protracted, and the long, gathering excitement burst into blaze when at last, in the stormy evening hours of Thursday, the 21st, his car was seen to dash through the gates of the Castle.

The villagers stood waiting in the pouring rain, and soon the church bells rang out the news that all was well.

Mr. Clynes found the new Princess wide awake in her cradle in the Tapestry Room. Having attended her first lever or coucher (there was doubt as to which the ceremony should be called), he despatched a telegram to the Lord Mayor of London, who has the historic right to be the first person outside the Royal Family to be informed of a Royal birth.

He also telegraphed to the Governor-Generals of the Dominions and Crown Colonies.

The doctors in attendance issued the official bulletin, "The Infant Princess is doing fine." "Doing fine" is a Scottish colloquialism, and was used to emphasise the fact that the Princess had been born north of the Tweed.

All Rejoiced

IN London the bells clanged out their welcome, and at Glamis, the home of her mother's happy childhood, the "lassie's bairn," as the villagers called the baby Princess, was hailed by a magnificent bonfire.

Blazing on the top of Hunter's Hill, it lit up the larch, spruce and oak trees, flaring, crackling and roaring up into the air to the great disturbance of the roe-deer.

Lifted up to one of the high windows of the old Castle, Princess Elizabeth blinked in ecstatic admiration at the glorious blaze, and the showers of golden sparks streaming up towards the pale moon.

The glamor of this glorious fire sent her opinion of the baby sister, with whom it was associated, soaring up as high as the leaping flames.

Evidently, then, a baby sister was a cause for rejoicing—something really worth having. Clearly she must be more important than any doll or puppy. Better even than a pony! Very well, then, this baby sister should be welcome.

Princess Elizabeth's first act was to collect some of her choicest toys and, carrying them in her petticoats, pile them into the baby's cot.

This was to show there was no ill-feeling towards the invader for her domain, and also to provide for her immediate entertainment.

The fact that Princess Elizabeth had been wisely as well as lovingly brought up, and was good-natured as well as good-mannered, was, I think, well proved when the birth of Princess Margaret Rose thus turned her into the Dowager Baby.

The new situation had been very carefully and skilfully edited to her.

In any family where a much-loved first-born has for three or four years been the only child, the birth of the second is likely to produce a state of affairs that requires careful handling.

A monopoly expires, the curtain falls on an autocracy, and the deposed baby, hitherto the centre of the only universe of which she is able to form any conception, suddenly finds her importance dwindled, her premises invaded and her attendants busy and preoccupied.

As she realises that in future the same love and the same rooms must be shared with another baby, a flicker of jealousy is almost inevitable; and if grown-up people are tactless, the flicker is soon fanned into flame.

But to Princess Elizabeth the new baby was at once introduced not as a usurper or even as a rival, but as a precious possession.

"Here is a baby sister for you" was the note struck, and any number of variations were played on the same theme.

Happily puffed-up with tender pride in the little sister given her to take care of, Princess Elizabeth's protective sense was aroused, and the new baby taken straight to her heart.

This is how she announced her new acquisition to a visitor. "I'm four," she declared, "and I've got a baby sister—Margaret Rose. And I'm going to call her Bud!"

"Why Bud?"

"Well, she's not a real rose yet, is she? She's only a bud."

Fortunately, the "Bud" (well-named, for never was a child more like a rosebud bright with dew) proved herself well deserving of her welcome.

Now a delicious elfin child of six, she has never given even her nearest and dearest cause to regret her arrival, and not once has Princess Elizabeth wavered in her allegiance to the most perfect of all her playthings.

Little Hostess

THE game of "Three Bears" had long been one of Princess Elizabeth's very favorite pastimes, her father impersonating the "Very Big Bear," her mother the "Rather Big Bear," herself the "Little Bear."

"And now we must play at four bears," she announced when her sister was born. "The baby will be the 'Very Little Bear.'"

When I visited Princess Elizabeth at 145 Piccadilly soon after she had acquired a younger sister, she was delighted to exhibit her new possession to me.

The rank of elder sister seemed to have given her an added dignity, and I was struck by how far advanced she seemed for her age, which was only just five.

Really she was almost comically mature, doing the honors of her nursery with the manners of an ambassadress, offering me food with the unpressing politeness of a perfect hostess, and showing herself a good listener as well as conversationalist.

Unlike most children, she never asked a second question before the first had been answered.

After tea she presented me to her favorite treasures in her Palace of Playthings. This, the chief feature of the day nursery, is an immense cabinet with glass doors, its many shelves crowded with gifts sent to her from all the ends of the Empire.

Toys, Toys, Toys!

YOU never saw such a collection! Lilliputian toys, ornaments, knick-knacks, curios, baubles and gewgaws of every description; models of every kind of soldier and ship; cottages and castles in china; filigree furniture; tiny, exquisitely dressed dolls; beasts, birds and fishes in finest blown glass.

Few children can have enjoyed pleasanter premises than these nurseries. The wide well of the staircase is crowned by a large round glass dome through which all the sunshine there is streams on to the circular landing.

This landing gave the Princesses plenty of room to exercise themselves indoors. Round it they could push perambulators, run races, or pretend to be horses or trains; and visitors entering the hall below often heard that unmistakable sound, the patter of small, urgent feet.

From this point of vantage Princess Elizabeth could look down whenever there was an evening party and watch all the ladies going in to dinner in their pretty clothes.

"Lots of them were lovely, but Mummie was the loveliest of all!" was her usual verdict.

From the window of the day-nursery, a large airy room with shiny walls and a cheerful cherry-colored carpet, the children looked out on to an enthralling kaleidoscope of movement and color. ("Oh, there goes a bus with a hat on!" cried Princess Elizabeth one day.)

Continued on Next Page.

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THE KING'S DAUGHTERS...

Continued from Previous Page

WHEN Princess Elizabeth had shown me all over her precincts, it was decided that I should be her pony. A very strenuous half-hour followed. Walking, I soon learned, was not recognised as a permissible pace, so I was thoroughly well-exercised.

Occasionally a canter was tolerated, but for the most part a non-stop gallop punctuated by high kicking was exacted.

Her nurse told me that this had always been a very favorite game. At two and three years old she was perpetually "pretending horses" by herself. She used to speak of her own legs as horses with special names, and when she fell down would cry out, "Oh dear! I've cut poor 'Harmony' or 'Flycatcher'!"

Needless to say, Princess Margaret was enlisted to "pretend horses" as soon or indeed sooner than was possible. "Now we are going to have such fun!" exclaimed Princess Elizabeth the first time she saw her little sister begin to sway and totter across the room.

No doubt ambition to act the part of a horse or a driver stimulated Princess Margaret to tackle the difficulties and dangers of walking.

These she overcame early, but her most startling precocity was shown in all kinds of mimicry for which she has a really remarkable talent.

She also very early showed a love of music and a faultless ear. When she was only eleven months old, her grandmother, Lady Strathmore, was so astonished to hear the little white bundle she was carrying in her arms hum the "Merry Widow" valse that she very nearly dropped her precious burden.

At the age of two, Princess Margaret Rose could sing in perfect tune any song she had ever heard.

Much the busier and a good deal the noisier for its new member, Queen Elizabeth's nursery continued to move from one place to another.

Learning to Cook

IN more or less regular rotation the same houses were visited each year. As portraits need backgrounds, the several family homes which always stood wide open to receive the two little Princesses must now be described.

At 145 Piccadilly, the children were by no means confined to their own particular premises.

Their mother's large sitting-room on the ground floor, opening into the little private garden round which they could ride their bicycles, showed many signs of their constant invasion.

Queen Elizabeth is no believer in a stated "Children's Hour."

In this room there were always toys to be seen, amongst them the two scarlet brushes and dust-pans with which every morning the two little Princesses used assiduously to sweep the thick pile carpet; this rite being one of the most enjoyed in their daily routine.

Farther downstairs another domain exercised great charm — the huge kitchen, bright with burnished copper. Here they were welcomed by Mrs. MacDonald ("Golly" to them), who had presided over these regions since before Princess Elizabeth was born.

Sometimes they came to learn cooking. Princess Elizabeth seriously, Princess Margaret Rose not so very seriously.

And from every floor in this large house, familiar and friendly faces smiled on the two children. An especially devoted slave is the lady's-maid, Miss McLean, who came to Queen Elizabeth when she was nine years old.

"Katta," as the Princesses call her, can tell them stories of their mother's childhood, and is extremely clever at making clothes for Princess Margaret's favorite doll, Belinda.

Though she looks wonderfully young to be presiding over a second generation, Mrs. Knight ("Alah" is her nickname), having previously been their mother's Nannie, may be said to deserve the title of a Grand-Nannie! Serene, humorous, wise and gently firm, she is the ideal High Priestess of the nursery.

Directly you entered this thoroughly lived-in house, you felt conscious of its happy atmosphere which seemed to pervade each room, and every member of the household was devoted to the two little Princesses who have always been brought up to be particularly considerate to everyone in their parents' service.

A particular friend of Princess Elizabeth is the clock-winder who, on his weekly visits, she rightly thinks will be interested to hear her very latest news.

She usually greets him with little items of information, such as: "I've got a new nursery-maid, and if you come to the window you will be able to see her in the garden."

"Such lovely ladies to dinner last night, but Mummie was the beautifullest of them all! She had on a lovely flowery dress."

"The policeman outside is wearing a new stirrup," etc., etc.

Glamor Castle

EACH August of the Princesses' lives has been spent in their mother's home at Glamis.

Their appreciation of this famous place is such that in almost their favorite "Let's Pretend" game the Queen's sofa in 145 Piccadilly used to be converted into the night-express that roared and rattled them up to Angus.

Eyes and ears accustomed to the crowds and din of a London July must find the remoteness and muffled silence of Glamis a wonderful contrast.

To a child's imagination, one can scarcely conceive any setting more impressive than this huge castle with all its battlements, turrets, legends and ghosts.

Here the very air seems thick with tradition, the present almost overshadowed by the past.

Imagine the thrill of climbing the gaunt, winding staircase of the great Keep, its stone so cold and reverberating to the tread. To small, bare legs these stone steps must seem very wide —steps whose unworn stones have defied the tread of countless generations.

What other home could give quite so much scope for over-exciting games of hide-and-seek as this old fortress, with its "Priest's Hole," mural chambers concealed in the thickness of the walls, and secret staircases with access to the roof?

These almost awful delights make the first morning of the Princesses' yearly visit to Glamis perhaps too thrilling an experience after a night journey.

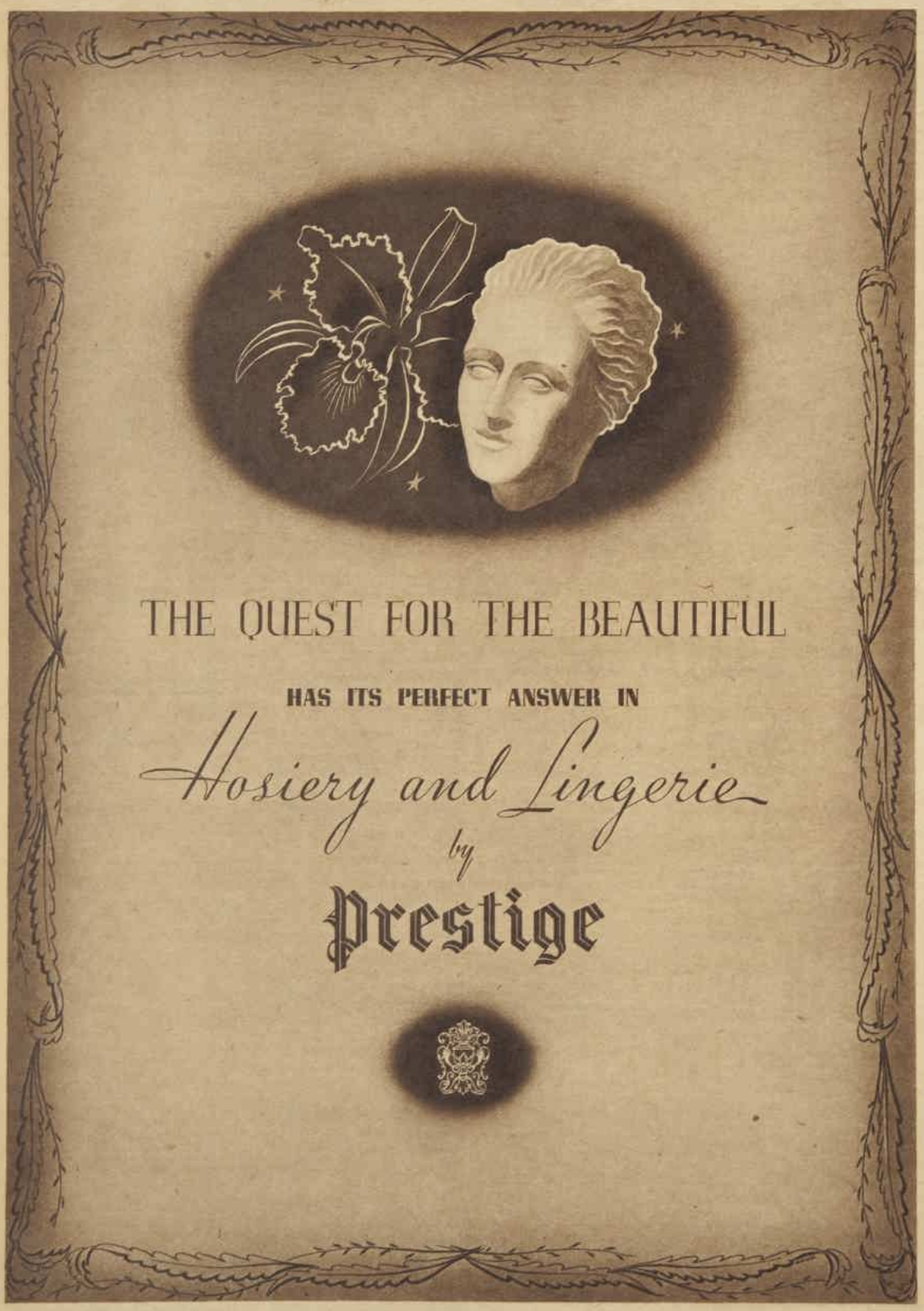
Christmas Joy

IT must be rather a relief to push open the heavy, studded, iron door and find themselves in the fragrant air and flaming color of their grandmother's garden, and to run, pursued by several golden Labradors, across the smooth green lawn to inspect the famous sundial with its eighty-one separate dial faces, and find out "What Mr. Sun is doing."

From Glamis, Princess Elizabeth and her sister used, during their grandfather's life, always to travel up to stay with him at Balmoral and then go on to Birkhall, their parents' own little Highland home amongst the mountains and foaming burns.

Christmas each year was spent at Sandringham, and kept up with the fullest possible rites; in the morning all the thrills of bulging stockings and crackling tissue paper; and in the evening, decorated for the Princesses by Queen Mary, a tall glittering tree to make their shining eyes widen with rapture.

(To Be Continued)



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SOME NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen.
When we are old and mellow they'll still be evergreen."

"Did you notice the beauty of the countryside as you came through?"
"No, but you can give me her telephone number."

MOPSY, the Cheery Redhead

"Dad wants me to be an outdoor girl, and yet he complains if I'm not in by midnight!"

"Mabel is still going with that X-ray man from the hospital."
"I don't know what he can see in her."

TOM: What was the worst storm you ever encountered?
HARRY: Oh, it raged at about two hundred and eighty words a minute.

"You have every right to be, Mrs. Evans. Compared with the way they were the last time I called to see you—it's a treat to see them now.

Don't thank *me*—I'm delighted you took my advice about 'California Syrup of Figs.' I could tell from what you said that there must be toxin in their systems. When children are cross and peevish and lose interest in their food and games, you can be practically sure it's an accumulation of poisonous matter upsetting their insides. Once you cleanse the system in a safe, natural way, children go ahead like wildfire.

But do be sure always to give them 'California Syrup of Figs'—'Califig.' It's a natural fruit laxative which safely cleanses and purifies the bloodstream and creates a fine healthy appetite.

If I were you, I'd make a point of giving them a dose once a week. You see, there's nothing harmful about it—and you must be so careful with growing children. It always annoys me to see Mothers giving their children cheap, concentrated purgatives.

Do keep on with the weekly dose of 'California Syrup of Figs,' Mrs. Evans. It's a fine laxative for young and old. As a matter of fact I use it myself and advise you to adopt it for the whole family."

'California Syrup of Figs' is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6 or 2½ times the quantity for 2/10. Be sure to say '*California*' and look for '*Califig*' on the package.

"California Syrup of Figs"
'NATURE'S OWN' LAXATIVE

Brainwaves

A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

A FARMER stood watching the golfing novice trying to hit the ball. Earth was flying in all directions, and the would-be golfer's face was crimson.

He had to say something to cover his embarrassment. "The worms will think there's an earthquake," he murmured.

"Oh, I don't know about that," replied the farmer, with a twinkle in his eye, "the worms are crafty little beggars around these parts. I guess most of them are hiding under that ball for safety."

A RETAILER, on receiving the first delivery of a large order, was annoyed to find the goods not up to sample.

"Cancel my order immediately," he wired the manufacturers.

They replied: "Regret cannot cancel immediately. You must take your turn."

CONVICT 99 (to new arrival): Nobody ever speaks to No. 66.

New Arrival: Why not?

Convict 99: He's inventing a new burglar alarm.

"DAD, what's a matrimonial bureau?"

"It's a bureau, son, with six drawers packed full of women's things and one man's necktie."

WIFE (to her grumbling husband): What a funny man you are. If ever I happen to leave one stone in a raisin pudding, you're sure to get it; but you go in for lots of sweepstakes and never get anything. Why is it?

Luxuriate in MORNY

Idle away a few blissful minutes in bath water refreshing as dew—indulge in the sheer joy of dusting powder that is as soft as velvet. After all, life is short—and life's luxuries all too few.

MORNY, REGENT ST., LONDON

The Home of British Perfumery

CHAMINADE · FRENCH FERN · GARDENIA
JUNE ROSES · PINK LILAC · TENTATION

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An Editorial

NOVEMBER 6, 1937.

HOW WOMEN HELP TO GOVERN

MEN'S votes predominated slightly at the Federal elections. But anyone who under - estimated woman's part in the government of this country would be liable to get a nasty shock.

Were any issue to arise on which women's hearts were centred, the elections would prove they wield a power much greater even than their numbers.

Not only can women be enthusiastic voters and organisers when their interests are involved, but they can, and do, carry on that most important of all campaigns — the campaign within the home.

Most men fancy they are superior to women in logic. But few men will stand up for long against the arguments of a woman whose conviction comes from the heart. In such a case, woman doesn't have to PROVE she's right. Man just KNOWS she is.

It's not so much in issues involving feminine rights that this becomes evident, as in matters concerning the family and the home.

How many men insist on their opinion ruling in such matters, once they have looked their wives in the eye and seen conviction there? The conviction may come from instinct, intuition, common sense, what you will, but it can be trusted, and men know that.

But it must be admitted that women do not, in this country, take the keen and constant interest in politics that they do in England or America.

The reason for this is by no means to be found in apathy, or in a docile submission to the masculine will. Rather does it indicate that the Australian woman is, above all, a home-lover.

And for that very reason, because the family is the basic unit of society, woman's power is incalculable. She may not haunt the hustings, but she quietly studies the situation and what it involves, and when the time comes to strike a blow for her beliefs, the blow is struck—and it can be a knock-out.

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

Look Me Up on the Phone!

TELEVISION over the telephone is promised English people in the very near future, and no doubt we'll get it here "in due course."

Just imagine the thrill of ringing up the boy friend and seeing his handsome features materialise before you, maybe with a few lumps of lather still clinging to them.

And what a shock for the boy who calls up his girl and gets the wrong number, to find himself staring into the jealous eyes of the one before the last!

The thing will have its difficulties, but how charming to be able to choose dress materials over the phone!

Creepy Pets

GOYA HENRY, the well-known flier, takes his pet carpet snake with him wherever he flies. For the reassurance of passengers "Roger" is boxed up while in the air, but otherwise he wanders round Goya's room.

The young flier declares he likes snakes as other people like dogs, and fears dogs as other people fear snakes.

It's just as well this taste is not more general. Every snake-lover might not care for the harmless varieties!

Imagine the milkman confronted one morning with a placard reading: **"Beware of the cobra."**

"May I Presume to Ask——"

HUNDREDS of people in Australia make a good living regularly by writing begging letters, declares a cleric.

Which proves that letter-writing is a greater art than poetry, for the living of Australian poets is neither good nor regular.

Encourage that little lad of yours with his composition; he may be the sole support of the family some day.

Our Defenders

CANBERRA has organised for war.

The enemy is one that invades several States of the Commonwealth every year and wreaks havoc.

He is a grasshopper.

The Council for Scientific and Industrial Research has a new plan which it is hoped will reduce the tremendous losses caused by this pest.

They have sent officers to various points suspected of being breeding-grounds, with instructions to find the source of the plagues.

With thousands of farmers depending on you for protection, Entomologist, Get Your Grasshopper!

LYRIC OF LIFE

DREAM HAVEN

MY house of dreams . . . is just a dream,
A longing that I do not tell
But hold its hope within my heart,
A secret guarded long and well.

For few would understand, I think,
How from my restlessness has grown
The need of somewhere safe and still,
Some little haven of my own.

They would not know that such as I
Might dream of other ways in life,
Of chintzes, pots and picture frames
That fill the thoughts . . . of someone's wife.

—PHYLLIS DUNCAN-BROWN

Strolling Players

TWENTY young Queenslanders, entrants in the juvenile revue section at Sydney's Railway Eisteddfod, are making the journey south by caravan, giving shows en route. They hope by means of this "busking" to cover the expenses of the trip.

This, of course, is in the very best theatrical tradition. The earliest players were strolling players, and there seems something appropriate in the combination of mumming and roaming.

The players appear from nowhere, play their little show, and, as Shakespeare himself put it: "Are vanished into air, into thin air."

How much nicer than the modern system which exposes every detail of an actor's private life to the public, and so labors the publicity that at length the idol is all too familiar, and suffers a little contempt.

MRS. CRAWFORD VAUGHAN (formerly Miss Millicent Preston Stanley), who is conducting a whirlwind tour in America as the official envoy of the British-America Society. (See story Col. 4).

"Say, Bo, Am You Ma Cousin?"

THE ancestors of our aborigines, declares an Australian writer in a book published in London, came originally from Africa.

If this theory is sound, how is it our modern blacks have shown no special aptitude for:

Playing dice.
Making syncopated noises.
Wielding razors.
or
Winning world championship fights?

Bible as a Book

THE BIBLE written as "literature" and intended to be read right through like a novel is the project announced by a London publishing house.

Prose and verse will appear as book form, and the more dramatic passages will be in the form of plays.

While, at first glance, this might appear an irreligious move, it has its advantages. The idea has already been tried in America, and the churches report a greater interest in the Bible and a greater understanding of it in its new form.

She Put America Under a Spell of Words

From Our New York Office—By Air Mail

The popular idea is that anyone who can make Americans stop talking long enough to applaud someone else has achieved something distinctive.

IN that regard, Mrs. Crawford Vaughan, wife of a former Premier of South Australia, has won new renown for Australia.

On a tour of the United States, she has put the nation under a magic spell of words in her efforts to promote the movement for goodwill between America and Britain, to establish a Magna Charta for world peace.

It is seldom that an Australian woman is entrusted with an international mission, but at the request of her fellow-members on the committee for British-American co-operation, Mrs. Millicent Preston Stanley Vaughan left Australia for a whirlwind campaign throughout the United States.

Before her marriage, Mrs. Crawford Vaughan had the distinction of being one of the very few women in Australian Parliaments. As Miss Preston Stanley, she won a seat in the New South Wales Parliament.

Her gift of oratory has brought a paean of praise from American audiences and Press.

San Francisco fell easily to the spell of her words.

"You had us spellbound," remarked the chairman of a San Francisco breakfast meeting.

"But I don't think I did the subject justice," Mrs. Vaughan was constrained to reply.

"If you'd been any better we'd have been unconscious," retorted the chairman.

"Dynamic Personality"

MRS. CRAWFORD VAUGHAN was the most dynamic personality of the Convention," reported a Canadian paper. But the best laurel came from a writer of her own sex.

"Stuck, did I say!" wrote Grace Lockhart in the leading Vancouver daily, "Right in the beginning I got stuck. I found myself in a corner of the big drawing-room, not only stuck, but glued, fastened, caught, enmeshed and trapped by a fluent delegate, who not only knew all the questions but all the answers.

"She was very charming with all her brilliance, but she talked so far above my head I could do nothing but shift from one foot to the other.

"The afternoon moved on and the little birdies began to think of their roosts; the flowers closed up and the sun sank in the west . . . And we'd only got to the beginning of the League!

"We still had to deal with the vanishing collective security of nations. We hadn't touched on the armaments programme.

"Someone else finally claimed her and I wondered why I hadn't been given a brain like that, or at least one that could have dug up some kind of an answer, instead of what I gave, 'Sure,' 'You bet,' 'I'll tell the world.'"

To See the President

THEN followed a rush campaign to Fresno, Los Angeles, San Diego, and Sacramento.

At San Francisco, the vast auditorium was filled to hear her.

National broadcast tie-ups in Canada and U.S.A. followed. These brought requests for Mrs. Crawford Vaughan to address Canadian clubs throughout the Dominion and speak in St. Paul, Chicago, New York, Washington—so widespread is America's desire to reach world peace by the British-American road.

Mrs. Vaughan goes across the United States shortly, on a nationwide whirlwind campaign. She hopes to be able to call on Mrs. Roosevelt at White House, and to gain the goodwill of the President for the big Anglo-American Convention that will be held in Washington.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . . *By WEP*

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L. W. LOWER . . . 1—*The Rest* NOWHERE

L. W. LOWER wins the Cup comfortably against a field of "cripples." He saw to that with his patent tack sprinkler, which operates automatically with the movement of the horse.

When "Lightning Lennie" Won the Cup He Took Laudanum with His Porridge

The good old days when we rode our horses standing up instead of sitting between their ears have passed away.

In the racing game, I have been everything except a horse. And if there's anything in reincarnation, I'm sure that all bookmakers will come back to earth as horses. Still dead, of course.

. . . By . . .
L. W. Lower
Australia's Foremost Humorist.
Illustrated by WEP

RACING is in my blood. My father was a great judge of horses.

When he died he left me four volumes of "Ruff's Guide to the Turf," and asked me with his last breath to keep away from Tattersall's Club.

"There's a little matter of eighteen pounds outstanding, my boy. They'll expect you to settle."

Since then, big red-faced men have approached me and said, "Aren't you Syd. Lower's son?"

"Me? Don't be silly! I wouldn't be his son if he asked me. Who is he, anyhow?"

"He was a great gambler on the horses. Had a ginger moustache like yours, too."

"Diddy! Well, I can assure you this is not his moustache. I grew it myself."

"Some people have queer hobbies, don't they?"

I concur and escape.

I rode only one winner in a Melbourne Cup. This may have been because I only took part in one Cup race. You older people might remember it.

The game was tough in those days. I had laudanum put in my porridge so often that I got to like it.

My mounts were guarded night and day and the stable-hands used to sleep with them. You try sleeping with a horse! It's no easy job.

It reminds me of the time I had to share a bed with a commercial traveller at Cootamundra.

He was a one-man band and contortionist, but I didn't know that until he started to sleep. And could he sleep?

I've known some good owners in my time. They used to take me into the bar and pat me on the back and give me a cigarette and ask after my health.

Of course, I knew what it was all leading up to.

They'd say, "Listen, Lennie. I know you're booked up with mounts for a couple of years ahead, but as a personal favor, will you ride my horse? I'll put a thousand on for you and you can keep the Cup for yourself."

"Hmm . . . I've got to ride Catameat in that race."

"Well, I'll buy Catameat and scratch him!"

"Oh, all right."

"By gee, you're good to me, Lennie!"

For Mother's Sake

AND in the jockeys' room there would always be someone sidling up to me and saying: "Do you mind me running second to you in this race? I've got a sick mother."

"That's all right, my boy. Do you think you can manage it, though? I'll pull up and wait for you in the straight, but you'll have to ride like mad."

"I'll do it—for me mother's sake!"

I was very popular with all the racing fraternity. "Lightning Lennie," they called me. I only had one slight tiff in all my career. After I had won the race as usual and weighed in, the owner of the horse came to me and said, "I don't like to complain, but I wish you wouldn't smoke cigars when you're riding my horse. He's all over cigar ash!"

"Is zat so?" I said. "Well, get somebody else to ride your horses in future."

"No! No!" he cried, panic-stricken. "I didn't mean that, Lennie. I apologise. Forgive me! But Lennie, if I get an ash-tray fitted to the back of his neck, will you use it?"

"I'll consider it," I said, flicking him across the face with my whip.

"Oh, how can I thank you!"

"Don't make a scene. People are watching."

I would then stride away.

The bookmakers complained on one occasion, too.

There was always such a mad rush to back my mounts that bookmakers were knocked off their stands and some of them slightly injured. Of course, it wasn't my fault, as I explained to the deputation.

Then they tried to bribe me with large sums to retire from racing, but I spurned them scornfully and walked away in a cold, dignified manner.

I remember once I ran second. The judge tottered in his box, and placing his hand to his forehead, muttered, "No! It cannot be!"

He needn't have worried because they always put my number up in first place before the race started. But he got so distrustful of himself that he resigned.

My racing days are over now. I can only look on and smile my sad old worldly smile at little typists chattering about what they drew in the sweep.

Yes, I'm afraid that I shall never listen to the roar of the ring again, or the thunder of hoofs. I'm finished with it all.

As a matter of fact, I'm broke!

Why not SLIM & Improve your Health

JUST think how smarter you'll look if you're slim — and how much healthier, fresher and fitter you'll feel if you "slim while you sleep" with the aid of Bile Beans.

Slenderness can be yours without starvation diet or violent exercise if you take Bile Beans. Just a couple nightly before getting into bed. The very next day you'll feel better in yourself, and soon you'll notice a difference in your weight.

So start on the sure way to health and slenderness by taking Bile Beans regularly at bedtime.

"After taking Bile Beans nightly for six weeks I am delighted to tell you that I have lost fourteen pounds. Another result is wonderfully improved health, and I feel brighter and more energetic than I have been for years."—Mrs. K. R. Blakeley.

* *

"I never go to bed without taking Bile Beans. They bring that perfect health which makes you feel years younger. They have improved my figure, made me sleep better, given me more energy, and made me cheerful and happy."—Mrs. E. King.

BILE BEANS

SOLD EVERYWHERE

Lady Ruth says "I know you'll like the comfort of this new 'Perfection' Practical Front"

NO BUSK
HIGH-CUT FRONT
ONE-PIECE LACING

IF your figure requires medium hip control you'll be well pleased with Lady Ruth "Perfection" Practical Front No. 3489, as sketched here. It hooks up easily at the side—no busk. The firmly-boned inner belt gives perfect front control, and the laced outer section is a further help in giving you a smarter figure. To give you a tailored waistline, the corset is cut high in front. The entire garment is adequately boned. Sizes: 24-30.

AND A LADY RUTH BRASSIERE

The one sketched, No. 1973, is a smart uplift style in peach coloured fancy batiste. It is cut high at back and front to give control of shoulder flesh. The two back suspenders keep the brassiere from wrinkling up on the figure. Busts: 36-44 and O.S.

Lady Ruth Corsets, Corselettes and Brassieres are sold by leading drapers everywhere.

4-187

ITALY

ITALY invites you to enjoy her matchless heritage of artistic treasures and scenic beauty, her mild, health-giving climate, and all the brilliant variety of life under Italian skies.

From 23rd September, 1937, to 23rd September, 1938, an Exhibition of Roman Civilisation will be held at Rome, in celebration of the 2000th Anniversary of the reign of the Emperor Augustus. This Exhibition presents a most impressive collection, and is a living document representing Roman Civilisation in all the territories of the Empire.

Enchanting MERANO

Below you see Merano, smiling city at the foot of the Alps. You will relax amidst Merano's luxuriant gardens and orchards, and enjoy the quiet rest and healthy sports that make a holiday perfect. There is a crisp, life-giving sparkle in Merano's sunshine and bracing air, and the appeal of the surrounding scenery is delightfully varied. An important point — at Merano the tourist has every modern luxury provided for his comfort.

SAVINGS for TOURISTS

Travellers' Cheques and Letters of Credit in Tourist Lire offer a substantial premium on the ordinary rate of exchange. Hotel Coupons, Petrol Coupons and Reduced Railway Fares (50 to 70%) also make travel in Italy very economical.

For complete information, enquire from

ITALIAN STATE TOURIST BUREAU

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58 MARGARET STREET, SYDNEY

(Tel.: B 1497)

and All Tourist and Travel Agencies.

THE AFFAIR *at* AIN ZEB

Continued from Page 8

"WELL, we couldn't build any walls, because there was nothing but sand. So we scratched a square of shallow trenches, and willingly obeyed the order for each man to contribute a quarter of his water to the cooking-pot, and drink the rest. . . . Of course, de Menard must have been absolutely certain that we were close to an oasis, and would be there next day . . . Or that, in any case, the mounted infantry company would overtake us, and they had spare water-fantasses on their mules . . . I don't know . . . Legion officers generally have a good reason for what they do—unless they've got cafard.

"Well, I was for guard that night, and worked it so that my turn of sentry-duty coincided with young Adolphe's, and that he and I were next to each other, and met at the end of our respective beats.

"And, of course, we stopped a while and talked, each time, for I loved young Adolphe better than anything else in the whole world. . .

"Think of it, mes amis, a boy not only through his recruit-drill and depot-training, but out on active service before he was seventeen! . . . Marching with the best of us; spoiling for a fight; merry all the time; and not only suffering every hardship cheerfully, but frequently remarking that, with luck, he might see fifty years of service . . .

"Yes, we stood and talked . . . and I gave him what I could of such soldier-knowledge and wisdom as I had gathered in forty years of service."

And under the influence of wine and emotion, Pere Poussin again broke down and sobbed.

"Sixteen years of age," continued Pere Poussin, "as good a man as any of us, and better than most. Doing his forty to fifty kilometres a day, without a whine or a snivel, a groan, or a curse . . .

"Yes, we talked there in the starlight, and I can remember every little word he said, for it was the last time. It was the last time that I and Adolphe talked together . . . the last time.

"But though we talked, was young Adolphe neglectful of his duty? Not he. It was Adolphe who saw the Arabs first. And I tell you, mes amis, that boy fired his rifle, and bawled 'Aux armes' right in the middle of a sentence. He just caught his gun up from 'stand at ease' and fired it without stopping to bring it up to his shoulder, and shouted the alarm as he did so. Right in the middle of what he was saying . . . There's soldierly promptitude for you . . .

"Almost before the words were out of the boy's mouth," he resumed, "I had my rifle up, too, and in a couple of seconds from his sighting the crawling assassins we were shooting to kill. And before their rush was fairly started, the walls were manned, and the N.C.O.'s giving orders for salvo fire.

"The Legion is not often caught napping, and, thanks to Adolphe, it wasn't caught then. I wish it had been. We should have died just the same, and died quicker.

"Well, the Arabs settled down to do the thing in style—five or six hundred of them to the forty of us—and the fight lasted all day. The whole of the waterless day, thanks to young de Menard's cock-sure cleverness.

"I'M not blaming the boy really. He died like a man, like an officer of the Legion, after displaying the utmost courage, coolness and skill.

"He didn't exactly apologise to us for landing us in that death-trap, and without any water; but he said the right words and called us all the things we liked to be called; and found time, as he went round, to clap each man on the shoulder and swear at him.

"He was a good lad, de Menard, and he set a fine example.

"I suppose he didn't want to live, once he realised what he had done—but he wanted to . . . Anyhow, I did—with young Adolphe there.

"Yes, all day it lasted, and most of us would have died of the heat and thirst if the Arabs hadn't killed us . . . A natural oven, without water, and, as everyone knows, there's nothing like the excitement of fighting for turning your tongue into glue-coated leather, and your lips into cracked charcoal.

"And the Arabs had got us sitting. They'd only got to keep a hundred or so continuously shooting at us, from cover, at short range, while the rest played cards, had a manicure, got a shampoo and shave, powdered their noses, took an aperitif, or went to the pictures, until it was their turn for the tir aux pigeons—sport without danger.

"And they didn't spare ammunition either, thinking, no doubt, they'd get ours. But that was what de Menard didn't intend them to do.

"'Shoot just as often as you see something to shoot at, mes enfants,' said he, 'and don't miss . . . They're bound to get us—let 'em get us with our pouches empty.'

"Every now and then, a few of the more courageous and enterprising or more impatient would get up a charge and try to ride over us, break us up and scatter us. But de Menard saw to that all right—although he'd been shot through the chest.

"Towards evening, after he had been hit again, in the mouth, and could talk no more, he carried on just as well with his whistle, although he blew blood through it, as well as through the hole in his chest.

"He got around, too, probably doing that foolish thing, looking for the bullet that would finish him.

"SERGEANT-MAJOR BRASCHE — whose fault it really was that we were in that trap because he ought to have prevailed on young de Menard to choose a better site for the camp—crocked up and went mad. I said he was a bit of a weakling, didn't I? Oh, he was brave enough, and a very good non-com., but when it came to the pinch, he lacked just one thing—inside.

"And, mind you, that isn't the same thing as courage. Courage shows in a fight or a charge, for example. Inside shows towards the end of a long march, when you're a walking agony, and if you stopped you'd fall down, and nothing on earth would get you up again . . . Or towards the end of a long day of being shot at, front, rear, and both flanks.

"So Sergeant-Major Brasche's courage got the better of his inside—we'll put it like that, for he was a good soldier. And, just before sunset, he jumped to his feet, fixed his bayonet, and did a charge all by himself.

"Curiously enough he got there, too, though heaven alone knows how many times he got chipped on the way. Reached the nearest group of them, got his bayonet into his man, and died happy.

"We helped him all he could, of course, but they were all round him, like flies on a spot of honey."

"'Every time I heard a bullet strike a man, I glanced at young Adolphe, who was lying next to me, a few feet away on my right, firing as coolly and steadily as if we were on the rifle range.

Please turn to Page 22

VIRGINIA FIELD'S jacket dress, suitable for both active and spectator sports, is of deep navy-blue crepe with trimming of white pique. The white panama hat is banded in navy.

LOVE *Won't* PAY *the* RENT

Continued from Page 7

"ROBERT COLLINS is here on a flying business trip," she went on. "He's going home to-morrow noon. And he asked if he couldn't call on us this evening. He wants to meet you."

"Yeah," Jimmy jeered. "I'll bet I'm the attraction!"

Jimmy's jeer at least was wholly carefree and good-natured and Madge answered it with a demure, "Well, anyway, he was polite enough to pretend you were." And added that she had invited Robert for dinner. That had been all right.

"And, listen, Jimmy—I had a perfect inspiration. It just seemed to come to me." Her eyes danced with delighted mischief. "I gave him Sybil's address!"

And as Jimmy looked blank for a minute, "He'll never know the difference. He'll think it's our own apartment. Don't you see?"

There was no answering enthusiasm in Jimmy's face. "What did you do that for?"

"To make him believe we're millionaires, of course." Madge laughed shamelessly. "He'll go home and tell all Middlehaven about it."

And as Jimmy's look resolved itself into unmistakable disapproval, "Oh, don't go being stuffy about it, darling. It's really not so terribly deceitful. I didn't even tell Robert that we lived there. I just said 'come to dinner to-night' and gave him the address. We won't have to tell any lies or anything. If he draws the wrong conclusions, that's his own fault."

JIMMY said nothing, merely lifting one corner of his mouth in an unmistakable expression of scorn.

"It's no worse to deceive a person one way than the other," Madge urged. "If we had him here in this apartment, he'd get just as wrong an impression, in the other direction. He'd think we were practically on the town. He just stays in hotels for a few days at a time in New York; he has no idea how much it costs to live here. Why is it any worse to fool him a little into thinking we're richer than we are than to let him fool himself into thinking we're much poorer?"

"That's fake reasoning and you know it," said Jimmy.

"Well, maybe it isn't absolutely, strictly honest," Madge admitted, "but everybody tells white lies once in a while. It'll be such fun! And what's the harm in it?"

"The harm in it," said Jimmy, "is that it's just about as cheap as a ten cent store diamond bracelet."

His eyes were angry and there was no mistaking the scornful hostility in his voice.

Madge began to be angry, too. It was much easier to admit one's self a bit harmlessly dishonest than to be accused of being cheap.

"I'm sorry," Jimmy went on chillily, "that you're so ashamed of your home that you feel you've got to lie to an old friend about it."

"Oh, don't be so high and mighty!" said Madge impatiently. "And as for this apartment, you feel just the same as I do about it. It isn't either of our ideals of a home—we're simply making the best of it till we can afford something better. I don't see that we're called upon to be noble and sentimental about it."

Please turn to Page 28

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LIFE AND *Death Of A* DANCER

Continued from Page 4

SHE was cheerful, however, and her news was reassuring. "I must stay in bed for a few days and then rest. I cannot dance again in Adelaide, but the doctor says I will be able to go with you all to Melbourne and to dance at the first performance there . . . It is funny, Arnold, I know you so well now and have never told you a single thing about myself. I have no voice now, but next time."

THEN I met the doctor in the corridor, and he asked me to visit him in his office at three o'clock that afternoon.

"Are you the closest friend Miss Dimina has?"

"I suppose so; at any rate as close as any."

"Where is her mother?"

"On the high seas. She left in a slow boat three days ago. Is she so ill?"

"Yes, she is very seriously ill."

"Dangerously? Is it immediate? What is it?"

"I will tell you in the very strictest confidence, and this must not leak out, or it may easily reach and alarm her. I believe she has about six weeks to live. I have taken a blood test, and am waiting to get it confirmed. I only pray I have made a darned fool of myself."

Then he went on to mention a Greek name that signified a certain malignant state of the blood of which medicine knew but little, and as he said good-bye he uttered the customary, "There is always hope. Sometimes these things right themselves, and I will do everything to maintain her strength . . . Her mother gets here in six weeks, you say? She may yet be in time."

On the boat an acquaintance had become a friend: here in the doctor's study the friend had become like a child, and just as helpless.

Only there was no way in which to help, save to keep the knowledge of this ghastly thing from her and to see that she had every comfort.

"It Seemed Unreal"

THE company was leaving in three days' time for Melbourne. I would willingly have remained behind, but a man cannot be much comfort to a girl so desperately ill.

Then, going over the whole dreadful scene again at night, I remembered her words on the Moldavia: "I am glad 'Pete' is here; if anything happens she will look after me."

The next morning I broke my word to the doctor and told Mrs. Russell everything. At once she offered to stay, and Madeleine smiled, "But you can't, what about Lelia?"—an immediately unselfish reaction.

She was moved to a large room in a luxurious private hospital with a balcony overlooking a beautiful garden. I said good-bye to her, teasing her and joking. She was told that she needed a long rest, and accepted it.

It was much easier than I thought to smile, deceive her, and appear unconcerned. The whole thing seemed so unreal that acting came naturally, and she was in too much pain just then to see through any pretence.

Once outside there was no more need to act; it was impossible not to break down and sob.

. . . . . .

The train sped out of Adelaide, the friends cheered and waved.

In Melbourne the hard work, the new impressions, and the parties were a distraction, but those nights seemed endless and there were long, pathetic letters from Mrs. Russell and guarded little notes from the doctor.

Friendly Australians

ONE day when I entered a bookshop the proprietor, Mr. Spencer, said: "You are the very man I want to see? Can you give Miss Dimina's address?" "Yes, do you know her?" "No, but I am sending her a parcel of books. I cannot bear to think of a stranger ill so far from home."

The news of her serious illness had leaked out in the Press, and from all over Australia there were gifts of flowers and attentions. **It is impossible to be friendless or alone in Australia.**

. . . . . .

(From my diary, written in Melbourne and on the train, and left unaltered.)

An Adelaide newspaper telephoned me this morning for Madeleine's photo "in case." The Press knew the truth from the start, though at first they were guarded in their utterances.

I sent them the best, for she was always most particular about her photographs; but that means that the end must be very near, although the doctor has talked of a slight rally after her transfusion.

I WAS in bed one Sunday morning, staying with the Lindsays at Baxter when the telephone rang, waking me up, and I knew what had happened. It was Lidji. "Come up at once. It's just happened."

Daryl Lindsay motored me up to town and I found Lidji terribly moved, extraordinarily sympathetic, and we understood one another that moment as few people do in a lifetime.

With Natacha Branitska and Philippoff we took the train to Adelaide for the last honor to our dead artist.

MR. ARNOLD HASKELL, whose touching story of the life and death of Mira Dimina is told in his book, "Dancing Round the World."

That same morning E. J. Tait's beloved daughter died in childbirth. We had not known her, but our sympathy for him has made it a real sorrow. She was his closest friend.

. . . . . .

Arthur Campbell met me at the station and is taking me off to stay with him. I had no time to warn him, but I knew, beyond a doubt, that he would be there and that I should be staying with him. He is that kind of friend.

The little florist next door to the theatre is a very understanding person. "She loved flowers, especially white ones. I am sending some myself, they are fresh from the country and I will send some to the grave when you are all gone."

. . . . . .

I have seen her, surrounded by flowers, and can believe it less than ever. She is sleeping just as she was when I peeped into her cabin at rehearsal time.

AFTERWARDS Pete told me that she had suffered comparatively little and had never known how desperately ill she was. Up to the end, she talked of her dancing and asked to be reassured that she would get her roles back again. The promise of "Le Spectre de la Rose" gave her infinite pleasure.

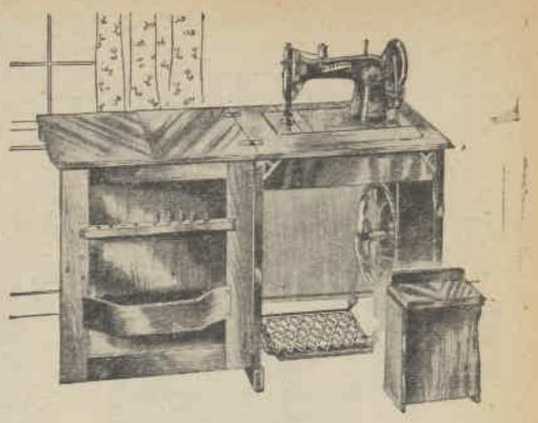
Before she lapsed into her final sleep she made dancing movements the whole night long. Her courage and fine spirits had endeared her to everyone; the doctor and nurses are mourning her like friends.

MADELEINE was not a genius, not even a great dancer, but she was an artist every inch of her. She did not die for her art, but she served it when every effort must have cost her dear.

She told Pete: "I am glad I am ill at last; now they will cure me. For a year every movement has been an effort." But she would not surrender.

Finally, Madeleine was a good and loyal friend. She will not be forgotten.

A fund has now been completed and the Mira Dimina cot in the Children's Hospital exists as a memorial to our friend.—A.L.H.



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WIDOW'S FIRST DAY *In* PARLIAMENT

Mrs. Clarence Weber, Victoria's Woman Member, Was Thrilled

What are a woman's feelings when she wins a seat in Parliament? Is it as thrilling as an engagement, a wedding, or an aeroplane flight?

A woman who has just won Parliamentary honors in Victoria here tells the story of her first day in Parliament. She is Mrs. Clarence Weber, twice married, twice widowed, and now the Honorable Member for Nunawading.

By Mrs. CLARENCE WEBER in an interview.

"MY first and lasting impression of my first day in Parliament was the friendliness displayed by all men members, irrespective of their parties, and their willingness to assist me in every way. I felt that I was really welcomed into Parliament, and I know now that within Parliament itself there is absolutely no prejudice against women in Parliament.

"I think the way this was demonstrated is a tribute to all women.

"Before going to Parliament House, I felt thrilled and a little nervous on this great day of days. But, almost before I got inside the chamber, members from all parties were coming up to shake my hand and soon dispersed my feeling of strangeness.

"It was a brilliant opening ceremony. But I found the swearing-in even more impressive.

"When my turn came to take the Bible in my right hand and repeat the oath, it suddenly dawned on me that I was part of my country, and I determined to set out with the idea of giving my life to that country.

"Then I signed the book and was so taken up with my thoughts that I almost forgot to shake hands with Mr. Justice Martin.

"However, Mr. Coyle, the Chairman of Committees, was stationed near to give beginners a word of warning, and I did the right thing after all.

"Mr. Coyle had also arranged for a cup of tea to be ready for me in his room after the morning ceremony.

"He knew that most women love a cup of tea after any ordeal.

First Flowers

"BUT the women had not forgotten me either. When I returned to my seat in the House after lunch, there was a beautiful bouquet of roses waiting for me. It was from Mrs. Britomarte James, president of the Centenary Club.

"Many of the men wear flowers in their buttonholes, but this was the first time a bouquet had come into the House. Electors generally don't send bouquets to politicians.

"All the officers at Parliament House have been very kind to me, too.

"The first night I dined in the dining-room, the waiter came and congratulated me. Then he said, 'The chef would like to see you,' so I made a pilgrimage to the kitchens. There I was just as heartily welcomed.

"It was just like visiting a kitchen in a friend's home. It seemed very efficient, but I was not there long enough to notice much.

"When I mentioned to some of the Members that I wanted to be treated just as they would treat a man, somebody said, 'Well, we all call each other by Christian name.'

"My name is Ivy. I could not have chosen one more unsuited to dignity. I am sure they were thinking of those lines, 'Just like the ivy, I'll cling to you.' It is rather a joke.

"I am looking forward to hard work. I love to work and feel that every hour of my day is filled with worthwhile doing.

"I have not yet spoken in the House, but I feel that when the time comes I will have plenty to say. I am also looking forward to reading up on all matters I am not yet thoroughly conversant with. This will be one of the jobs in the Christmas holidays.

"Something more than just chance and hard work has made me a Member of Parliament.

"Six months ago the idea of standing had never entered my head. When the possibility was suggested to me last April I was very surprised. But life is full of surprises for me. I cannot imagine anything more exciting than the time I spent listening to the progress counts of the votes. As soon as the final count was official I went to Parliament House to choose my seat.

"I will sit with the Government, as most of my electorate is in the country, and I put a U.A.P. man out, I feel I should sit with the Country Party. But I still retain the right to vote as an independent with whichever side I think best.

"A room on the second floor of Parliament House is being prepared for me.

"I hope my success will encourage other women to stand in larger numbers at the next elections in Victoria and other States.

"I am reaping the benefit of what the pioneer women have done. Lady Peacock is the only woman hitherto to reach Victoria's Parliament, but so many others have worked to change public opinion so that women who stand for Parliament are no longer regarded as cranks.

"Hon. Gentleman"

"I UNDERSTAND I will be addressed as 'The Honorable Member'—in fact, as 'The Honorable Gentleman.'

"There is no distinction between men and women in the House. When other Members speak to the House they include me in their opening 'Gentlemen.'

"I had a special new outfit for the occasion, an all-black ensemble skirt and bolero of uncommon material, with tiny tufts of fringe all over it, and a blouse of plain black satin, tying in a huge bow in front, smart black straw hat with upward sweep to the brim.

"I did not make use of a woman's prerogative to be late. Punctuality is one of my pet vices.

"I spent more than the regulation eight hours in the House on the opening day. I was there early in the morning, went home to my flat in Collins Street, a few minutes' walk away, for lunch, and was back to the House in the afternoon, where I sat on till 9.30 p.m.

"Though it was such a wonderful day, I was glad when it ended."

Mrs. Weber's first husband, Lieut. Thomas Mitchell, was killed during the war. Her son, Peter Mitchell, is an agricultural science student.

After the war, Mrs. Weber married Mr. Clarence Weber, the noted physical culture expert, who was a widower with seven children. She took on the management of his home, and later had three children of her own, a girl and two boys.

MRS. WEBER . . . felt thrilled and nervous.

Just paid £6-7-6 for a new basin..
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Before buying her new basin she used to think it was cheaper and easier to clean with harsh scourers. But basins have delicate surfaces and harsh cleaners scratch. It wasn't long before her basin was a mass of "Scratchitis"—ugly, worn, ruined . . . The cheap scourers cost her a new basin. She intends to smooth-clean this one with Monkey Brand—and nothing else!
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Let's look at the "Quins" in their Parlor

THREE-FIFTHS of the famous Dionne Quintuplets seen in their parlor. Marie is yawning, Yvonne looks slightly annoyed, and Cecile is rocking the chairs.

ANNETTE AND EMILIE, the other two-fifths of the Quins, entertain a visitor. "What a nice face you've got," whispers Emilie coquettishly, while Annette decorously looks elsewhere.

YVONNE does her best to tie a bow on dolly's bonnet, using her teeth to give a tug on the ribbon.

JUST A LITTLE TETE-A-TETE in a corner, for even little women have quite a lot of gossip to exchange. Cecile is resting her foot, while Marie goes over the family darning.

—Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly

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Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published here.

Pen names are not used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page.

LET'S HEAR FROM YOU

Try your hand now at writing a letter in answer to one of those already given on this page, or on some new topic. Our address will be found at top of page 3 of this issue.

RIGHT ATTITUDE

WHY is it so many parents, when advising their children, "talk down" to them? Surely advice given in this manner is more of an order, and is generally disregarded.

Why don't parents first study their children's natures, and then advise them as individuals, stressing their duty to themselves?

Advice given in this manner would most likely be taken with due appreciation, and would cultivate a greater understanding between parents and their offspring. Further, would it not induce honesty and consideration for others?

£1 for this letter to Ailsa Yates, 60 Hunter St., Sydney.

ANGRY HOUSEWIFE

MANY men are under the impression that women, living in modern flats and homes, can finish their work for the day by 9.30 or 10 a.m. Why?

It is infuriating to hear them talk so, and it is high time women did something about making them realise their error.

There are dozens of little odd jobs to execute daily in almost every home—yet washing dishes, making beds, sweeping and dusting appear to be all that a man notices.

Let him remember the trivial interruptions, the telephone, the tradespeople, the marketing, the planning and preparation of meals, the mending, missing buttons, and flower arrangements.

How would he cope with these items in one or two hours daily?

Mrs. Milton Chick, 6 The Grosvenor, Wynns Rd., Point Piper, N.S.W.

ARE WE AFFECTED?

WHEN in conversation with a man, we are apt to be affected and unnatural.

"Let him tell you how wonderful he is, while you listen charmingly, and he will instantly realise how clever you are," has been the old, old cry. Ridiculous flattery, laid on with a trowel, plus a wide-eyed wonder as you listen to his swagger, will cause him to fall at your feet—they say.

Then there is the ancient fallacy that a man dislikes a woman to show that she possesses any brain at all.

For Heaven's sake, girls, don't be afraid of displaying a little intelligence. Intelligent men like intelligent women, in spite of all assertions to the contrary, and only a fool is captivated by an empty-headed chatterer.

As a result of this false attitude, women are stilted and unnatural in the presence of the opposite sex, and would much prefer the company of their fellow women.

Miss I. Carr, 4 Huntingdon Grove, Coburg, Vic.

UNFRIENDLY CITIES

WHY are people in cities so unfriendly? In country towns, people make a point of calling on the newcomer as soon as she arrives, and by this means she soon acquires a wide circle of friends.

But the new arrival in the city is strenuously ignored. At one stage I lived in a city suburb, and the only people I ever spoke to in the district were the tradespeople.

Mrs. Cutler, King St., Sandy Bay, Tas.

STRANGER'S ADVICE

I CANNOT see how courts established to reconcile husband and wife can do any good.

What husband or wife is going to take notice of a complete stranger's advice? Such interference would probably make some people more resolved to carry out their original purpose.

I should imagine they would prefer to listen to the advice of a good, impartial friend.

Joan Foster, King's Park Rd., West Perth.

Cynicism of Engaged Young Moderns

BERN PEARSON says that romance is dead, because engaged girls don't show any enthusiasm for marriage (16/10/'37).

But I do not think that such an attitude necessarily means that romance is "dead." Also, the average girl is too reserved to become enthusiastic openly to other people about her forthcoming marriage.

One's natural reaction in such circumstances is to pretend a certain indifference. I marvel that another woman has not divined this.

Mrs. Curtis, Rokeby Road, Subiaco, W.A.

Romance Not Dead!

NO, Bern Pearson, romance is not quite dead. In fact, it is very much alive, I think.

Perhaps the newly-engaged modern girl does appear to be a little cynical in her ideas and discussions on love and marriage; but to-day it is unfashionable to display one's emotions, or to "shout" too loudly with joy.

The world may know the modern girl as a sophisticated unsentimental creature, but she is just as excited with her engagement as girls of former days.

F. Smith, 3 Charles St., Abbotsford N9, Vic.

They Are Practical

WHAT does Bern Pearson expect? Maidens to grow misty-eyed and palpitant on the possession of an engagement ring?

No, the girl with this attitude is hard to find to-day, thank goodness. Young women are more sensible, and set about marriage in the right spirit, a practical common-sense one, which regards that state as a normal existence.

In so doing, they are laying a sound foundation for a happy marriage.

Miss J. Beale, 79 Ninth Avenue, Campsie, N.S.W.

Protective Measure

THE newly-engaged girl's apparent cynicism is merely a protective measure. Romance is not dead; but it soon will be if the girl is naive enough to show her natural joyful excitement.

Any display of happiness inspires the most worthy persons to throw cold water. A girl shows wisdom in not wearing her heart on her sleeve.

Gertrude Stockwell, Jinna, via Killoey, Qld.

Blame Her Freedom

I TOO, have noticed the modern girl's blase attitude towards her marriage. She is most matter-of-fact with her fiance, takes him for granted, and seems to find the prospect of marriage a trifle boring—and certainly no reason for becoming jubilant.

I think the young thing's ability

"Finds the prospect of marriage a trifle boring."

to earn her own living comfortably to-day has taken the romance from her conception of marriage.

Clara Martin, Hughes St., Woodville, S.A.

Always Pleased

I WAS surprised at Bern Pearson's letter. All the engaged girls I have known have been excited and pleased over their engagements.

I have never met with that cynical indifference of which Bern Pearson speaks.

One cannot expect the modern, self-reliant girl to go into ecstasies over her marriage before other people.

Mrs. Fraser, Malvern Road, East Malvern, Vic.

Holidays Are Necessary Once a Year!

I AGREE with Miss J. Reid (16/10/'37) that all mothers should have an annual holiday without fail. Husbands and children are so accustomed to the mothers doing every little thing for them, as well as the ordinary everyday work, that, not until they are dependent on their own abilities, do they realise how much there is to be done in the house, and what a lot they owe to the woman of the home.

Miss T. A. Wilson, 51 Brickwood St., Elsternwick S4, Vic.

Effect of Holidays

YES, Miss C. Coney, annual holidays are important. Far more so than a great many husbands care to admit.

Of all my friends and acquaintances, those who take their regular holidays I find are the most agreeable and healthy.

Doing the same work year in and year out becomes monotonous.

Mrs. L. E. Coombs, Boomey Rd., Molong, N.S.W.

Some of the Difficulties

HOW simple it reads in Miss J. Reid's letter for tired mothers to have a holiday! What do you do when the "willing" relatives or friends are over 400 miles away? And who would be willing to care for a family of four or more?

Very few wives on the basic wage can manage to take a holiday, and, if they do get away, the children usually go along too.

Mrs. H. Parker, Ainslie, F.C.T.

Englishman Criticises

HAVING recently arrived from England, one of the first things that came to my notice was the open handling of milk.

Milk is served here from the can to the consumer by a method that was in use many years ago in England, where all milk is now served in bottles, pure and absolutely safe.

Surely a country that specialises in advertising milk and milk bars should see that this big item in the daily diet is served to the consumer's door, not in a pre-war method, but carefully sealed!

Mr. S. C. Elphick, c/o 5 Cairo St., North Sydney, N.S.W.

Wise Move

YES, I wish we could get weary wives and mothers to see the wisdom of "downing tools" and getting right away from the home for an occasional spell.

They'd be doing the family a kindness. The children would quite enjoy the job of "carrying on."

After all, there is nothing so devastating to home happiness as a worn-worn, wrangling woman.

C. Marsden, 7 Royal Arcade, Melbourne C1.

With Young Children

WHEN children are young, I think it would be rather difficult for the mother to take a holiday alone, but when they are old enough to look after themselves, I think a holiday is absolutely necessary for the happiness and well-being of the entire family.

Most mothers who are in comfortable enough circumstances do take holidays, for they are being educated up to the belief that money so spent is wisely invested.

Miss Treherne, Seafield Avenue, Kingswood, S.A.

The "Catch" In It

A HOLIDAY, of course, is beneficial to everybody, but not, if by taking it, you cause yourself mental unrest.

Unfortunately, the average mother cannot enjoy her holiday in peace, not knowing how her children are getting along. And if she takes them with her, she cannot get any rest.

Mrs. Watkins, King's Park Rd., West Perth, W.A.

Are Women Wise In Following Fashion?

MISS BUCKNELL'S argument that the frequent change in clothing is beneficial to women psychologically overlooks the fact that fashion, as we know it, only applies to white women and a small proportion of Europeanised women of other races.

Our changes of fashion only commenced in earnest with the coming of the industrial age, and they represent successful efforts by manufacturers to exploit woman's love of beautiful things for their own advantage.

Muriel Macpherson, 8 Russell Street, Oatley, N.S.W.

"Who is the happier?"

Men, Brighten Up!

I AGREE with Miss Bucknell. Why can't men introduce a little color into their clothes? Throughout history they have favored color in its richest and gayest tones. They display gay colorings in their peasant costumes. We women know the difference brightly-colored attire makes to the mood of the wearer. Men, too, might try its effect.

N. Connelly, Bay Street, Cleveland, Qld.

Brickbat for Women

AS to the wisdom of constantly changing dress fashions, I think it would be better if women paid more attention to individuality in dress requirements.

These frequent changes of style do not indicate originality, but slavish bowing to a convention—the convention of "Wear what everyone else is wearing." They are no better than men in this. Men are ruled by "What other men are wearing"—so are women.

Mrs. G. Anderson, 61 E. Crescent St., McMahon's Point, N.S.W.

FALSE ECONOMY

THERE are a great number of people who practise false economy.

For instance, many decide to save a fare by walking to town, and arrive in the city so tired out that they must have refreshment, which otherwise would not have been necessary. These are the people who usually have a meagre lunch, to "watch the pennies," and then at a sale spend four times the amount on some little-needed luxury.

The best example of false economy I have ever seen was last week while shopping at the markets. A man and his wife loaded themselves with vegetables, fruit, groceries, and flowers to cut down a little on expenditure. Their next act was to get a taxi home!!

Mrs. Nancy Meadows, 32 Ralston St., South Yarra SE1, Vic.

JILTED WOMAN

ADMITTING the sad plight of the woman scorned, and the expenses incidental to preparing for marriage, it still seems strange to me that women should sue their errant fiances for breach of promise.

"Men kill the thing they love," Oscar Wilde wrote. It appears that some women prefer to maim "the thing." Would it not be better to pass on to the next adventure in living than to air one's grievances in courts?

Of course, some will point in justification to the "lost years" in a wronged woman's life. That is admitted, too. But surely it is a finer philosophy to renew one's design for living, and face life bravely.

Courage is a finer thing than "getting one's own back."

Miss D. Carnick, Verona Flats, Gippps St., East Melbourne.

ROLLING STONES

WHERE is the particular virtue in being a "rolling stone?" Rather, people who cannot stay in one district or one job for more than a few years seem to be selfish, unstable, undependable—and probably incompetent.

And yet those who do not wander are called "stick-in-the-muds," and one is almost ashamed to admit a too-lengthy stay. Why not praise such people for their sterling qualities of enduring patience, and steadfast interest?

K. Wallace, King William Rd., Hyde Park, S.A.

Sour Temper or Sour Stomach

The wretchedness of continued stomach trouble has its reaction on the temper. Nerves get frayed by the pain and misery. Petty annoyances, which would be borne with patience by healthy individuals, seem immeasurably irritating.

The time has come to put a stop to the cause of this wretchedness. De Witt's Antacid Powder will not only give *instant* relief to your unhealthy stomach, but will also go right to the cause, and remedy it.

Immediately it enters the stomach this ultra-fine powder quickly neutralises the excess acid, giving relief from heartburn and flatulence.

The valuable colloidal-kaolin protects the delicate stomach walls from further attacks by the acid, enabling the inflammation to heal. The output of acid which must take place in the stomach will then become normal. At the same time, De Witt's Antacid Powder actually digests a portion of your food, thus taking a further load off the sick stomach while it is recovering.

Other ingredients in this remarkable powder tone up the whole digestive system. Once again you can digest with comfort the whole of the nutritious elements of the food you eat; you enjoy your food, and your outlook on life becomes immeasurably more pleasant.

Get a supply to-day. Be sure you get the genuine—

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

Of all chemists and storekeepers, in handsome sky-blue canister, price 2/6

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She used to feel ashamed of Betty's frocks. Harsh washing ruined the pretty colours....

Now PERSIL keeps the pretty colours as BRILLIANT as ever

HAVE YOU RUINED coloured things in the wash? That never happens when Persil is used. The oxygen-charged suds are so gentle, bubbling right through the clothes removing all the dirt. NO RUBBING! That's why the most brilliant colours are as jaunty as new after a *Persil* wash. Use Persil alone.

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Summer is here, and the smartest frocks are made of—WEMCO English prints. Gay as a garden, fresh as the flowers of spring. For instance—Bayadere prints, Paisley patterns, Monotone designs—all distinctly new.

Will they wash? Certainly—the colours are fast. And they drape beautifully. There's Wemcolisse, the uncrushable crepe . . . Cilmidene and Cilmasol, the soft and silky rayons . . . and Tuseda, which looks like tussore but is crease-resisting. All are reasonably priced.

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Books

Helen Simpson's Story Of Our Social Origins

New Standards in the New World in 1831

"Under Capricorn," Helen Simpson's new novel, is a good book about Australia for Australians to read.

Almost as if she weren't born one of us, this Australian novelist manages to account for the changed social and human standards under Capricorn.

But you'll have to cease to worry about convicts and chain gangs in your history if you are going to enjoy it.

"UNDER CAPRICORN" gives us the Sydney of 1831, its "streets first laid by men in chains for the easier progress of the soldiers who guarded them."

Flusky, respected land-owner of Woolloomooloo, the founder of technical education in New South Wales, honored by the Governor, "His Ex. Dick Bourke," had been a coachman in Ireland, a lag in early Sydney, the weals on whose back declare how he had been given the "ladder up and down."

Lady Henrietta, daughter of an old Irish family, had been laughed at when she first came to Sydney.

Flusky was her lover. She had seen him transported for her own crime. She had waited for him for years, but the loneliness of the colonial life, the absolute lack of congenial society had driven her to the friendship of the flask . . . and it was the wreck of an aristocrat that Flusky wedded when he emerged from gaol.

Reclamation of Lady Hattie is too big a task for the earth-born Flusky: it takes the blue-blooded Adare, cousin of the Governor, to restore the battered image of a lady . . And Adare, in his turn, falls for a "sharp-tongued hussy" with a heart-shaped face, who is, when all is said and done, the hangman's daughter .

HELEN SIMPSON, Australian-born novelist.

"Lags'" Snobbery

WE find the gentry pleased to dine at Flusky's board, the common people perhaps a little contemptuous of his rise to prosperity, suspicious of his public spirit.

We find Flusky himself, kind enough to his kind, hard as nails with the gentleman-lag: back to the galleys goes his ex-gentleman assigned servant when he makes a mistake . . . Winter, Flusky's secretary, is the most pathetic figure in the story.

And so on . . A new evaluation of human relationships being beaten out with the felon's sledgehammer, the gaoler's lash, the adze of the pioneer.

Helen Simpson presents her early Sydney with a detachment which enhances its authenticity; we who know her to be Sydney-born might expect her history to be tempered a little with sympathy, but no, there is no mawkish sentiment about this picture:

The Governor surveys the gathering at Sydney's first St. Patrick's Ball at the Temperance Hall, "at the farther end of George St., a St. Anthony of buildings beset by public houses."

"A great mix," he says.

"Many hundreds of strange faces and, by Jove, strange get-ups too. All classes represented. Don't care for shaking hands with pickpockets and resurrection men, all the same. Prejudice, that. Get to end. It will take time, though."

He was on the platform by now. The military band did its duty by the National Anthem; and all the travelled young ladies, all the exiled regimental sprigs; all the publicans and their wives; all the landowners, sheep farmers, surveyors, physicians and their wives; all the ironmongers, haberdashers, undertakers, and their wives; all the supervisors of the Convict Establishments, ticket-of-leave men, emancipists and their wives, formed up in line with a view to experiencing the joys of rapid motion under his Excellency's patronage and eye.

Everything in this new land acquires a new value.

Rum, for instance—the overchurchly spinster who is Flusky's chatelaine and who, incidentally, sets her cap at her master—confesses without shame to her activities as a Botany Bay bootlegger.

Gold, too . . . Gold discoverers were not always held in the highest honor.

"Gold's found; as soon as that gets about, what happens? All the population goes after it—shepherds, farmers, useful men out of the towns. It pulls away all the labor. Land's no good without labor. And there's a lot of people here own land. Government included."

Flusky, who breaks this news to the adventurous Adare, has more to say.

"Gold all right." He paused. "Did ever you hear about a cove called Parker?

"Parker was a prisoner, got away from a road gang. When they found him, he had a lot of this stuff, stowed inside his shirt. They took the shirt off him, and the hide, too. He died not so long after."

"You mean this man Parker was killed to silence him?"

Flusky did not answer.

A good Australian book which will prove elder brother to many.

"Under Capricorn." By Helen Simpson. London: Wm. Heinemann Ltd. (Dymock's.)

Asthma Germs Killed in 3 Minutes

Choking, gasping, wheezing Asthma and Bronchitis poison your system, ruin your health and weaken your heart. Mendaco, the prescription of an American physician, starts killing Asthma Germs in 3 minutes, refreshes the blood and builds new vitality so that you can sleep soundly all night, eat anything and enjoy life. Mendaco is so successful that it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours and to completely stop your Asthma in 8 days or money back on return of empty package. Get Mendaco from your chemist. The guarantee protects you.*** 2386

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INSIST ON FLY-TOX IT KILLS ALL INSECTS

Particularly suitable after gall bladder operation is Camp Berlei Surgical Support No. 83. The patent lacings may be adjusted without effort by pulling the side straps. Designed with high waist to hold the weakened muscles firmly and comfortably, it is a good support also for certain hernia conditions. Waists 26-34.

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Intimate Jottings

by Caroline.

Vice-Regal News

The Governor-General and Lady Gowrie left Sydney on Thursday night, attended by Lord Ranfurly, Captain Blacker, and Captain Palmer, for Melbourne. Lady Gowrie had a last-minute rush, as she only had a few days in between her return from Canberra and the departure south.

While in Melbourne the Vice-Regal party will be guests of Lord and Lady Huntingfield at Government House, and they expect to return to town about November 8.

Notoriously Absent-Minded

EXEMPLIFYING the ancient and proverbial absent-mindedness of their kind, quite a few of our University professors who were invited to Dr. and Mrs. Garnet Halloran's cocktail party on Thursday went to their hostess' flat instead of the reception rooms of the Garden Club as stated on the invitations.

However, all the guests eventually arrived at the right place at the right time. The party was yet another occasion when Professor and Mrs. C. G. Lambie were guests of honor.

Chieftainess or Laird?

NOW what are we to call Catriona Maclean when she arrives this week with the Governor's daughter, the Hon. Henrietta Loder? Will she be "Chieftainess," or the Laird of Ardgour, or just Miss Maclean? Some of the clan think that a woman cannot hold the position of head of a Scotch clan, but in these modern days that seems all wrong.

Lady Wakehurst's mother, Mrs. J. Lubbock, is bringing the girls out on board the Orontes, due this Thursday.

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Among the attractive color combinations worn during the Melbourne festivities was sea-green and pale grey. Lady Gengoult Smith sponsored it with a grey chiffon evening gown worn with green suede sandals and gloves.

❖ ❖ ❖

Wedding Reception

THE day following their reception at the Pickwick Club, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bouvet—she was Airlie Keep—left for Melbourne to attend the Cup festivities.

I have never seen Mrs. Bouvet look more charming. Her black sheer frock and her little black velvet tam with pieces cut out of the crown suited her to perfection. Most of the guests I noticed wore black, and very smart they all looked.

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Lady Fraser, who is Melbourne hostess to Thelma McMaster, arranged a dance in honor of her guest at her home early in the week, and is also arranging a dinner party for Thelma and her friends.

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About Town Again

I'M glad to see pretty Nildra Leonard, of Elizabeth Bay, round and about town again. She has had her ankle in plaster of paris ever since her bad fall while on skis at Kosciusko. "One ski went over a gap," said Nildra, "and the other hit a rock in passing." A double somersault and broken bones resulted.

Nildra is hoping to try out her ski-ing prowess in Norway at no very distant date.

Spectacular Ball Planned

ARRANGEMENTS are well in hand for the Centuries Ball, and it promises to be this month's most spectacular social "do." It could scarcely be otherwise with Mrs. T. H. Kelly, that excellent organiser, taking such a keen interest in the proceedings.

The Early-Victorian set should look particularly charming. Gloria Cosgrove will be a member of it. Her parents, Colonel and Mrs. Cosgrove, will precede her in the matter of costume by three or four centuries.

To Study at Oxford

THE thought of leaving relatives and friends is making Beatrice McGirr, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gregory McGirr, a little unhappy about her plans for the future.

Beatrice is at present finishing her third year Arts and her first year Law at the University and has almost decided to finish her Law studies at Oxford. That will mean leaving here in July to be in time for the September term in England.

Flowers for Broken Hill

NO longer need residents of Broken Hill bemoan their lack of flowers during the hot summers. Two popular sisters, Nina and Winsome Bills, are to alter all that. They have learnt all about floral affairs in a most professional manner, and are shortly to open a flower agency in their far-west town.

It is a brave venture at this time of the year, and all their friends will wish them luck.

First Melbourne Cup

AFTER seven years in Australia, M. and Madame Hans Fay are to experience their first Melbourne Cup this year. M. Fay is Dean of the Consular Corps now that the Segaerts have departed for the East.

Madame Fay has many lovely antiques in her Edgecliff home, and I particularly like a chest of Norwegian silver just the mere thousand years old, and a quaint Indian tea arrangement—a silver bowl with a long stem attached, through which tea is sipped.

On Maiden Voyage

AN exciting lot of visitors and returning travellers are due in the Orcades on Tuesday. To begin with, there are Mr. W. H. Vestey, grandson of Lord Vestey, and Mr. G. Bader, trade commissioner for France in Australia, with his wife and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Winter Irving (she was formerly Audrey Hordern) are disembarking in Sydney. Princess Melikoff, formerly Pauline Curran, of Tasmania, is another passenger, and Pat Levy is also a returnee.

MISS ISABEL PLATT-HEPWORTH, of Darling Point, who is at present staying with friends in Melbourne. She is wearing one of the pretty frocks which she has taken over for the festivities. —Women's Weekly photo.

Entente too Cordiale!

AM I wrong, or have our local lads just been quietly put to one side in favor of the dashing officers of the French sloop, Rigault de Chenouilly? Speaking as a tactician, I would advise very careful treatment of the home product, alluring though gold braid and a French accent may be.

M. Tremoulet, Consul-General for France, entertained in the grand manner in honor of the visitors at the Royal Sydney Golf Club shortly after their arrival, and on Thursday the officers were entertained on board H.M.A.S. Penguin.

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So many are Sir Isaac and Lady Isaacs' engagements during the two weeks they will be in Sydney that they will be glad of a leisurely mode of progress back to Melbourne. Our visitors intend visiting Bowral and Canberra en route.

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Canadians Returning

MRS. ROY McMORRAN and her young daughter Norma were having such a fine time in U.S.A. and their native land, Canada, that they decided to prolong their holiday. However, letters from Mrs. McMorran to her friends now tell of a last-minute decision to try to get accommodation on the same ship as her husband, who was due to leave for Sydney on October 27.

Canadian residents here have missed this popular C.P.R. chief and his cheery wife, and a warm welcome awaits them.

❖ ❖ ❖

Captain and Mrs. Jim Renwick recently spent a few days in town en route to Duntroon. Major and Mrs. "Snowie" Thompson accompanied them as far as Canberra, and then continued on their way to their new post at Queenscliff.

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Party Without Pipes

I WAS quite surprised to find that the strains of bagpipes did not rend the air in the vicinity of Dr. and Mrs. W. S. Dawson's home at Rose Bay on Friday night. Mrs. Dawson told me that much as the Scotchies present would have enjoyed the music she thought the neighbors might object.

This Hallowe'en party was in honor of Professor and Mrs. C. G. Lambie, who leave for England on Tuesday week.

Professor and Mrs. MacDonald Holmes were joint host and hostess with Dr. and Mrs. Dawson. Dr. Dawson and Professor Wilkinson caused tremendous merriment when they arrived as Tweedledum and Tweedledee. Professor Lambie made a stunning Napoleon, and Mrs. Lambie a very sweet Rosalind.

I Like Very Much—

The roof garden complete with lush lawns and spring flowers on the Hamilton Kirklands' flat at Elizabeth Bay.

The well-rehearsed "act" put on by the diminutive "Buttons" from nine till five at the Pickwick Club. The young man is surely destined for the films.

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Pond's Creams now give you the active

"Skin-Vitamin"

If you should know the Viscountess Moore well enough to ask her how she keeps her skin so beautiful, she would tell you this: "I simply trust my complexion to Pond's Creams. They are so easy to use, and so effective."

"Skin-Vitamin" keeps your skin radiant.

"Skin-Vitamin"! Who ever heard of that?

Doctors have known for some time that a certain vitamin is particularly beneficial to the skin. When we eat foods that contain it, this vitamin helps to keep skin healthy.

Then doctors applied this vitamin right to skin in cases of wounds and burns—and found it healed the skin more quickly! This is the "Skin-Vitamin" that you now get in Pond's Creams.

POND'S VANISHING CREAM has always been especially good for smoothing out the rough places. Now, with the active "Skin-Vitamin", it makes the skin smoother, softer and gives a livelier look.

POND'S COLD CREAM with the active "Skin-Vitamin", cleanses, softens and smoothes for powder. It invigorates the skin and fights off blemishes, smoothes out lines, makes pores less noticeable.

Here you see microscopic section of skin treated with Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" Creams. Without the "Skin-Vitamin" this section of skin was harsh, dry and old looking. Now, with the "Skin-Vitamin", dried-up, flattened cells are rounded out, the oil glands healthy.

Listen to "Serenade to Beauty", 2CH, 4BK-AK, 6IX-WB, every Monday, 9 p.m.; 3DB-LK, every Monday, 8 p.m.; 5AD-MU-PI, every Wednesday, 8.30 p.m.

FREE! Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" Creams. Mail this coupon to-day with four one penny stamps in a sealed envelope to cover postage, packing, etc., for free tubes of Pond's two "Skin-Vitamin" Creams—Cold and Vanishing. You will receive also a sample of Pond's new Face Powder. Indicate shade wanted: Brunette (Rachel) ( ), Light Cream ( ), Rose Cream (Natural) ( ), Naturelle (Light Natural) ( ), Rose Brunette ( ), Dark Brunette (Suntan) ( ).
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Address .....

Heart Trouble?

No; probably gases from undigested food cause those sharp pains and dizziness. Unless carefully treated, what is temporary constipation may become a chronic condition.
The most effective preparation to correct constipation and banish indigestion is Chamberlain's Tablets. They are particularly adapted for elderly people. They cleanse the stomach, gently stimulate the liver and produce a natural thorough action of the bowels.
Take a Chamberlain's Tablet to-night.

THE AFFAIR *at* AIN ZEB

Continued from Page 14

"TOWARDS evening, ammunition became a problem, of course. Corporal Gueldre started a round of all the dead and wounded—too badly wounded to be able to shoot, I mean—collecting their ammunition. And when he was hit, Corporal Djoolte, another darned good Dutchman, carried on and distributed it among us.

"'Got any ideas, old soldier?' he croaked to me, as he crawled to where I lay. 'What about a smack at them with bayonet?'

"When I glanced round some time later, I was surprised to see how few of us were left; not more than about half a dozen, besides Adolphe and me.

"And do you know what I thought of, mes amis? Those pictures in the Salle d'Honneur, at the depot. And I wished some artist could see what I saw, and paint a picture of it. You know the sort of thing. The 'Last Stand,' or perhaps, 'The End of the Day at Ain Zeb,' or something of that sort.

"Of course, I was too busy to think much about anything. But you know how these queer thoughts pass through your mind, and what I was really thinking about all the time was young Adolphe.

"Curiously enough, I hadn't any—what do you call it?—premonition of death. Not a bit of it. In fact, I felt quite sure that I should come through this scrap all right, as I'd come through so many before.

"Heaven alone knows why I should have thought so, for I'd never been in so tight a place in all my service, and there seemed no earthly possibility of escape. How could there be any end to it but death, either with or without torture, according to one's luck?

"And—a still more curious thing, mes amis. Almost to the last minute I had a feeling that the Arabs weren't going to get my young comrade . . . my young Adolphe.

"And so it went on, until there were only Schlosse, Ceppina, Adolphe and me.

"Just about sunset, Schlosse, a good man who had been a sergeant, and degraded to the ranks for drunkenness, made another tour round the last of the killed and wounded, for ammunition. And what do you think Ceppina did? . . . Went to sleep. Fact. I thought he was dead till I heard him snore.

"Schlosse, who seemed to think he was a sergeant again, rolled over and over until he was near enough to kick Ceppina in the ribs and give him some more ammunition.

"'Don't you go to sleep till you've fired that lot,' said Schlosse.

"And those were the last words of a good soldier who'd seen a lot of trouble in his time.

"Still the Arabs kept on shooting and crawling nearer, and Ceppina, Adolphe and I were lying, like three spokes of a wheel, with our feet to the hub and our faces outward.

"Every now and then a few Arabs would start a little rush, and it was a case of rapid-independent to stop them. It was no good husbanding ammunition when they started that game.

"PRESENTLY I noted that Ceppina had stopped firing, and, looking round, saw that he was asleep for good.

"I took his ammunition and gave half of it to young Adolphe.

"Adolphe . . . and I . . . alone . . . among . . . the dead.

"Still, if you can believe me, I did not feel that I was going to die. Nor that the Arabs were going to get young Adolphe.

"Then I noticed that the Arab fire was slackening, and I could see that a lot of them, in front of me, were looking up at the sky, and I wondered what for.

"I wondered all sorts of things. You know, one's head gets queer at the end of a day like that, and one is apt to think queerly . . . and to act queerly, too.

"Then I realised something that I tried not to realise. But it was no good doing that.

"Adolphe had ceased firing.

"I sighted at an Arab who was raising himself on one hand, and beckoning to others. And when I had sighted, I held my fire and held my breath, and listened for the sound of Adolphe's rifle.

"Adolphe had ceased firing.

"I shot the Arab, and then turned round with my heart in my mouth—or in my boots.

"No, it was all right. Adolphe had put his rifle down. And, with his chin on the backs of his hands, he lay flat, and stared in front of him.

"He had fired away all his ammunition.

"And only then I realised that I had but two more cartridges myself.

"I gave one of them to Adolphe.

"And still I felt that this wasn't Pere Poussin's last fight, and that the Arabs would not get Adolphe.

"Suddenly the Arabs gave a great cheer—if you can call their yelling a cheer—pointed to the sky, and sprang up, hundreds of them, all round us.

"I glanced at the sky and saw—the new moon.

"Then I heard Adolphe's rifle. They were charging from that direction.

"His last cartridge.

"Adolphe had fired his last shot.

"In the breach of my rifle was my last cartridge.

"I could be sure of killing one man.

"And then—what?

"Adolphe and I taken alive. Adolphe in their hands—alive, young, strong, unhurt.

"AND I thought of all the portraits of mutilated legionnaires that are hung in the Barrack Chambres at the Depot for the information and guidance of recruits.

"And I went mad, mes amis.

"Or did I become sane—saner than I've ever been in my life?

"I don't know.

"What I do know is that I sprang to my feet, swung about, and—shot young Adolphe through the back of the head.

"Shot him from behind—as he stood, like a young lion, with his bayonet at the 'ready.'

"The last cartridge.

"Then I turned my back, and the one thing I wanted, the one thing before I died, was to get my bayonet into an Arab.

"Let them come . . . I was ready to die now. More than ready . . . After what I had done.

"But they did not come.

"They halted, pointed, wavered, broke, fled.

"For, over a ridge, waving his sword and yelling, 'C-h-a-r-g-e!' at the top of his voice, like a trumpet-call, galloped a French officer.

"Straight at them, like a thunderbolt, he came, and they did not wait for the squadron of Spahis, the galloping company of mounted infantry, the machine-guns, the tirailleurs, the Senegalese, and company of the Legion that were—not—following him.

"They fled, and the officer, still yelling 'C-h-a-r-g-e!' and turning back in his saddle to beckon on the men who were not behind him, galloped on at break-neck pace.

"Then he wheeled about, trotted his horse up to me, and saluted me with his sword, as though I'd been a general . . .

"I never see the new moon without thinking of him. Lieutenant Lucien de la Haye de Milvorde de Brabant. I heard that he was killed in the Sharia massacre. He was a brave man, that one.

"Did ever one solitary man charge an army, single-handed, before?"

"How came he to be there?" I asked.

"In command of a convoy, going to the same fort that we were bound for. He'd heard the firing, headed for it, and, the only mounted man, reconnoitred forward alone, seen what was up, and charged alone, single-handed, as I told you.

"Lieutenant Lucien de la Haye de Milvorde de Brabant.

"There was something about him . . . I know not what . . . something kind . . . something that impelled me to tell him that, with my last cartridge, I had shot . . . my own son.

"My own beloved son . . . my little Adolphe."

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FASHION PORTFOLIO

FLOWERS...

● A NEW NOTION from Paris is illustrated at the top right—cocktail gloves and hat to match. The tiny floral toque is finished with a matching veil.

● ANOTHER pretty flower fancy from Paris is shown in the black tulle frock at the left, above. Its sleeves and belt are composed of white taffeta flowers.

● THE BEAUTIFUL Paris evening dress above is made of white tulle elaborately hand-embroidered in floral design and worn with a red velvet evening cape.

● LARGE FLOWERS in pastel shades of organdie are used to adorn the summer dinner-frock at the left. Of white organdie, it is a model from Paris.

The Peacock Silhouette

From Our London Office. By Air Mail

SHORTER waists are needed for high-waisted frocks and classic swathings in evening frocks; smaller busts for the intricate mouldings shown in the new fashions, and straight legs for the new up-in-the-front skirt—the peacock line, as it is called.

As a matter of fact, girls slightly knock-kneed wear this new line most successfully. The curve of the hem tends to make their legs look straight. But—the same line is fatal to legs with the slightest hint of bandiness.

SPLITTING Head?

SAY good-bye to those everyday ailments that seem to take all the joy out of life! At the first sign of trouble drink a glass of sparkling SALDA SELTZER. Supplies IN A PLEASANT NEW FORM the alkalising agents your system MUST HAVE if it is to fight successfully the excess acid conditions which (as any doctor will testify) are the real cause of your headaches, depression, nerve pains, stomach troubles, coated tongue, etc. Contains also certain proven pain relieving analgesics that banish headaches, relieve nerve pains, and nip colds in the bud, FASTER than anything else you have ever tried. All chemists and stores. Trial size 6d., Regular size 1/3, "Economy" size 2/3.

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MARCH OF THE MODE by Rene

FIVE BLOUSES...

Each one of these beguiling models is destined for a different mission in life . . . . and each fulfils its destiny with an air!

● A BEAUTIFUL BLOUSE for dinner and informal evenings. The draped neckline, bodice, and sleeve treatments lend themselves best to satin or one of the new pliable crepes. This blouse will go happily with either a long or a short skirt.

● NEXT TO THE BLACK BLOUSE above is sketched an attractive blouse of white suede crepe. This is a tailored model ideal for wear under a suit. The front can be worn open or it may button high up to the throat.

● SKETCHED AT THE TOP RIGHT of the page is a dainty little muslin blouse trimmed with rows of valenciennes lace and insertion. This soft, frilly little blouse makes an ideal top to wear with a lightweight summer dressmaker suit.

● AT THE EXTREME LEFT self-kilting and tucks adorn the collar and front of a white chiffon blouse. White glass buttons fasten it down the front.

● SILVER LAME OR SATIN would do equally well for the evening blouse at the left. It has a double draped bow at the neck, and double drapes in two pieces for sleeves. It fits snugly round waist and hipline.

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The Fashion Parade by Petrov

Crisp . . . SUMMER FROCKS

Here's a Set of Outdoor-Minded Fashion "Quins"

- PLAID ORGANZA, bound with violet and orange braid. Six pockets.
- BROWN-AND-WHITE LINEN in a leaf pattern has collar, cuffs and pockets of open-worked linen.
- YELLOW LINEN sun-back frock. Brown buttons and binding.
- POINSETTIA PRINT in red on white. Collar is shaped like flower.
- LINEN SUIT, jacket edged with double band of same material.

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HOW TO DRESS *When Past* FORTY

Helpful advice for the not-so-young and not-so-slim

Because you are over forty you don't, do you, want to look like your daughter? But you don't, either, want to look like a grandmother. Why should you?

Well, then, how to dress and avoid both extremes? How to be not-so-young and not-so-slim, and look good in your clothes?

By ALISON SETTLE
Famous English Fashion Expert. Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly

YOU'VE got years of pleasure in clothes ahead of you, and why should you for one moment imagine that nature intended you to be down and out because the clock has struck—what was it? forty? fifty?

The trouble about the broader woman is that she so often looks upholstered and therefore feels unlike other humans.

She is put into clothes that are fitted closely to her under the mistaken idea that that will help to keep her figure down, whereas, in fact, a tight fit accentuates her stoutness beyond what is true of it. Here then are some of the basic rules for the older, broader woman.

She must not have a tight cut or fit; she may and should have flowing lines in the evening, soft lines by day.

She must not have shiny fabrics, but will use the softer, duller materials, as for instance a soft wool or rough-surfaced tweed rather than a gabardine, covert coating, man's suiting, broadcloth, velour or whatever may be the fabric of that type in fashion at the momem.

Above all she must avoid satins and sheeny velvets in the evening. To fabric as much as to fit is often due that upholstered-chair effect.

She must resolve to avoid a bias cut in the skirt which makes it cling under the figure, choosing instead a straight or, still better, a swinging cut in the skirt.

She will avoid tight armholes like the plague, renounce wide and full sleeves and learn to know where the loose sleeve—which is desirable—ends and fullness begins.

She will avoid wider belts and belts of sudden contrasting pattern, shine, or color which tend to cut her in halves, whilst holding the belief that the draped sash belt is the broader woman's friend.

Neckline Wisdom

SHE will renounce high, round, and hard throat lines, but equally refuse to pass the rest of her life dominated by the V- opening so much insisted on by some shops as suiting the "queenly figure." Scarf effects, soft though higher necklines, cowl-draped necklines are all good.

Reluctantly she forswears bright colors in the mass, leaning to softer shades, but at the same time learns to rely greatly on sudden, sharp, and strong color accents as, for instance, at the throat, which concentrate interest and draw it away from lines which may be no longer lovely to look at.

She will say "no" to the short and fitted suit, even if fashion loves it, and try, if fashion shows any leaning that way, to hold to the loose hanging type of hiplength, three-quarter or seven-eighth coat . . . On the other hand if fashion does not introduce readily any of these things she will not go after them. To choose something, however flattering to the figure, which is right outside current fashion is to make oneself self-conscious . . . Fingertip coats are the best length.

Points About Shoes

SHE will wear lowish heels on well-cut shoes. Indeed, let her vow here and now to spend more money on good and comfortable shoes and really expertly cut corsets; on these more than on any other items.

She will avoid little close hats which spoil the proportions of the whole figure, reducing the head proportion to the look of a pea.

Her handbag must never be too small, day or evening, her gloves not too short and above all not "fancy," but of the slightly longer, very simple type which ruckle a little at the wrist.

Her jewellery must be sparse and big; little items of jewellery, costume or real, spotted about accentuate the spaces between the spots.

Her hair will not be fuzzy or in any way untidy. Gleam and sheen on the hair will replace the least tendency to fuzz or to harshness and, in having it set, sculptured flat curls and again sculptured waves are what we look for. A higher hair-dressing is good for her line.

Lastly, she will pay the closest attention to the arms and hands. In the broader woman their texture, coloring, and care make them focusing points. To cream the elbows, to whiten the skin of the arms and hands is as essential as it is to have the right, over-insistent shade of powder and lip-salve.

Why should the shops make it difficult for the broader woman to buy other than reluctantly?

There is a fortune waiting for each provincial shop which solves the problem of that woman's dressing, solves it, that is, intelligently.

For it is the idea of her stoutness, her apartness from ordinary and pleasurable dressing which gets her down far more than the actual realisation of her figure. The great thing is that she should be quick and supple as regards the fashion of the day even if she is not that in figure.

It is more conspicuous to follow outdated fashions than to follow the present mode even when it is a trifle less kind. That is all the broader figure wants—kindness. And again, the fuller-figured woman tends to believe that she will overcome the disadvantages of lack of suppleness and grace by richness. So she overloads herself with furs, jewellery, rich fabrics, all of which add to the bulk or emphasise it and give a definitely elderly look.

Don't, above all, let her go for the obvious in overcoming figure defects—the long V, the white vest placed low, the obvious jabot, the rather awful plastron on the chest. Boldly let her go out and dress like other women.

Yes, she may have seen the writing on the wall that youth has left her; yes, she may, in fact, be over fifty; yes, she is stout (let's not call it "queenly"; let's just call it by its spade name). Because of that let her have sports clothes or tweeds with woollen jerseys, cardigans and the like just like her daughter; wool does not add to bulk; it appears to detract from it.

Charm Of Simplicity

LET her have a soft, small hat (not too small), sports hat of felt, low-heeled shoes of the sports type to play golf like any other woman.

Let her have simple, soft woollen dresses when the other women are wearing them.

No, she does not want to go round looking like her daughter, but she does want to look every bit as good as the other, slimmer women of her age. Below these clothes is a controlling yet never stiff corset with uplifting lines.

Now in all this we are taking the line that this over-large, unsupple figure is a necessity and that it has to be reckoned with in the dressing problem.

You may be reckoning that it is inevitable. I am not so reckoning. I am only reckoning on the laziness and weakness of human nature. We know quite well that figures can be safely and beautifully reduced by a mixture of dieting and exercise, if by no more expensive means such as baths, waxes, rollers, and all the other methods.

And if the broad woman has as much pride as she has starch in her meals, why, provided she has no disease, the problem could be solved in no time. You can diet safely. You can reduce through exercises.

Worth the Effort

YOU may not think it worth the effort, or again you may have left it so late that you could only do these things with pain and grief and prefer altering your wardrobe to altering your heartbeat or energy.

The one thing you must not do is avoid looking at yourself in the glass; must not avoid admitting the defects of your figure as well as counting the blessings of good skin, well-set hair or whatever other advantages you have. Admit both defects and compensations.

At any rate, be honest with yourself, be stern with yourself and remember that yours is a solvable problem.

. . . Oh, and your skin. Your skin wants a really lovely shade of powder. There again it is not a question of money but of care.

You want to blend until you get a powder that is the right shade for your skin, in summer or in winter as the case may be, and not accept the ready-made shade of powder that is easier to buy and put on, but which is not really right for your skin.

And I may say here and at once that the shade called "rachel" is one of women's bugbears: what that shade can do in the way of turning yellow the skin of a woman of fifty is just nobody's business.

Our fashion artist, Rene, designed this graceful dress for the woman of forty and over. It is a redingote, the closing outlined round the neck and down the front with two shades of fuchsia ribbon velvet, the palest tone on the inside. Tiny matching velvet buttons fasten the gown to below the hip from where the full skirt flows in folds to the floor. A cluster of fuchsia-pink roses at the waist.

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Mandrake the Magician

THE STORY SO FAR:

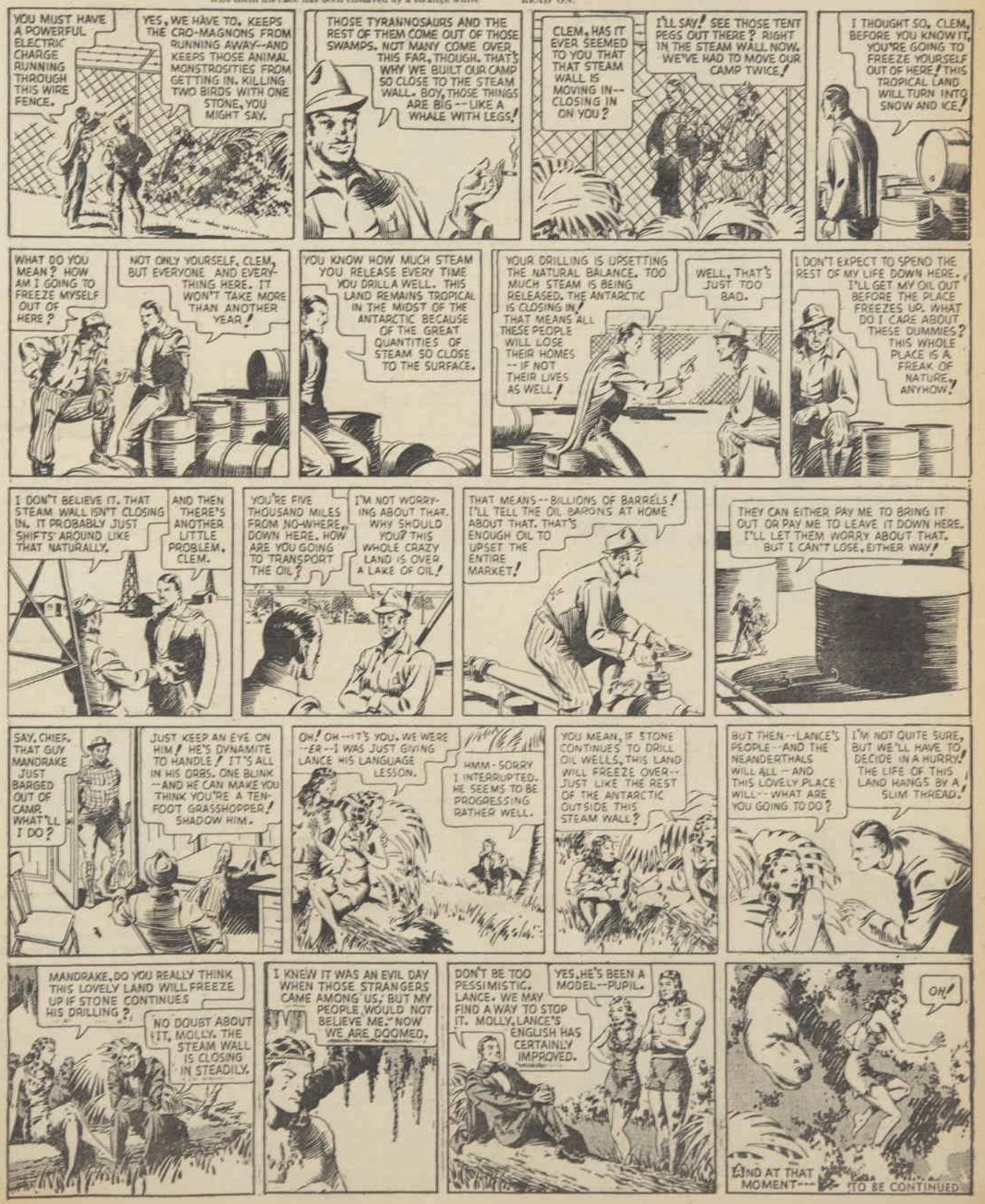
MANDRAKE: Master magician, and

LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, go to the South Pole to rescue

MOLLY BRUNSWICK: Airwoman. They discover a strange prehistoric world at the Pole, find Molly living there, and meet

LANCE: A member of the super race of cro-magnons, who tells them his race has been enslaved by a strange white people. Mandrake and Lothar go off to investigate. Lance, left with Molly, declares his love for her. Meanwhile Mandrake meets the leader of the white people,

CLEM STONE: American ruffian, who tells him that there is a solid lake of oil under the country and that he intends to get all he can out of it before telling the outside world. He then shows Mandrake round. NOW READ ON.



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Come TO AUSTRALIA'S BIG BIRTHDAY PARTY !

Under a blaze of gay colours and bright lights, Sydney will become a magical city of the Arabian Nights when she celebrates Australia's 150th birthday from January 26 to April 25.

★ THE MIGHT OF A YOUNG NATION

The story of Australia's progress will be told in a hundred ways. Commemorative landings of Captain Arthur Phillip will portray the humble birth of a nation. Something of its present might will be seen in Military, Naval and Air Force Reviews and Tattoos. Cultural progress will be evident in the Exhibitions of Art and Musical Festivals. Scientific Congresses, Industrial Exhibitions and a Monster Royal Show will tell of its material development.

★ PAGEANTRY ON LAND AND SEA

With her natural beauties as a setting, Sydney will stage one long round of pageant and carnival, of which a magnificent scheme of municipal decoration and illumination will form the background. Surf Carnivals, Venetian Carnivals, Historical, Commercial and Industrial Pageants, Monster Fireworks Displays — all will lend colour and movement to the gorgeous scene. January 26th in particular will be a day to live in memory.

AUSTRALIA'S 150TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS

SYDNEY — JANUARY 26 - APRIL 25 — 1938

No Ugly HAIR on Arms & Legs

-in 3 minutes you can 'cream' it away

The Very Latest Beauty Trick

IN less time than it takes to slip into your bathing suit you can dissolve away unwanted hair. Have velvety smooth arms and legs without a trace of hair or stubble. Simply apply this dainty scented cream—wash it off—the hair is gone as if by magic! Absolutely no odour. No mess or bother. This amazing discovery is sold everywhere under the trademark New 'VEET.' No other method is so quick and easy. Get rid of that ugly hair to-day the *up-to-date scientific* way—with New 'VEET.' 2/6 and 4/- (double size) at all Chemists and Stores.

COOL AND INSPIRING

MADGE EVANS wears a white linen dress, with a blue lipen coat. The turban, gloves, and bag are white. Smart blue - and - white linen shoes complete the outfit.

LOVE *Won't* PAY *the* RENT

Continued from Page 14

IT was the sixth day of a sultry August hot spell and both Madge and Jimmy were beginning to feel the nervous strain of it. It was past their regular lunch hour and they were both hungry. Without taking these facts into consideration, it might be hard to understand two young people who really loved each other so much saying the things that Madge and Jimmy began to say to each other.

Jimmy became more and more impassioned on the subject of decent self-respect. He accused Madge of being ashamed not only of her home but also of her husband.

Madge countered hotly that it was perfectly possible to have self-respect without being so puffed up with it that you turned a harmless joke into an insult. And as long as Jimmy thought she was cheap—and Jimmy said that as long as she thought he was just a sentimental, puffed-up windbag . . . That was the way it had gone.

Madge, closing the penthouse door behind her, leaned weakly against it, trembling still at the fury of the storm. If she had only been able to make her final plea as she really felt it. Jimmy might easily have been there, too. If she could only have said:

"I'm sorry, Jimmy, honestly. If I'd dreamed you'd feel like this about it, I'd never have let us in for it. But as long as I have—I've no way of reaching Robert Collins this afternoon; he'll go to Sybil's at dinner time and if he just finds nobody there after he's been invited—oh, Jimmy, won't you please sacrifice this tiny bit of your self-respect, just for me, to help me out of a tight place? Or, if you honestly feel it's such a terrible thing to do, come anyway and I'll tell Robert the truth. Please, Jimmy——"

But what she had really said was, "Well, it's too late to get out of it now. And as long as you value your false pride more than all you've said about loving me, I suppose it's too much to hope that you'll be kind enough to help me out of an embarrassing situation. I'll simply have to go alone. I suppose you've no objection to my telling Robert that you had a very important business engagement that I hadn't known about when I invited him."

"I don't care what you tell him," Jimmy had answered, adding savagely, "Why don't you tell him you've divorced me because I can't support you in the style to which your sister is accustomed?"

Sybil's high-ceilinged living-room seemed miles away from the clattery, humid, asphalt-smelling heat of the streets. It was spacious and cool and quiet. Smooth, leaf-patterned chintz covered the divans and low easy-chairs; the Persian rugs were soft as moss on the dark polished floors, wide french doors opened on a terrace where florists' tubs held surprisingly tall evergreen trees. There were great pottery jars of ferns and trailing ivy. An iron garden table and chairs.

The service telephone was working, so Sybil called the ridiculously expensive French restaurant miles away on the ground floor, and ordered dinner served in the apartment.

"This is Mrs. Greenway, Mrs. Holt's sister," she said, with dignity. "My husband and I are living in Mrs. Holt's apartment—for a little while. And we are expecting a guest for dinner. Will you please ask the doorman to let him come right up?"

Pierre, who had often seen Madge with Sybil, was all obsequious attention. "Certainly, and what would Madame like for dinner?" He suggested iced bouillon and guinea hen en cocotte with potato soufflés, romaine salad, a frozen fruit mousse.

"We have some very nice old-fashioned corn on the cob."

Madge winced as she thought of the bulky bundles on the kitchenette table. Where would Jimmy get his dinner to-night? No, she said hastily, she did not care for old-fashioned corn on the cob.

"Merci, Madame. Celery braise, perhaps? And dinner at about a quarter to eight? Dinner for three?"

No, Madge said. Mr. Greenway would not be able to get home till a little later. Dinner for two, please.

"Certainly, Madame." Not a change in the polite voice. Yet Madge got the impression of a brown-eyed Gallic twinkle. Madame might count on Pierre's discretion, he was managing to say quite plainly, with nothing more than his formal "Merci, Madame."

Madge shuddered to think what the dinner for two would cost. She would pay for it, herself, of course, out of the little money she had had when she had married Jimmy. Yet she felt as oddly guilty as though she were stealing it from Jimmy.

THE feeling of guilt grew stronger as she went about giving the deserted living-room a lived-in air. She opened the grand piano and spread out some of Sybil's music, she divided among some square green glass jars the tall stalks of roses and gladioli which she had bought on her way. She dropped a new magazine carelessly on the divan and another on the iron garden table. She put a few expensive cigarettes in each of Sybil's Florentine leather boxes.

And with everything she did, her anger at Jimmy weakened more and more. She tried to stiffen up with a cold shower before she began to dress for dinner. She had not troubled about clothes. She and Sybil were almost exactly of a size and Sybil always left clothes enough behind to outfit a duchess. Madge found a pair of satin slippers and a fuchsia-colored chiffon dinner dress, simple but distinguished-looking.

Please turn to Page 30

LUNG TROUBLE

"WOULD NOT BE ALIVE TO-DAY TO TELL THE TALE HAD IT NOT BEEN FOR MEMBROSUS . . ."

Thanks be to God for it . . . AN ANSWER TO MY PRAYERS

So writes a one-time sufferer.

Day after day, year after year, come these letters telling us of wonderful relief . . . and remarkable healing from this patient and that, from all over Australia and New Zealand.

These people owe their return to health . . . their desire to live again . . . their relief from suffering, their very lives to Membrosus, a dry inhalation, a wonderful healer that has saved thousands of good Australians and New Zealanders.

Yes, definitely, as patients report, Membrosus has saved lives . . . and is still doing it . . . It has soothed and allayed pain and symptoms almost from its first use . . . It has steadied the infection, working through the blood stream it arrested the disease . . . It has healed and kept the patient in good health for years after the disease had been dispelled.

The case reported here was one of years standing. She had tried everything and was bent almost at right angles like a woman of 96 years old . . . Medical treatment availed her nothing, so she stated. She could scarcely crawl about, and life to her was hardly worth living. Her sister, who had spent considerable time, worry, and money trying this cure and that treatment on her behalf, saw an advertisement for Membrosus in a "Dreamsaking book." It sounded "well-nigh impossible," so the sister said, but it "nevertheless had the very ring of truth about it" . . . so she sent for Membrosus Dry Inhalation.

"Before a month had gone my sister was as straight as a stick again, and after a few months' treatment is a living advertisement for Membrosus." "I am convinced that if all sufferers could get Membrosus our beautiful sunny land of Australia would reap a wonderful benefit. I could write pages to you on this subject as I feel now that my Nephew would be motherless but for Membrosus."

This is typical of many reports received month after month, year after year, regarding Membrosus Dry Inhalation, the wonderful healer of all Lung troubles.

ASTHMA

"I think your treatment is wonderful. Before starting on it I could not sleep at night. Within a week I could lie down and sleep, and the amount of mucus that came away surprised me. It is wonderful to be rid of that dreadful disease."

BRONCHITIS

"I wish to say how pleased I am, after only 8 days' treatment. The cough is much better, and I am able to go to bed without the fear of being awakened through the night."

HAY FEVER CATARRH & ANTRUM Trouble

WITHOUT OPERATION

". . . Six months' treatment of Membrosus has completely cured me of Chronic Catarrh with infected Antrum. It was so bad that I had to give up my work, and I must have tried everything on the market as well as having operations, but none did me any good."

MEMBROSUS—A DRY INHALATION . . . the only really logical way of treating Lung, Catarrh, and Chest Complaints. Many thousands of sufferers using it have reported wonderful relief, followed by complete restoration of health—AFTER ALL ELSE HAD FAILED.

Call or send 2d. stamped addressed envelope giving particulars of your complaint to:—

Sole Distributors for Australia,

"MEMBROSUS"

C/- Irvine Pty. Ltd., No. 1, St. James Building, 107 Elizabeth Street, Sydney, N.S.W. Phone: MA(1C).

BLONDES "BROWNS" Too!

WARNING! LIGHT SHADES OF HAIR MUST NOT BE HARSHLY SHAMPOOED

Science Learned From the Sun How to Make Hair 2 to 4 SHADES LIGHTER *without Streaky Bleaching!*

Fair Women! The texture of your hair is much finer—more delicate than Brunettes'. The ordinary shampoos they use are not enough for your light hair—they just don't prevent it from getting mousy, dull and dark.

The beauty of Blond Hair lies in keeping it light, glistening, golden and soft—and that is exactly what the "sun-action" of Sta-blond, the special shampoo for light hair, does. Sta-blond acts just like the midsummer sun. It washes fair or blond, even mousy, brownish hair 2 to 4 shades *lighter* naturally—smoothly—in 15 minutes. Prevents light blond hair from darkening and makes it gleam with the golden beauty of childhood. Because Sta-blond's secret formula contains no harsh dyes or injurious bleaches, your "perm" takes better—the waves last longer. It is absolutely safe. Use it to-day or insist that your hairdresser uses it. If not thoroughly satisfied, your money will be refunded. Known in America as BLONDIKE. Sole distributors: Fassett & Johnson Ltd., P.O. Box 3678, S. Sydney.

STA-BLOND THE BLONDES OWN SHAMPOO

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FARMER'S

"Buddys"

"Buddys" are Australian copies of more expensive overseas models. They represent the modern trend in evening and formal shoes. Exceptionally neat design. Priced from 9/11.

'ROMAINE'. Green, blue, black velvet with silver kid. 2-7. **12/9**

TOELESS SANDAL. Oriental floral crepe. Halfs, 2-7. **18/9**

"REBEL". Gold, silver cloth or black satin, velvet. 2-7. **9/11**

Shoe Salon, Third Floor. All in half sizes, 2 to 7. Lay-by!

Imported satin lastex

SEA-CHARMERS

Here's the costume that does things for your figure—just what you need for those delicious, happy days on the beach. Fresh daisies in navy are scattered with joyous abandon over white ground. SW, W. **59/6**

Imported surf cap illustrated, and costs only 5/-

Surfwear, Fourth Floor

SCOOTERS

Streamlined "Skippys"

Ball bearing Racer model, imported from overseas. Solid rubber tyres, brake, foot rest, disc wheels. Red, outlined in white. Lay-by! **63/-**

Fourth Floor. Lay-by for Santa

SHOWER HOOD

Protects your curls

Formula for enjoying your shower. Drop one of these over your head to keep your curls crisp and dry. In a number of pretty colours. The result will surprise you. Price, only **2/11**

Hair Accessories, Ground Floor

"UP AND DOWN"

Engaging straws reduced

Cool, heat-defying straw hats, to show you at your best for every occasion. They're of impeccably tailored white toyo, to wear up or down with your gay prints. We predict a brilliant future for these two-way hats. Usually 15/11. Clearing at **9/11**

With easy trimmings. Millinery, Third Floor.

★NON-ELECTRICAL HAIR WAVING

Coral and Chromium Salon brings you non-electric "perming" with the new "Castleray" machine. Experts have evolved a system which makes it possible to produce charming waves and curls with a total absence of obnoxious liquids or harm to the hair. Third Floor.

Make an appointment for an interview or "Castleray" treatment

★DUTCH PERFUMES ARRIVE

The purest of all perfumes—"Essence of Dutch flowers"—comes straight from Holland to Farmer's and you. Together with the creator and expert distiller, who demonstrates the perfume's qualities.

Daily in the Perfumery Department

TEA TOWELS

One for each day

Ideal gift for Christmas. Group of seven tea towels in a bundle—one for each day in the week. Prior designs with red, blue or green borders and designs. 24 x 36 inches. Set of 7, well boxed, at **15/9**

Towels, First Floor, Lay-By!

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LOVE *Won't* PAY *the* RENT

SYBIL had wanted to give Madge the dress before she had gone away, but Madge had been afraid it might hurt Jimmy's feelings. Why, oh why, she thought, as she slid the filmy dress over her small blonde head, had she been wise enough to know not to do that, and yet stupid enough to have hurt Jimmy as she had this afternoon? Now that her own anger had melted away, she saw Jimmy's in its true light, as a mere savage striking out from almost unbearable hurt. She had trod, first unthinkingly and then angrily, on the dearest and most touchy centres of his man pride. It was as though she had taken the tender, protective love with which he had tried to wrap her warm against the world and mocked him with it, made him see it as a shoddy, flimsy thing.

"Oh, but I didn't mean that, Jimmy. Oh, please, please know that. Jimmy dear . . ."

She started to draw the dress back over her head. She must get home right away, to Jimmy, she must tell him .

The door-bell rang, sudden, shrill in the cool quiet. It was too late for escape. Robert was already here. There was nothing now but to go through with the wretched plan.

And because most women are good actresses when put to it, a minute later Madge was opening the door, a poised and welcoming hostess.

"Robert! I am so glad to see you."

Robert was obviously surprised and impressed. He had not been prepared to discover Madge as a young matron against such a background as this.

"Sorry I couldn't dress," he apologised quickly, "but I came east so unexpectedly, just threw whatever I could find first into my grip——"

Continued from Page 28

"Of course," Madge smiled. The easy, young sophisticate charmingly putting a guest at ease, too. "Besides, you men haven't the temptation we have. Your dinner clothes aren't half so cool and comfortable as ours."

"And we don't look half so pretty in them, either," Robert caught the cue promptly. "By Jove, Madge, matrimony agrees with you. You look sweeter than ever."

"Matrimony's a grand state, Robert," Madge answered. "You ought to try it."

"Well, I tried to, you know," he reminded her.

But there was nothing flirtatious Robert wasn't that kind. In spite of herself, Madge found her original mischievous zest for the little play returning. Robert was good as gold but he was a little pompous, a little heavy. He took himself so seriously. It was delicious fun to see how completely he was being taken in. Despite herself, Madge warmed to her work.

She was desolate that her husband couldn't be there, she explained. In her surprise and pleasure in seeing Robert, she'd completely forgotten that Jimmy had some tiresome business date.

At a quarter to eight to the minute, Pierre appeared to announce that dinner was served. The dinner, of course, was perfect. Robert ate one culinary masterpiece after another with a healthy, undiscriminating American appetite and told Madge all the Middlehaven news. They had coffee on the little garden terrace, with the lights of Manhattan twinkling miles below.

ROBERT continued to talk in quite the same unromantic tone of voice, of the new residence district that was going up out past Middlehaven Boulevard, the new hazards that had been added to the Country Club course. She'd scarcely recognise Middlehaven, Robert said. It would be a first-class city before you knew it.

And Madge talked about Jimmy. Her amusement at the little farce she was playing was out the thinnest coat over an aching tenderness for Jimmy. It helped a little to tell Robert how wonderful her husband was. How witty, how kind, how capable, how brilliant. What a marvellous football player Jimmy had been in college, what a remarkable business man he was now. How Jimmy had increased the "Chronicle" circulation in his district 20 per cent. in three months, and expected to do better yet before the end of the year.

She suspected that she must be boring Robert, but she didn't care. To think she had hurt Jimmy in order to make an impression on a person so profoundly unimportant as Robert Collins! What did Robert Collins matter, anyway? Who cared what he went home and told Middlehaven? What did Middlehaven matter? What did anything or anybody in the world matter—except Jimmy!

Robert, to do him due justice, did not seem to be bored. Naturally, he tried, from time to time, to turn the conversation to his own interests, explaining to Madge again the remarkable growth that Middlehaven was making. One afternoon paper had already been started and the Middlehaven "News" was going to put out an afternoon edition to head off any further competition. They were beginning to have, Robert grumbled proudly, the same problems as the big metropolitan dailies. Yes? Madge answered politely but absently. And went right back each time to talking about Jimmy. Darling Jimmy, whom she had so cruelly mistreated!

Robert made an occasional polite, intelligently interested comment which Madge scarcely heard, preoccupied as she was with thoughts of Jimmy. But suddenly, there was one remark which stopped her with such a start she could almost feel her own talk skidding under her.

"I don't suppose," Robert was saying, "that your husband has ever considered tackling the circulation game in any smaller place than New York?"

THE question was put most casually, of course; but Madge had not worked in a business office for two years and been married to a business man for one without having learned to recognise first signs of the cautious manner with which a man approaches a matter in which he has unexpectedly begun to feel a personal interest. She was suddenly aware of the significance of the fact that Robert owned the Middlehaven "Daily News."

"I don't know that Jimmy has ever thought much about the smaller places," she answered, with the correct carelessness. "There are disadvantages about living in New York, but——" she shrugged a pretty, bare shoulder. "Well, you live where the money is to be made."

"Naturally," Robert answered. "All the money in the country isn't made in New York, though, you know. A town that's making a steady, healthy growth may not offer quite so much at first, perhaps, but there's often a future that's worth taking into account."

"Of course," Madge agreed politely.

"Personally," Robert went on, "I much prefer a smaller place. I would not live in New York if you gave it to me."

"I know," said Madge sympathetically. "If I live here fifty years, I'll never love it the way I do Middlehaven."

Please turn to Page 37

GIRLIGAGS

"IN THESE days you have to 'pass-out' at a party to prove to your host that you have had a good time."

HOW TO GET YOUR FREE GIFT

Cut off the required number of wrapper-tops, the strips bearing the words "Sunlight Soap" (three in each carton). Take these to:—LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT, 147 YORK STREET (Town Hall end), SYDNEY. If you cannot call or send someone for your gift cut out this form, fill in the particulars and enclose with wrapper-tops addressed to "SUNLIGHT DEPARTMENT," LEVER BROTHERS PTY. LTD., BOX 4310 YY, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

DO NOT ENCLOSE A LETTER BUT FILL IN THIS FORM

From _____

Enclosed _____ Wrapper-tops Sunlight Soap.

☐ Pillow Case. ☐ White Admiralty Bath Towel

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(Put a cross against gift required)

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You Have Heard Of:

BUT! HAVE YOU SEEN

"The New Age Creation's"

MADE-TO-MEASURE FOUNDATIONS

We Specialise

Call in to our Fitting rooms and have the garments demonstrated. See what real differences a properly "made-to-measure foundation" will make to Your figure.

THE NEW AGE CREATION

(Ethel C. Sharp)

TAILOR-MADE CORSETS

4th Floor, Dymock's "BLOCK," 428 George Street (near Farmers), SYDNEY. Phone: MA4874.

And throughout Queensland.

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What Women Are Doing

New State President

AFTER attending the World Convention of the Women's Christian Temperance Union in Washington, U.S.A., this year, Mrs. H. C. Herbert, newly-elected president of the Union in South Australia, has quite a number of new methods and ideas to introduce.

As there were 37 countries represented at the conference Mrs. Herbert met officers from all over the world. She also visited England and attended the Pan-Pacific Conference at Vancouver.

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Early Preparations For Christmas Party

LAST year when the Enoggera sub-branch of the Queensland R.S.S.I.L.A gave its annual Christmas tree to the children of returned men, they had 252 to look after.

Mrs. Osbaldiston —Noel Maitland.

The branch is now preparing for another party, and Mrs. Osbaldiston, of Brisbane, who is the president, is very confident that the success of last year will be repeated. Although this is her first year as president, she's enjoying the work, and seems to be getting excellent results.

All the year wives and families of distressed men are looked after, so, with her committee, Mrs. Osbaldiston is kept very busy helping to organise entertainments to raise money

* * *

S.A. Girl Guide Commissioner Resigns

AFTER an association of more than 15 years with the Girl Guide movement in South Australia, Miss Edith Martin has resigned because of pressure of other interests. She is secretary of the women's guild of All Saints' Church of England at Seacliff, and also secretary of the combined branch of the Liberal and Country League in that district. She also runs a business girls' employment agency, so with the growth of these three interests, she has found it necessary to resign her Girl Guide Commissionership.

Miss Martin formed a company of Guides at Seacliff, and at one time had charge of the Mylor Guides and Brownies. She was made District Commissioner for Marion nearly 10 years ago, when Lady Bridges was the State's Chief Commissioner.

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Works for Welfare of Aborigines

AS convener of the Aborigines' Welfare Committee of the S.A. Women's Non-Party Association, Mrs. W. Ternent Cooke has done a great deal of work for the natives in South Australia, and is at present urging that a medical survey be conducted to ascertain that the standard of nutrition among the aborigines is satisfactory. She is hoping to gain the backing of the British Medical Association in advocating a revision of the natives' rations.

Mrs. Cooke

Mrs. Cooke has been convener of the Aborigines' Welfare Committee for nine years, and is also one of the two women members of the Government Advisory Council for Aborigines.

One of her main ambitions for the natives is that women protectors, with a training similar to that of the women police, should be appointed for the moral protection of the aboriginal women.

To Open Discussion

WHEN suggestions for the main subject of discussion at the next conference of the Australian Federation of University Women were being considered one—"The growth of reaction towards University women"—came from a Perth solicitor, Miss Molly Kingston, B.A., LL.B. When it was decided recently to make the subject of the conference a broader one, "The position of University women in the world to-day," Miss Kingston was invited to open the discussion when the conference starts in Sydney on January 17, 1938.

Former president of the W.A. University women, Molly Kingston is in a position to know her subject. She made Perth history with fellow solicitor Sheila McClemans when both in their early twenties they first hung out their shingle as the first firm of women lawyers in Perth.

Increased Opportunities For Nurses

THROUGH the Royal College of Nursing, Melbourne, it is proposed to start a course in occupational therapy early next year.

The subjects for the course will include anatomy, physiology, psychology, some pathology, some physical education and arts and crafts.

Psychology will be studied in the full post graduate course, and anatomy and physiology will be a repetition and extension of that done during nursing training, and for physical education training will be done at the University.

Practical work, besides including arts and crafts, for which students will have to attain the standard required by recognised schools, will also include physical recreation and games play.

* * *

Practical Assistance To Well-known Charities

DURING her seven years' residence in Brisbane, Mrs. E. M. Ralph has worked a great deal for charity. She has five times been president of the Anzac Ball committee, and helped considerably towards its success; for two years she was president of Toc H ball committee. She has, too, been connected with the Women Relatives of Sailors and Soldiers. For six years she was vice-president, and now is president. This takes up a good deal of her time, as they meet every Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. E. M. Ralph —Regent Studios

The Queensland Adult Deaf and Dumb Mission also claims a good deal of Mrs. Ralph's time. She has been a member of their committee for a number of years. Mrs. Ralph is a keen tennis and bridge player.

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Represented New Zealand At League Conference

MRS. M. B. Soljak, who has been paying a twelve months' visit to her son, Mr. P. L. Soljak, a journalist in London, returned to her home in New Zealand last week.

She is organising secretary of the New Zealand section of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, so she came into direct contact with various women's movements during her trip abroad.

She represented New Zealand at the British Commonwealth League Conference in London last June.

* * *

Tasmania's Drive for Bush Nursing Funds

MRS. J. H. FRASER, secretary to the northern division of the Bush Nursing Association in Tasmania, has a busy time ahead of her in connection with the State-wide King and Queen Carnival that is being conducted in aid of the funds.

Mrs. E. G. Baxter is organiser for the carnival, but quite a large share of the responsibility for functions held in the north will be assumed by Mrs. Fraser. She has been northern secretary for nearly 20 years.

The children selected to take part in the carnival are Robert Tanner, Brian Campbell, Betty Blythe, Vonde Rose, Shirley Clarke and Patricia Phillips.

Thirty-seven Years With Telephone Exchange

PERHAPS telephone subscribers in Brisbane have often wondered who answered them when they inquired for their number. Very frequently it must have been Miss Anna Piening who this year retired from her long official career in the Brisbane Telephone Exchange, which she joined in 1900. The flat rate system was then used when subscribers only paid a rental for their telephones and could have as many calls as they pleased without further charge.

Miss Piening —Noel Maitland.

In 1906 the toll system was inaugurated and Miss Piening was the first telephonist chosen to handle this kind of traffic. In 1913 she was appointed the first female telephonist at the Albion Magneto Exchange. When the cut over from manual to automatic took place in 1929 she was appointed inspector of switchboards and continued in that capacity until she retired.

Miss Piening is divided in her opinions as to whether she is going to enjoy her life of leisure. With her sister she has built a house on the Southport road, and will interest herself in making an attractive garden. She was awarded the Jubilee medal.

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Worked Hard in Husband's Campaign

THERE is an interesting background to Mrs. Eric Isaachsen, wife of the president of the National Party in West Australia. Pretty and petite Mrs. Isaachsen has been an indefatigable worker in her husband's recent political campaign. She did Red Cross work in Australia and London, where she married an army captain with a distinguished war service.

As a result of the homecraft enthusiasm fostered among women war workers in wool she won the wool spinning championship of Australia.

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Stage Work Has To Take Second Place

JEAN BARLOW, a clever young amateur, of Brisbane, finds it difficult to devote much time to her stage work, a fact which is regretted by those who saw her performance as the Comtesse de la Brine in the Brisbane Repertory Society production of "What Every Woman Knows." She has her diploma for elocution. She says that teaching the piano at a well-known school every morning and private pupils in the afternoon keeps her very busy. Jean studied at the Sydney Conservatorium. She's back at work again for the last term of the year.

Miss Jean Barlow —Dorothy Coleman.

Busy Days Ahead for Perth's Lady Mayoress

GOOD housekeeper, good cook, good seamstress—until her recent advent into public life she made all her own clothes—Miss Sylvia Harper, Perth's new Lady Mayoress, is finding her engagement book for the rest of this year filling at an alarming rate.

For January her father, the Lord Mayor (Mr. Charles Harper) has accepted an invitation to attend the Sydney Centenary celebrations, and Miss Harper will accompany him.

Contrary to the general impression, the new Lord Mayoral family is not related to the old pioneering family of the same name.

Miss Harper is only the second unmarried Lady Mayoress Perth has had. Miss Mabel Teather, the only other spinster to take on the job, became Mrs. Lance Barrett during her term of office. Her successor became Lady Mayoress by marrying the Lord Mayor (Mr. J. J. Poynton) during his term.

* * *

Gifts Being Despatched To Foreign Missions

ALREADY, various auxiliaries throughout Australia are despatching parcels to overseas missions for distribution at Christmas.

As a result of the efforts of many Victorian branches of the women's auxiliary for the Methodist missions a large consignment of useful gifts has been sent to various parts of the islands and North Australia.

The work was organised by Miss U. Mason, secretary of the Victorian branch, who aided by 12 voluntary assistants packed 244 wooden cases of sterilised bandages, clothing, toys, and Christmas boxes.

* * *

Home From Overseas Conference

MRS. LAURA GAPP (Sydney) returned by the Niagara recently after an interesting time in America, which she visited as delegate of the Australian Federation of Women Voters to the Pan-Pacific conference.

Highlights of her visit were attending a Parliamentary session at Edmonton, where a Social Credit Government was endeavoring to put through special legislation, and her interview with the Premier (Mr. Aberhart).

Mrs. Gapp was the guest of the Nationalist Women's Party at Belmont House, Washington, and while in that city met Mary Anderson, head of the Labor Department, and many other interesting people.

Revives Memories Of Former Triumphs

MISS MAY GLENDENNING, now in her 81st year, was one of the veteran artists chosen by the Australian Broadcasting Commission to appear at its community singing concert on Nov. 5 at Sydney Town Hall.

May Glendenning —Lupton.

Born in Sydney, she made her debut in 1879 at the Garden Palace in the Botanic Gardens. Theatregoers of those days will remember her in principal roles in Gilbert and Sullivan operas, and in "Fun On the Bristol," "The Bohemian Girl," "Martana," "Carmen," and "Dorothy."

Miss Glendenning and Nellie Stewart were the first two Australian actresses to play the role of Dorothy. Nellie Stewart sang it in the southern States and Miss Glendenning in the northern States.

On her retirement from the stage Miss Glendenning took up teaching. During the war she did a great deal of Red Cross work, and later was a consistent helper in connection with Dr. Arthur's Clothing Fund. For three years she maintained nine soldiers' families.

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Missionary Enjoys Well-Earned Holiday

SINCE Miss Margery Bush left New Zealand last October, she has been in charge of the New Zealand Baptist Missionary Society School in Chandpur, East Bengal. She has enjoyed this work very much. On her rests the responsibility of organising the school, supervising all the work of the teachers, and seeing that all the classes are properly conducted.

Three days a week she spends on a houseboat touring round the villages, and since last Christmas she has visited 800 garis (Indian homes). Visits to Calcutta are frequent, too, as Miss Bush is on the committee of literature, and that means visiting Calcutta for the Mission to choose suitable reading matter.

Miss Bush is a New Zealander, and is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Bush, now of Brisbane. She has just been spending a holiday at Mussurie, at the foot of the Himalayas, camping in the hills.

Three Flowers Hand Cream will do wonders for them—give them the coveted creamy whiteness, the aristocratic velvet smoothness every woman cherishes. Delicate, fragrant—this exquisite cream is instantly absorbed by your skin. You may use it freely before going to bed, before slipping into your finest gloves. Keep a jar prominently displayed on your dressing table, to remind you that a tiny dab of Three Flowers does wonders for your hands.

AND TO COMPLETE YOUR BEAUTY ENSEMBLE . . .

Three Flowers Face Creams . . . Face Powder . . . Rouge . . . Lipstick . . . Hair Preparations . . . and Perfume.

RICHARD HUDNUT AIDS TO LOVELINESS

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Jean's Last Glimpses of Australia

Special photographs taken for The Australian Women's Weekly, showing Jean Batten at Darwin just before taking off on her record-breaking flight to England. (See story on Page 3.)

ADMIRING the work of the ant, Jean inspects Darwin's peculiar anthills.

WITH a group of labras in the native compound.

INSPECTING a 30-foot anthill with Constable Don.

AT THE Ross Smith Memorial, which commemorates the first England-Australia flight in 1919.

We asked MARGARET VYNER for her candid opinion of "REFINEMENT" HOSE

Read Her Cable!

TEA IN THE "AUSTRALIA" LOUNGE.—*Miss Audrey Connell and another charming society mannequin, Miss Noreen Hallard, are constantly seen at all the smartest parties and places. As usual, their hose is "Refinement."*

MISS NOREEN HALLARD, lovely Sydney Society girl and mannequin, also praises "Refinement" hose. She says, "Mannequin work puts a terrific strain on hosiery, yet one's stockings must always be the last word in smartness. So a thousand thanks for 'Refinement.' It seems a miracle to find a crepe chiffon stocking, with that divinely smart dull suede finish, selling at 7/11. And 'Refinements' wear so well, they've snipped my stocking bill in half."

. . . and Margaret Vyner does know fashion! Star mannequin for Patou and Norman Hartnell, this beautiful Australian girl has achieved an international reputation for chic. Her cable tells its own story . . . And lovely Sydney mannequins all agree with Margaret Vyner and wear "Refinement" hosiery. They will tell you that mannequin work puts an exceptionally heavy strain on hosiery. But they will tell you also that since they've worn "Refinement" they've made the thrilling discovery that this hosiery really does give them the wear of an extra pair! And that's important to you . . . to them . . . to every smart woman who must dress well on a limited budget. So for you—only this exquisite crepe chiffon hose with the new dull suede finish . . . perfectly ringless . . . and you pay only 7/11 in any smart store.

Ask for 'REFINEMENT' by Bonds Ringless and only 7/11 In all smart stores.

"REFINEMENT" Hosiery by Bonds

"Refinement" is completely ringless because it is knitted with the revolutionary three-carrier thread.

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UNDERGRADUATES *Accused of Wild* ORGIES

Girls and Men Immoral at Oxford, says Author

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in London.

Staid, dignified Oxford University is in turmoil following the startling charges this week that its "undergrads" of both sexes indulge in wild orgies.

The morals of girl students are attacked in "Oxford, Unlimited," a book by Keith Briant, a young man who recently left the University. His accusations have brought University life generally into the public spotlight.

"ORGIES involving undergraduates of both sexes are common," he says, and contends that about twenty per cent. of girl students are immoral during their University career.

"The wildness of the young women is largely due to the fact that their colleges are run by spinsters who have no understanding of their pupils," writes young Briant.

"Dances are considered immoral by these spinster dons, and the girls, therefore, go to undesirable river haunts and roadhouses."

To-day I asked an Australian girl at Somerville College, Oxford, a friend of mine, if she thought there was anything in these charges.

"The remarks about orgies are much exaggerated," she said, "because there is no late night life in Oxford.

"There is a strict rule that every male student must be inside his college or lodgings by midnight, and every woman student must be in hers by 11.15 p.m.

Chaperon Rule

"THE only functions I know of which ever approach to orgies are sherry parties. A large number of these are given in Oxford. But they never last later than eight o'clock. And even if some of the guests do get intoxicated, the orgy goes no further than that."

"Is it true that spinster authorities do their utmost to keep men and women apart?" I asked.

"Yes," she said. "Women are not allowed to entertain men in their rooms. That rule is rarely broken.

"But there is another rule that no girl may enter a man's room without a chaperon, and that rule is broken a great deal."

"Do you think these rules drive the girls to wildness?"

"No," she said. "That's absurd. Most of the girls in Oxford are just as spinsterish as their tutors.

"THERE is very intense competition to enrol in the women's colleges, and the standard of scholarship is high. The great majority of the girls are of the bluestocking type. They are not attractive to the men, and see very little of them.

"But there is a small minority of pretty and fascinating girls, and these sometimes do run rather wild."

Then for a while we discussed Oxford's male undergraduates.

"On the whole, they are more chaste than students at the Universities located in big cities," she said. "They have fewer opportunities.

"Their excesses, if any, are more alcoholic than otherwise."

ENGLISH UNDERGRADS battle in their annual "rag." This is a scene familiar to almost every University in the world—but accusations of more serious misconduct have been made against Oxford undergrads.

What Happens in Sydney University

By an Ex-Graduate

LIFE in a Sydney University women's college is staid. Orgies in the extreme sense of the word are unknown. Even the milder form of student prank is dying out.

This is probably due to the fact that women students here are allowed a great deal of freedom and so can enjoy life in the same normal fashion as every Australian girl of the same class.

There are certainly many rules, apparently limiting freedom, in the women's colleges, but these are rather suggestions of limits than insurmountable barriers.

Women students must be in at 10 p.m. most nights, but on a certain number, which vary according to their grade—fresher, sophomore or senior—they may stay out till 11.45 p.m. On six nights in the year they are allowed "late leaves," that is, they can stay out till 12.30 a.m.

Of course, there are occasional unlawful entries through windows, assistance being given by a partisan, who has been awakened by the sound of pebbles on the windows.

This, however, is generally due only to a slight miscalculation in time, or to the fact that someone has thought it worth the risk to enjoy a dance to the end.

That the authorities regard this lightly is shown by the mild penalties. The principals of our colleges are not of the "spinster-don" type.

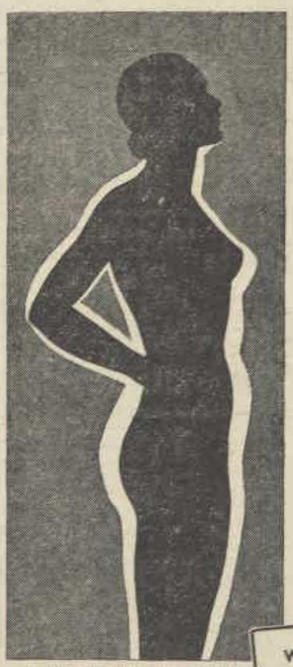
They encourage their students to enjoy life, with due regard to the fact that they are there primarily for study, and expect them to be well and smartly dressed.

THE women's colleges each give three dances a year. Two end at 12.30 a.m., and the third at 2 a.m. Alcohol is not officially allowed, but is generally smuggled in in small quantities. Students entertain parties in their own studies, but the necessity to keep the drinking secret ensures that only a negligible amount is consumed.

Apart from these perfectly formal occasions men are not often entertained at the colleges, although they may be taken into the common room. There is a definite rule about their being taken to the bedroom-studies, and I have never heard of this being broken.

This may, I think, be taken as typical of the "wildness" of the University colleges. Most students still retain enough of the old weakness of the tribe to feel that it is their duty to persuade the uninitiated that they are "advanced."

But the majority are sensible enough to appreciate the great measure of freedom, which is, in practice, allowed them, and do not abuse it.



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GRAND FAMILY REUNION *at Government* HOUSE

Lady Wakehurst's Mother and Daughter Arrive Soon

A grand family reunion will occur soon at Government House when Lady Wakehurst's mother and daughter arrive in Sydney. They reached Perth last week in the Orontes.

THE Hon. Henrietta Loder, daughter of the Governor and Lady Wakehurst, will spend a few days in Adelaide and Melbourne before coming here.

Lady Wakehurst's mother, Mrs. Geoffrey Lubbock, has travelled extensively, but is making her first visit to Australia.

Mrs. Lubbock, prior to her marriage to the late Major Lubbock, was Lady Tennant, wife of Sir Charles Tennant, and the present Lady Wakehurst was the first child of that marriage.

Mrs. Lubbock is keenly interested in golf, and has won four medals from the scratch mark, which fact may account for the sporting vein that seems to run through the whole family.

All her children, she said at Perth, used to play sport together, and they had all handled a golf club before they were two years old.

Another and very intense pleasure of Mrs. Lubbock's is that of flowers. She has travelled the whole world and seen all manner of gardens, and is now looking forward to seeing those of the one place in the world she has never before visited.

Mrs. Lubbock, who has done a lot of public speaking, is keenly interested in social work, and has done much of this in the East End of London, particularly with girls' clubs; also in the Convalescent Home in Paddington Green, founded by her late husband and herself.

Whilst in Perth she was entertained by Lady Mitchell, wife of West Australia's Governor, and herself an ardent gardener.

The two ladies spent a few most enjoyable hours comparing notes.

Keen on Yachting

IN an interview in Perth, Mrs. Lubbock recalled some of her earlier memories when her first husband was alive and Lady Wakehurst a child.

She spoke very warmly and highly of her daughter: how gentle and sweet she was even as a very small girl and how her brothers and sisters had looked up to her always as their leader.

King Edward VII was a friend to her husband during his illness, and would often come to inquire after him and have a few words with young Miss Tennant.

And now "The young Miss Tennant's" eldest daughter, aged 17, is coming to Australia with her grandmother and the family will be once more united.

The Hon. Henrietta Loder bears a distinct resemblance to her mother. She is very tall with fair hair that she wears long to her shoulders. She has been at boarding-school at Cambridge for the past four years, and will go to a finishing school in Paris when her Australian holiday is over.

Yachting is her main sporting interest, and she has been one of the crew in regattas held on the Norfolk Broads.

She rides, also, but, unlike her mother, did not follow the hunt when home. Her travels include France and Austria, but school obligations have not allowed her to follow her wishes in this direction.

She is, however, going to make the most of her trip out here, and is already tremendously interested in the little bit of Australia that she has seen.

Travelling with the Hon. Miss Loder and Mrs. Lubbock is Miss Catriona Maclean who, it is claimed, is really the legitimate Laird of Ardgour, but whose kinsmen dispute this fact on the grounds that a chieftain cannot be a woman.

She is just 18 years of age, and has large estates held in trust until she turns 21.

Most of her time, when on holidays, is spent in the streams of Ardgour, fishing. The two girls are old friends and met in Edinburgh when they were at school there.

LADY WAKEHURST and her youngest son, the Hon. Robert Loder.

MY DAUGHTER A STAR!

Fame, dazzling possibilities of a place amongst the world's screen idols, seemed within little Leila's reach — *but* . . . .

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Girl's Job To Catch Lobsters

By Air Mail from Our New York Office.

TWO women in Boston are engaged in strange careers, as "harvesters of the sea," work usually associated with men.

One is pretty 22-year-old Ann Grassie, a lobster-trapper. The other is Mrs. Sarah C. Moore, 75, wife of a retired sea captain, one of the few women who possess permits to dig clams.

Miss Grassie daily accompanies her 76-year-old father, Anthony, in a skiff and hauls up 35-pound lobster traps with as much skill as any member of the lobster colony.

"I started to go out with Dad five years ago," she explained while repairing a lobster pot. "I got quite a kick out of it, and now Pop is too old to brave the waves alone, so I wouldn't let him down.

"I've got a good many hard pinches. The most exciting thing about the job is keeping the lobsters from getting fresh with my fingers. Even when you know how to handle them they sometimes move more quickly than you imagine they can."

Mrs. Moore, equally willing to talk about clams, sees no reason why anyone should consider it strange for a woman to go clamming, even if she is 75.

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EVEN CHILDREN *Now Get* "NERVES"

London Doctors Alarmed by Outbreak of Juvenile Complaints

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in London.

"Nerves" are afflicting the very young. So many children and infants are receiving medical attention for various nervous complaints that doctors are becoming alarmed.

"PARENTS are really to blame for this wave of nerves among children," a Harley Street children's specialist explained.

"We live at such high tension in this modern world that we communicate our unrest to our children.

"The best treatment for children suffering from nerves is to be kept away from their elders as much as possible.

"Noise associated with present-day living, both outside the home and inside—with radio and gramophones—the excitement of modern entertainment and modern school life, add to the high tension.

"The craze for teaching children dancing as a means to health or a career may overtire them and produce unnatural listlessness.

"Modern toys, designed to develop their intelligence and inventiveness, can be overdone. Let them get back to their rag dolls, and the toys and games they invent for themselves.

"The wrong sort of talkies can overexcite them and tax their nerves. Choose their movies wisely, and choose their reading carefully, too."

Another result of too much contact with sophisticated influences is shown in the increasing number of very small children who are regular patrons of beauty parlors.

"Jaded" Children

"MOST of them have water waves to assist natural curls," a hairdresser told me. "But many of them also have permanent waves. Mothers want their little girls to look like Shirley Temple, and their little boys like Prince Edward.

"American children are particularly sophisticated. They take a very critical interest in the proceedings and even demand head massage if they are feeling a bit 'jaded.'

"Many of our regular child clients have their nails varnished, and we have given facial treatments to children as young as eight or ten years. We are frequently asked by toddlers of six or seven to pluck their eyebrows."

King Steps Out—with Grandchild

PROUD GRANDFATHER who is also a King. King Christian of Denmark eschews the role of monarch for the more ordinary one of grandfather. Here he is seen pushing the perambulator of his granddaughter, Princess Elizabeth.

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Modern Cinderella Meets Prince Charming

And Everyone Hopes They'll Live Happily Ever After...

The story of Anne Trevor, beautiful London mannequin, who created a stir last week by marrying the Hon. Arthur George De La Poer Beresford, heir to Lord Decies, reads rather like the story of Cinderella, or, at least, a Hans Andersen fairy tale.

IN the first place her real name is Doris Hurt. She changed it to Anne Trevor for her work in London as a mannequin.

Her father is a chauffeur. Her mother is Australian born and was brought up in Camperdown, Victoria.

In a way the future Lady Decies belongs to Australia, too.

Her father, Mr. Sydney Walter Gordon Hurt, chauffeur and motor mechanic, was brought from England by Mr. W. T. Manifold, of Purrumbete, Camperdown, before the war.

Fond of Sport

WHILE he was Mr. Manifold's chauffeur, he met and married Miss Christine Gellie, daughter of Nurse Gellie, who conducted a private hospital in Camperdown.

In 1913 he took his bride home to England, and a year later their beautiful little daughter was born.

Mr. Hurt is still a chauffeur. His daughter has grown to a beautiful, tall, dark, distinguished-looking lass. She made a great impression on friends when Mrs. Hurt brought her to Australia for the Back-to-Camperdown celebrations in 1934. That was her first glimpse of Australia, but she stayed eight months, and her grandmother was sorry when she left.

Mrs. Gellie, who now lives privately in Camperdown, says: "She is a tall, dark, well-built girl, with brown eyes. She is fond of sport, especially tennis, has a happy disposition, and writes interesting letters.

"I always look forward to the great enjoyment of a letter from her.

"I had a cable telling me of the arrangements before the wedding, but have heard nothing more since. I am expecting more news soon."

Mrs. Hurt is an attractive little woman, but Anne takes after her father, who is tall and dark.

She has been living with her parents in St. John's Wood, London, while doing mannequin work.

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Yours faithfully,

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BETTY'S *'Racey'* NARRATIVES

An "Empty Head" Sometimes Means a Full Pocket

By BETTY GEE

My luck in the Cup depended on Darby Munro, because it was his information that made me back Silver Standard.

Nothing like getting in first with your alibi. Then, if everything doesn't go well, and your "winner" simply refuses to win, you haven't got to go hunting round to find somebody to blame.

BETTY took 6 to 1 when she should have got 16 to 1, but she "doubled-up" on finding she'd been "caught" and had the last laugh.

WHAT made me do this was that Darby Munro was at our hotel for dinner looking so sweet with those bold eyes of his beneath the longest lashes I've ever seen on a man.

I was introduced and he said to be on Silver Standard whatever happened, and he would be a 10lb. better horse than in the Caulfield Cup.

I didn't know what that meant, but when the hotel bookmaker quoted Silver Standard at a ridiculously long price I couldn't resist it.

I booked £2 each way, although at the time it looked as if the Cup, with its big field, would be more like the Charge of the Light Brigade than a horse race.

Still, I can't complain so far of my trip to Melbourne. The wardrobe benefited for the big outing, but whether there will be another story to tell when the carnival is over only time and the "bookies" can tell.

You see I started off well when a stroke of luck came my way out of Werribee races.

Jack Farne, of our hotel, drove a party of us to this pretty little country course and began backing winners straight away. I got a hunch and asked if I could be 2/- in his £ bets, and he was very nice about it, so when he won £100 on the day, my share was £10.

Aren't I lucky the way I always pick the winning man in the party. The other girls so often get jealous of me.

Then at Moonee Valley I was also in the money. By a careful choice of Sydney horses, Normal, Mohican and Young Idea—he's owned in Sydney, you know, although raced in Melbourne—I had a simply marvellous run which was only marred by the defeat of Mala in the Cup.

Incidentally, it cost me £3 to find out what an unlucky man Mr. Alan Cooper is in these important races of the Spring, what with Talking breaking down and all that.

Advice That Paid

BUT the coup-de-grace was on Bush Bee in the St. Alban's Handicap. That also hails from Sydney, and I'd had the tip and took £6 to £1. The next thing I knew I heard my bookie, with the lungs of a blacksmith's bellows, shouting 16 to 1.

I consulted several as to whether I should make him take back my £6 to £1 or what course I could adopt, but I could get no satisfaction until I met Mr. Fred Merton, who years ago made a lot of money out of West Australian gold and Merton's Reward. He said: "Go and back up on it again, Miss. Take the long shot and even up your bet."

Well, of course that sounded good advice, but it was my money, don't forget. However, I took my courage and £2 in both hands and had £32 to £2. But when I heard one of those "smarties" say alongside the bookie: "Poor little empty head, she doesn't know it's not fancied," I was quite upset.

But I did have the laugh on him when it came to the race. You know, it is truly amazing the way these shrewd betting tactics work out for the best.

Bush Bee simply strolled away from the field and left them like tethered goats and won by four lengths.

So I was able to live high in Melbourne all last week.

At Menzies on Friday I met Mr. and Mrs. Stan Crick, of Sydney, and oh, they were so confident of success in the Cup with Sir Regent. There, too, I met Mr. Mac Sawyer, Sydney's handsomest and best-dressed gentleman trainer of his own horses. He had just come back from unloading Breeze. Not a Northwind or anything like that, but his filly for The Oaks, and he said she had travelled over well. Though a little nervous, she ate up well.

Funny how they know only by how it eats whether a racehorse is enjoying itself. When they turn their backs to the manger the horsemaster recognises signs and symptoms which are a warning of trouble.

All Sydney There

Mac is confident Breeze will win The Oaks. She landed the Maiden Handicap at Warwick Farm last Saturday week, and I wish I'd been there to back it because it was 10 to 1. But that was only six furlongs, and The Oaks is twelve.

Still, Mac whispered that he'd trained her for the distance, and the Warwick Farm win was merely a stepping-stone to the longer race.

I saw Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Munro, of Sydney, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Goldberg, of Sydney, at Menzies, and also Major and Mrs. Pat Manley and Mrs. T. G. Murray and daughter, Peggy.

Melbourne, in fact, is full of Sydney people. I wonder whether they could hold the Cup Carnival without us.

But I'm always grateful to Melbourne for its Cup. They do give us girls and wives a good time, don't they, my dears?

At the Windsor I ran into Mrs. A. E. Blair. Her husband raced Chatham, a horse of deeds who used to win at Flemington, Caulfield, and Moonee Valley every time it ran, and she often wishes that he was still in the midst of his great form instead of fathering little Chathams at the stud.

Mrs. Blair told me Chatham was such a dear, too! One day, when he won at Moonee Valley, she couldn't find him to give him his customary lump of sugar from her bag. But passing through on the way back to his stall he spotted her first and grabbed the bag out of her hand as he passed.

He would have undone it, too, and taken the sugar for himself, but he couldn't manage these new-fangled zip clasps.

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Quick! a dose of DINNEFORD'S
PURE FLUID MAGNESIA or TABLETS

LOVE *Won't* PAY *the* RENT

Continued from Page 30

THERE was a little pause.

"You say your husband doesn't especially like New York, either?"

"Oh, in a way, of course, he does. I suppose you always like a place where you're successful. But we want to have children some time and New York isn't such a good place for that."

"It certainly isn't," Robert agreed enthusiastically. He glanced around the luxurious living-room. "Even with a place like this, a big city's no good for bringing up kids."

"No," Madge agreed. "It isn't."

"Another thing," Robert went on. "While smaller places may not pay quite New York salaries, you don't need as much money anywhere else. It goes so much farther. I understand that New York living costs are frightful."

"Oh, they are!" said Madge sincerely.

"No," Robert repeated heavily, "present salary isn't the only thing a man ought to consider in a position."

There was another pause, a rather long one. Then, "I'm awfully sorry your husband happened to be dated up this evening," said Robert. "I'd like to have met him. Like to have had a little talk with him. Sorry I've got to pull out to-morrow noon, but the Foundry has a directors' meeting Monday and I've got to be there." He looked at his watch. "Well, I'll probably get east again some time in the winter. Perhaps I'll have the pleasure, then."

Madge's heart sank. If she had read the conversation correctly—and she was desperately sure that she had—the Middlehaven "Daily News" was on the look-out for a circulation manager who had had metropolitan experience. Once the news got about, there would be a score of clever, capable, aggressive young men after it. None of them so clever or capable as Jimmy, of course. But Madge knew well enough the part that chance—opportunity knocking once, striking while the iron was hot, all that sort of thing—plays in the business world, as elsewhere. It isn't always the cleverest or most capable man who lands the best position.

MADGE saw the best opportunity Jimmy might have in years slipping right away, while Robert Collins was looking at his watch, making tentative signs of departure. Oh, wasn't there some apparently casual way of having Jimmy meet Robert the next morning? Couldn't——

She heard the elevator doors open and close at the last stop on the floor below and a moment later, somebody start up the stone stairs leading to the penthouse. Madge looked away quickly, to hide her startled apprehension. Suppose it was some friend of John and Sybil's who did not know that they were out of town! It could not be, she instantly reassured herself; the apartment house doorman would not permit any such mistake. Somebody was coming, nearer and nearer.

Suddenly, Madge's skin seemed to tighten in cold, goose-fleshy recognition. It was Jimmy's step. She knew it only too well, she had listened for it often enough in the Bronx walk-up.

The steps came on, relentlessly, and the outer door of the penthouse opened. There was no possible hope of mistake. Madge knew the very way Jimmy closed a door behind him. If fate could have detained him five minutes—only five minutes, and Robert would have been gone! But for Jimmy to come charging in now, at this delicately critical moment, angry, reproachful . . .

Robert had heard the steps, too, and turned his eyes expectantly towards the door. Madge stole a glance of desperate appraisal at him and knew that there was no hope to be looked for there. Robert would feel heavily and resentfully that he had been made a fool of and he would never forgive either her or Jimmy. The approaching steps crossed the small reception hall. Madge, her eyes on the open door, felt suddenly sick and shaky.

The young man who stepped into the living-room was freshly shaven, slickly-groomed, in dinner clothes.

He tossed his light overcoat carelessly on the carved piano bench, crossed the room to Madge. She watched him, unable to speak or move.

"Hello, sweetheart." He bent to kiss her, slowly, shielding her from Robert's sight, giving her a moment to recover herself.

"How n-nice!" she managed faintly. "I didn't dream you'd get here—so-so soon."

"I broke away just as early as I could," Jimmy said.

Oh, there was no mistaking it. Jimmy had not come to shame her or revenge his own wounded feelings. He had not come spitefully to give her little game away. He had obviously come to play it with her.

Relief surged over Madge like waves of warmth. She introduced Jimmy to Robert and then dropped back against the divan cushions, limp, utterly spent. The two men fell into the easy masculine approach to acquaintance. Jimmy was perfect. His very position in John's deep-cushioned English club chair was the comfortable relaxation of a man relieved to be at home after some tiresome conference, hospitably glad to be making a new friend. Relaxed and yet alert. You could always count on Jimmy's quick wits.

WHEN Robert turned the conversation to the subject of newspaper circulation—and he confirmed still further Madge's suspicions by doing so quite promptly—Jimmy's perfection set a new record for itself. Though it was merely his own manner, Jimmy had none of the high-pressure salesmanship, the suspicion-breeding over-confidence, of the man who feels nervously that he must sell himself in every casual conversation. Jimmy's was the easy poise of the man who knows that results are what count and who believes quite sincerely that he knows how to get results.

Robert was cautious in his questions, careful to keep them in the tone of merely polite conversation. But Madge knew that Jimmy would not have changed his own manner in any event.

No, Jimmy wasn't bluffing. When he spoke of percentages he was not trying to give any impression that they referred to thousands in the place of hundreds. But as he talked, quietly, modestly, everything around him, the lofty ceiling above his head, the Persian rugs beneath his feet, was silently, subtly hiking the ante for him. All that Jimmy was doing with the impressive background of his sister-in-law's apartment was attempting, very successfully, to appear at home against it.

And that attempt wasn't for cupidity or ambition. Just for love. His fleeting glances at Madge, over Robert Collins' slightly bald head, behind Robert's heavily prosperous back, were mute, adoring pleas for forgiveness. He loved her, Jimmy's hasty glances pleaded. Wasn't he scrapping self-respect or false pride—whatever you liked to call it—wounded feelings, male touchiness, everything, to prove it?

THROUGH the open french doors, Madge and Jimmy could see a round full honey moon rising above the shadowy tops of the evergreens. Robert Collins' glance followed theirs, rested on the exorbitant-priced florists' garden against the towers of Manhattan. And back of his carefully blank mask, a sufficiently shrewd reader of expression might almost have seen the salary of the new circulation manager of the Middlehaven "Daily News" rising steadily, in modest emulation of the towers.

Madge's eyes mutely answered Jimmy's plea for forgiveness, mutely pleaded to be forgiven, too. They loved each other, the wordless glances said, the silly quarrel was made up. In their mutual relief, it seemed scarcely important that Robert Collins was inviting Jimmy to have breakfast with him to-morrow morning at the hotel, was saying that he had a proposition which might interest the younger man.

It was important, though. The solid, practical foundation to hold up a dream. Beyond the penthouse garden, Madge was already seeing the dream, one of those romantic, sentimental fantasies that Sybil laughed at. Another garden, with lilacs and forsythia, a sprawling, careless garden where trees wouldn't have to grow in florists' tubs. A house, its lights shining out of the future, dear as the thoughts of home, where small feet would scuff the baseboards and love help pay the rent.

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A million men and women can't be wrong!

Can take on "all comers" after a course of Clements.

Have you ever tried Clements Tonic? How many have said that to friends who were out-of-sorts, and earned their grateful thanks? Science dictated the formula for Clements Tonic, and highly qualified chemists have made and controlled its quality for nearly 50 years. Clements Tonic has never varied in its goodness, or its wonderful results in cases of weakness and depression after illness or those everyday troubles that arise from being "run-down." These and even more serious ailments arise from lowered vitality, resulting from a weakened blood stream, and nervous debility. As Clements Tonic is a blood and nerve food, it naturally follows that it soon brings about a change for the better. After a week of Clements Tonic, you feel a new sense of strength and cheerfulness.

Clements for nerves and brain fag

"I have found Clements Tonic most beneficial when I've felt nervy or brain fagged. I have regularly had recourse to it over a long period of years and strongly recommended it to many of my friends as a splendid pick-me-up. I find it stimulates a jaded appetite, and brings refreshing sleep."—(Mr.) R.C.N., Lorne, Vic., 14/5/37.

Suffered from nervous prostration

Wants course of Clements.

"I suffered from nervous prostration for years off and on. After taking Clements Tonic for some time my nerves became strong and I am thankful to say I regained my usual good health and have continually taken it as a tonic in the hot climates and have never had a nervous breakdown since. Although I have just retired, I am glad to say I am strong and healthy due to the benefits received from your valuable tonic, a bottle of which is always on hand."—(Mr.) A.D., Lithgow, 7/5/37.

Run down, unable to sleep or eat

"I was completely run down for a long time, unable to sleep or eat anything until I got a bottle of Clements Tonic, and am pleased to tell you I am a different man today. I am 84 years of age. I will not forget to tell my friends about the good it has done me."—(Mr.) P.S., Stanley, Tasmania.

Clements has almost instant effect

Happy and smiling.

"I use Clements Tonic when I am not feeling in the best, because it has almost instant effect on me. It takes away the depressed feeling, sharpens up my appetite and, in fact, after taking a few doses, I feel life is worth living. I have recommended it to many of my club mates, with entire satisfaction from all. I always buy the larger size bottle and have it as a standby when I feel out of sorts. I can say without hesitation it is the best tonic I've tried."—(Mrs.) M.M.N., Clarence Gardens, S.A., 15/2/37.

Wife says start on Clements

Another man with nerves.

"I am employed as a furnace-man in a brass foundry and towards the end of each summer I begin to get really fagged out and my meals I don't want, and I don't seem to be able to find anything strong enough to drink to satisfy my tiredness. My wife always notices this and says it's time you started on Clements again, so I always take three large bottles and an extra one, which sets me up in a new life for a further 12 months."—(Mr.) M.B., Colonel Light Gardens, S.A.

Flavoured or Plain?

In addition to the original Plain Clements Tonic, you can now buy Clements Tonic—FLAVOURED. Let your taste decide which you prefer. Both Plain and Flavoured Clements Tonic contain the same life-giving, nerve-strengthening ingredients. Look for the different coloured cartons when you buy Clements Tonic. The Plain is still in the familiar **red**, green and blue carton, while the colour scheme for the Flavoured Clements carton is **orange**, green and blue.

Clements Tonic "acts like magic"

Nerves no longer a bogey.

"I feel I must write a letter of gratefulness for the new life I have felt since taking your tonic. I cannot speak too highly of it and have recommended it to others, who say as I do, that it is worth its weight in gold, and shall go on recommending it where I can. I have never seen anything else that acts like magic almost as this tonic does, and shall always keep a bottle in the house for future occasions, if any."—(Mrs.) W.T., Masterton, N.Z.

MOTHERS! THERE IS NOTHING LIKE CLEMENTS TONIC FOR SPEEDILY BUILDING UP THE SYSTEM TO RESIST THE STRAIN AND WORRY OF EXAMS.

Now free from nerve attacks

60 years "young".

"Being a returned soldier and suffering from shellshock and gas, have been very interested in your radio advertising. Am a painter by trade and found at times I was unable to work on a ladder owing to my nerves. I have had one small and one large bottle of your flavoured tonic and can honestly say I have been free from the attacks and am feeling 100 p.c. more cheerful and better altogether."—(Mr.) J.F.C., (One of the Old Contemptibles), Auckland, S.W.1, N.Z., 29/4/37.

Nerve trouble fled after taking Clements

Lassitude banished.

"Clements Tonic has done me the world of good. It seemed to banish all that tired feeling and all trace of nerve trouble has fled. It really has worked wonders in me and apparently it was just what I needed and I mean to get another bottle. Thanks to Clements."—(Mrs.) W., Tamworth.

Lost all interest in Life

"Ten weeks ago my nervous system was in a very weak condition. I was always too tired to do anything and suffered from bouts of dizziness and lack of appetite. I had lost all interest in life and was always irritable. During the past eight weeks I have taken two large bottles of Clements Tonic and am now feeling a new man; having regained my former vigour and healthy appetite. I can now work and play with pleasure, whereas a few weeks ago it was a great effort for me to do anything at all."—(Mr.) F.W.W., Seabrook, W.A., 24/4/36.

Clements outdoes all other tonics

Feels new woman.

"I was very ill and a friend of mine advised me to take Clements Tonic, so I thought I would give it a trial and it has kept me in good health since I have been taking it. I will always keep it in the house and would advise others to give it a trial. No other tonic acts as Clements. Give it a fair go. It outdoes all others and makes you feel young and fit for work. I also give it to my daughter. Since taking it she hasn't looked back."—(Mrs.) M.T., Mascot, 8/3/37.

Clements gets right to the root of ill-health

Give your body—your blood and nerves—the help it's asking for, the help it needs to bring you back to normal health and strength. You use sound judgment when you buy Clements Tonic, because of its 50-year reputation for doing everything that is claimed for it. Clements Tonic gets right to the root of ill health, by fortifying the blood, by feeding and building up the nervous system. Thus the whole body is benefited and strengthened naturally and steadily. This is the commonsense way of getting back that "pep," that interest in life, when run-down, nervy and out-of-sorts. After the first few doses of Clements Tonic, the body responds, and there's that lively tingle of new circulation, lazy muscles spring into action, the brain becomes clearer, and a feeling of happiness takes the place of gloom. Like thousands and thousands of Clements users, you will feel new strength from the first week.

MONEY BACK if you don't like or if you don't immediately benefit from CLEMENTS FLAVOURED TONIC!

If you don't get immediate benefit from taking the first bottle of Clements Tonic Flavoured within 14 days of purchase, or if you don't like it—return the nearly empty bottle to Clements Tonic Pty. Ltd., 35 Bligh Street, Sydney, and your purchase money, plus postage, will be immediately refunded to you. Thus we guarantee you positive relief or your money back.

Prices in capital cities: 3/- and 5/- a bottle (flavoured or plain) at all chemists and stores.

CLEMENTS TONIC

PLAIN or FLAVOURED

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THE MOVIE WORLD

November 6, 1937 | The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement | Page One

Calling Australia!

Moviedom News As It Happens

By BARBARA BOURCHIER and JUDY BAILEY

From Hollywood and London

Australian Moves Ahead

AUSTRALIAN John Warwick has at last been given his big chance — a contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for the starring role in their London production of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

At the moment, John is working on "A Yank at Oxford," with Robert Taylor and Maureen O'Sullivan.

When he arrived in England two and a half years ago he had enough courage to go to work in "quickies," those films produced for British quota purposes, which have been a headache to the industry—and the public—for many years.

But his first-class work in indifferent films has not been ignored by studio executives.

Bernhardt Film Planned by M.-G.-M.

● *From Metro. comes the news that permission has been obtained from a descendant of Sarah Bernhardt to film the great actress' life story. The relative himself is writing the story, and when it is ready Luise Rainer is expected to play the title role.*

Famous Italian Imported

THE new sensation at Paramount is Isa Miranda, just arrived from Italy together with 28 trunks of Parisian clothes.

For her first American movie, "Lady of the Tropics," she will be given Fred MacMurray and George Rigaud, the devastating Argentinian.

Before leaving Italy, La Miranda was tendered a farewell dinner by Mussolini himself, so there may be something to it all.

Paramount hopes to build her into one of their greatest stars and will put her through a training period before giving her a screen debut. Her first job is to learn English, which she hopes to do in a couple of months.

FASHIONS IN TECHNICOLOR

● Warner Baxter and Joan Bennett (lower right) star in "Vogues of 1938," in which producer Walter Wanger parades a dazzling selection of dresses. Mischa Auer (bottom left) and Helen Vinson (top left) are in the cast, while Joan Bennett, Marjorie Gateson, and Dorothy McNulty (top right) show off some of the dresses assembled for the production.

More of The Thin Man

WILLIAM POWELL managed to run off for a brief European vacation before tackling his next picture, in which he will be co-starred with the Parisian screen idol, Annabella. He will visit Holland and Budapest, and perhaps look over other places in Europe. His friends hope that when he returns he will have recovered from the tragedy that was Jean Harlow's and his own.

Good news: There will be a series of "Thin Man" films, perhaps one a year, and it is Bill's idea that they give him Myrna Loy for each picture.

Paulette Goddard's Future

CASTING for the role of Scarlett in "Gone With the Wind" goes on apace, but from high authority we learn that Paulette Goddard may have the coveted role if she will only take it.

It would seem sheer madness to let such a chance slip by, but the fact is that Paulette will make no commitment without Chaplin's approval, and she is standing by ready to take the lead in his next picture—as soon as he knows what it is.

Wheeler and Woolsey Part

IT was a sad scene at R.K.O. studios when Robert Woolsey and Bert Wheeler completed work on their picture, "High Flyers"—the picture that may mark the close of their eleven-year screen partnership. For a long time Bob Woolsey, the cigar-smoking member of the team, has been seriously ill, and it was only through sheer strength of will that he managed to complete the picture. During their eleven years' association they have been the closest of friends and have never had a disagreement. Woolsey will now spend a year roaming the world in an effort to regain his health.

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CHARM IS MANUFACTURED

How Raw Youngsters Are Made Stars

WHAT is your mental picture of your favorite actress before she arrived in Hollywood? A breath-taking creature with silken hair, perfect figure, soft voice, and poised walk, who merely had to be flashed on the screen to captivate millions?

If you think so, you are probably wrong. Apart from a few who were established as stage actresses, most present-day film stars were very ordinary people when they began their screen careers. But the studios have put them through the glamor mill.

● ROBERT TAYLOR was a thin man when he came to Hollywood, and required a course of weight-building treatment.

● ANN SOTHERN is one of many screen blondes whose hair owes its color to chemistry, not nature.

WHEN a young hopeful has convinced a producer that she "has something," and has secured a contract, she is turned over to half-a-dozen people whose job it is to spend several weeks or months developing her appearance and personality to the point where she is ready for a screen debut.

The first step, always appearance, involves dieting and exercise to lose or gain weight, careful make-up and continuous screen tests to reveal good and bad points of face and figure. The girl is taken to the make-up department, where an expert studies her features and applies a screen make-up, thence to the wardrobe where she is given a set of clothes to suit her figure.

After this she must spend days before the cameras, being photographed from all angles, standing, sitting, walking, wearing sports clothes, bathing suits, evening gowns, street clothes. If these tests come out satisfactorily, she is given a sound test, involving dialogue to test her voice qualities.

Curves and Accents

THE assorted tests are viewed by make-up men, wardrobe men, physical instructors and elocution experts who are trained to discern faults and know how to correct them. If the newcomer is too chubby or too scrawny she is sent to a dietitian and a masseur who carve off inches and build up curves in the right places.

Sonja Henie had to take off twenty pounds weight before appearing on the screen, and also have her whole facial appearance changed by careful hair design.

Then the elocution teacher takes the patient in hand and smoothes out the rough spots in her speech, removing if necessary any trace of a foreign accent.

Both Mary Maguire and Jocelyn Howarth have spent hours trying to lose their English accents for American film purposes, and Gail Patrick took months to drop her southern drawl when she started her screen career.

It's not that these accents aren't attractive—they merely make the girls ineligible for many parts. An accent that does not definitely brand its owner as coming from a country, or section of a country, is the most desirable in Hollywood.

In the make-up department the budding star is given what amounts to a new face. If her hair is too dark or dull it is dyed to a shade that will photograph with lovely highlights and arranged in a manner to best set off her features. If her nose is a bit too wiggly a plastic surgeon may be called in to straighten it, but this is comparatively rare.

Alice Faye was given a new personality and adapted for entirely different parts by having her make-up softened, her hair changed from platinum to brown, and her eyebrows allowed to grow naturally.

It is very rare for a player's hair to be darkened, as Alice Faye's was. But artificial blondes are common, and their ranks include Ann Sothern, Ginger Rogers, Carole Lombard, Grace Moore, Loretta Young, Joan Blondell, and Bette Davis.

● ALICE FAYE has been given a softer screen personality, with hair darkened from platinum to brown and more natural eyebrows.

The hair of Madeleine Carroll, once a mid-blonde, has been changed to a very remarkable shade of white with a slight blue tint, which commands attention wherever she goes.

The matter of teeth is interesting. No doubt you have noticed the unvarying, even sets of all film people. Nearly all of them have attained that perfection by expert dentistry. First the teeth must be straightened, a process taking from six months to a year. If this is not entirely satisfactory, any remaining gaps are filled in with cement, and caps are made to cover other irregularities. These little tooth caps and false eyelashes are worn by practically every reigning beauty of the screen.

The two male stars who owe most to the dentists are Clark Gable and Robert Taylor. Taylor's teeth are covered with a porcelain veneer which fills the uneven spaces between them.

When he first came to Hollywood, Taylor's physique was also considered unsatisfactory. He was compelled to build up his weight by months of diet and exercise.

After all these physical alterations, the lady is ready to be presented to the public, and the studio publicity department begins a steady campaign. On her arrival at the studio she has filled out a questionnaire which the publicity department hands to all newcomers. It is pages long, and consists of queries regarding her real name, height, age, weight, coloring, birthplace, all her doings before she became an actress, any interesting events of her youth, her favorite sports, hobbies, colors, flowers, reading matter, music, favorite clothes, her education, her travels and her ancestry.

Bogus Ancestors

THE department is overjoyed if the newcomer can count some famous names among her forefathers, but if she can't, they go right ahead and invent some—thus you find practically every personality in Hollywood claiming relationship to some great one.

In the old days, so-called "leg art" was the strong suit of all publicity men and press-agents. The first move in a publicity campaign was to "pour" the girl into a bathing suit, and shoot her shapely limbs from all angles.

Now, leg art has by no means died out, but evidently the public has become more sentimental, for the press-agents are now stressing romance above all else.

Next, the little newcomer is instructed to "go out and be seen"—in other words, to don her prettiest clothes and make the rounds of the various well-known cafes and night clubs with a view to getting her name in the local gossip columns as much as possible.

She must attend only the first-class cafes, must conduct herself in a manner which befits a perfect lady, and at first must be accompanied by an escort picked out for her by the studio—usually a young male player who is also on the way up, or possibly an already established actor under contract to the same studio.

By BARBARA BOURCHIER

Our Special Correspondent in Hollywood.

Sometimes the young actress employs a private press-agent who gets a small percentage of her income in return for getting her name in the papers and keeping it out if anything untoward occurs.

The P.A. sizes up his new client, decides what type she is, and accordingly pairs her off with one of his male players. If the two get along well they are instructed to go out steadily with one another, and after they have appeared together about three times in succession the gossip writers sit up and take notice.

The only trouble with these fake romances is that, after keeping constant company for several months, one of the pair falls in love, and nearly always comes out of it with a badly broken heart.

Of course, once in a great while, both parties fall in love, and they marry, which means a broken heart for the P.A., because you can't get any decent gossip out of a married couple, except, of course, divorce rumors.

A star who doesn't "co-operate"—that is, tell the P.A. everything she does every day—is whole-heartedly loathed. Writers who wish to interview a star call up the P.A. and get their names put on the waiting-list. When half a dozen names are down, the P.A. calls the star and says: "I want you to give me all Thursday afternoon." Then the writers are called and told that the star will be available on Thursday. One writer is told to come at 2.0, another at 2.30, another at 3.0, until the whole afternoon is filled. Sometimes the interviews are handled at the star's home, sometimes at the P.A's office, but, anyway, all the star has to do is sit in a chair and talk to each interviewer for half an hour.

The angle of publicity most generally hated by actors is posing for still pictures. It is absolutely essential that a star be photographed thousands of times, so there is a constant supply of new "stills" to send to newspapers the world over. The younger players can easily be forced to spend days posing in the "still gallery," but already established stars detest the process and get out of it whenever possible. Usually a star has one special photographer who takes all her portraits and knows just how to handle her.

And if she makes good, this little newcomer? More and bigger pictures, the knowledge that she can't go anywhere, perhaps even into her own backyard, without being stared at and besieged by autograph hunters; more and more publicity, the knowledge she must be in bed by eight, or, at the latest, nine, so there won't be that strained, tired look before the camera in the morning; hours of fretting over cruel gossip, because there's always cruel gossip about famous people; maybe a house in Beverly Hills with a swimming-pool, a pay cheque with four figures on it . . . for two years, possibly five, but rarely more than that . . . and then oblivion.

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STUDIOS Insure HEAVILY

Lloyd's is Vital to Hollywood

By JOAN SEBASTIAN
From Hollywood

LLOYD'S of London, that unique organisation whose name is synonymous with insurance throughout the world, is a power of greater importance in the studios of Hollywood than you probably have realised. Snugly seated in the darkened auditorium, did it ever occur to you that insurance is as essential to the success of your favorite film as the most brilliant performance by director or stars?

For the average cost of a picture is 500,000 dollars, and producers dare not risk such an expenditure unless it is underwritten.

LLOYD'S, through its Hollywood representatives, covers the film companies in two ways—against partial loss and total loss. This means that if your favorite glamor queen is suddenly taken ill, with a consequent expensive hold-up of production, Lloyd's will stand the cost of the delay.

Should the star's illness continue for a long period and make necessary the scrapping and re-making of the picture with another player in the leading role, then Lloyd's would be called upon to pay for a total loss. The death of a principal usually means black-out for the production, and Lloyd's pays the bill.

Lloyd's, however, does not enter into its proposed obligations blindly. The star to be insured must be reasonably fit, and chest tappings and heart-soundings are rigorously enforced. The ethereal soulfulness of delicate health has often cost its possessor a desired role, after an unsatisfactory verdict from the practical medico who advises Lloyd's.

A recent experience of Edward Arnold indicates the strictness of the insurance representatives. Arnold's huge bulk required moulding into something nearer normality for his part in "Come and Get It." Six weeks were flicked off the calendar in the attainment of that end, during which time, in a secluded resort 100 miles or so from Hollywood, Edward rode, swam, ran walked, tennised, golfed, and dieted to shed some of the unwanted rotundity.

Six weeks was a long time—the job could have been accomplished much more quickly in Hollywood—but the insurance doctors frankly stated that if Arnold reduced too rapidly they would refuse to pass him.

And when the making of the picture required Edward's incarceration in a vapor bath for a protracted period, the insurance people had their watchful medico on the set and he insisted on frequently sounding the star's heart. The Man from Lloyd's takes little for granted.

"Million-dollar feet" is no mere publicity slogan for the pedal extremities of Fred Astaire. It's a fact. They are insured for a million dollars. The huge premium is paid by R.K.O. Radio, who consider it a sound investment, preferring to be expensively safe rather than expensively sorry.

Young Bobby Breen, of the golden voice, is only nine years old now, and usually a boy's voice doesn't change until his teens. But the producer who has him under contract has already taken out insurance against voice-changing.

Hollywood, which knocks some fun out of almost everything, has often given amusement by freak insurances.

Bette Davis found the most effective way in Hollywood to keep those precious curves just so. She is insured for 50,000 dollars by Lloyd's, which suggests how steep curves can be. If Bette reaches 120 pounds she loses her contract with her studio—but at the same time she collects from Lloyd's.

However, her policy stipulates that when she reaches 115 pounds the insurance company can appoint an agent to prescribe her diet and follow her around to see that she keeps it.

Imagine a strange young man popping up every time you were about to pour some cream in your coffee. Of course, if the strange young man slightly resembled Robert Taylor and had nice table manners, it might be rather agreeable to have him about. But Bette has never even approached the danger line—she stays round 103 pounds.

Insured Against Love

HOLLYWOOD is constantly finding new reasons to insure—or try to insure. Francis Lederer, who had several suits of clothes destroyed by over-enthusiastic fans on one of his New York trips, tried to get insurance on his wardrobe before departing on his most recent New York personal appearance tour. But he couldn't find an insurance company to take the risk.

Alan Bruce has just taken the first "love insurance" ever issued in the screen capital. Bruce, handsome young photographer's model, who recently broke into films, agreed not to marry for three years when he was signed to a term contract by R.K.O. In order to protect himself in the event of his falling in love and wanting to marry within that period of time, Bruce has insured himself for the amount of the contract.

Terrified by a recent outbreak of dog-poisoning, Hollywood pet-owners have succeeded in getting Lloyd's to issue 1000-dollar policies on their favorite pedigreed pets. Joan Crawford is among those who have taken out one of these policies. It provides that if one of the dogs is killed by poison, Lloyd's will spend up to 1000 dollars to apprehend, prosecute, and convict the poisoner, but not a cent of the indemnity is to go to the personal uses of the dog's owner.

But the latest thing of all in Hollywood is party insurance. If you're planning a party, a local company will insure you against anything and everything. If a guest decides to fill your swimming pool with the champagne you bought for the affair; if someone roasts marshmallows over your grand piano; if a charming visitor tries out her skull on your staircase, you simply phone the company and they pay for everything. My prediction is that the firm will be bankrupt in six months; but they are optimistic about the future. They say they'll even insure a party given by Carole Lombard.

GALLERY OF STARS

Loretta Young
(20th Century-Fox)

Her next film will be "Wife, Doctor, and Nurse."

FLASHES FROM HOLLYWOOD

- *Clark Gable plans a jaunt to New York before starting his next picture, his first trip there in two years.*
- *John Barrymore's famous luxury yacht, The Infanta, on which he wooed and won Elaine Barrie, is no longer his own. It was sold in the Bankruptcy Court to a New York lawyer.*
- *Loretta Young is shooting miniature movies of her sister's little daughter for the family records.*
- *The Jack Haleys plan to adopt a youngster as a companion for their own boy and girl.*
- *Irene Dunne, after completing her third picture this year, is planning a two months' holiday in Alaska.*

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UNHAPPY HOLLYWOOD

Its Gaiety Often Rings Hollow

By GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

IN this article New York's most famous dramatic critic gives his impressions of the film colony.

By Air Mail

The first thing that struck me about Hollywood was the fundamental unhappiness of the great majority of the men and women working there.

THEY appeared, in their minds and souls, to be rehearsing, with full and handsome wages, a play that was destined never to be presented, and the greasepaint, after so long and arduous a period, was becoming too much an integral part of their countenances to give a semblance of reality even to their brave smiles.

Only eleven out of the several hundred I talked with seemed thoroughly contented. The rest were living out today in the hope of a happier and more self-satisfying tomorrow, whether in the way of work, love, home, peace, or what-not.

The visitor to Hollywood generally has such an amusing time and everyone is so charmingly solicitous of his entertainment and the atmosphere is decorated into so persuasive a feel of gaiety that, unless he has an unchivalrously cool eye, he is likely to be taken in by the delightful performance.

Spoiled Children

BUT under it all there is often the impression of a lot of engaging little boys and girls who have been overstocked with expensive Christmas toys and are tired of them and want rag-dolls for a change.

In my opinion the curse of Hollywood is its frantic craze for publicity. Publicity which is meant to help players in their careers often gets out of hand and becomes a Frankenstein monster.

It often plays havoc with their personal happiness and is undoubtedly responsible for the breaking up of so many Hollywood relationships and marriages.

For, after all, human beings are at bottom human beings, whether on a studio lot or in any other form of work, and when a man or woman reads day after day of his or her mate's lunches, dinners, suppers, dances, motor rides and what-not with other men or women—even though the lunches, dinners, etc., may be largely apocryphal—it is likely that the whole thing will gradually speak doubts and suspicions into his or her mind.

Broken Marriages

TO endure in Hollywood, a love affair or a marriage has to have the humor of a troupe of circus clowns, or the philosophical detachment of a St. Francis. Publicity is often the third angle of the triangle solely responsible for separations.

Hollywood, though it may sound paradoxical, is at times disposed to be too critical of itself. It has its faults clearly evident even to a blind man, but not everything about it is as bad as some like to make out. It suffers, true enough, from career madness and from the money lust, but in essence it is a gold-mining camp, and what do you expect of a gold-mining camp?

It is cursed, too, with the worship of immediate and evanescent success, and it puts gold in men's pockets even as it is taking it out of their souls. And it is merciless to the spirit in its own nervousness, misgivings, fear, and dread uncertainty.

For it is of the moment, by the moment, and for the moment, now and all the time.

But it is at the same time the greatest and most glittering gambling hall left in the world to-day. It has all the excitement for such fowl as crave that excitement of a Monte Carlo, a Forty-nine rush, a Kimberley and a Yukon rolled into one.

And it has soft blue skies, and soft gentle nights, and a freedom from conventions, and long, smooth roads sweeping around the sea and up into the quiet and lonely and unmercenary hills that insinuate themselves into the fascination of even the most contumacious gringo.

Many of its girls are inordinately lovely, albeit they remind one of beautiful flowers just waiting around patiently to be laid on a coffin.

Its houses are cool, attractive, and comfortable, and the rentals are gratifyingly low. And the off-stage performances of the screen matinee idols are always good for a laugh.

Aside from the public performances of these droll roosters, the surprising thing about the film colony in general, however, is its lack of personal affectation. It puts on a show, of course, when a show is expected or demanded, but get it behind the door and it is pretty honest about itself. At least that is the finding of one inquisitor.

It is frank about its money-hunger, its desire for the nepenthe of good times, its love affairs, its incompetence or more often its hopelessness as to achieving its best working results, its successes and its failures.

One can't judge the majority by individual monkeyshines, and one can't judge Hollywood by the absurd antics and posturings of some of its denizens. There are two dozen skirts still there for every pair of female-worn trousers and there is even one necktie for every shirt open at the neck. Not all the girls have dyed hair, and not all the men's pates drip bear-grease.

Where Hollywood suffers is not, euphemistically speaking, in its mind, but in its heart.

Its theme song is "A Bird in a Gilded Cage"; its first five reels are comedy and its sixth is tragedy; and Fate, alas, has satirically directed the whole thing as farce.

• TONY MARTIN and Alice Faye, newly wedded, are confident that their marriage will succeed.

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Tek

cleans inside!

Now she cleans *inside* with Tek. Tartar forms where old style brushes fail to reach—back of the arch. But tartar doesn't worry her; Tek fits everywhere; searches out every crevice; leaves every tooth clean and protected.

Tek is better value. Better shape and better bristles. At 2 - it is the most economical toothbrush you can buy. Tek Junior for children, same quality, same shape, but smaller. Price, 1 3.

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T/.31

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Jean Arthur, exquisite Columbia star, uses Max Factor's face powder! It gives her skin a glorious bloom and clings for hours.

MAKE the most of your appearance the way Jean Arthur does—with Max Factor's Color Harmony Make-Up.

Whether you are blonde, brunette or redhead the Max Factor Color Harmony Chart will show you the right shade of face powder, rouge and lipstick to make you look your loveliest.

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To give natural-looking color to her cheeks Jean Arthur uses Max Factor's rouge that blends perfectly and stays thrillingly radiant.

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A44.

NAME	Complexion	EYES	HAIR	SKIN
	Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE	Dry ☐
	Fair ☐	Grey ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	Oily ☐
ADDRESS	Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE	Normal ☐
	Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	LIPS
	Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE	Moist ☐
CITY	Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	Dry ☐
	Freckled ☐	LASHES	REDHEAD	AGE
STATE	Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	
		Dark ☐	If hair is black, check type above and here	

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PUT THIS ON YOUR "MUST" LIST!

The scintillating screen sensation of the moment . . .

SONJA HENIE

FINDS THE BOY IN A MILLION

TYRONE POWER

General Exhibition.

Ask your theatre manager when he will screen it.

HERE'S *Hot* NEWS

From John B. Davies, New York; Barbara Bourchier, Hollywood; and Judy Bailey, London

RUTH ROLAND, one-time star of thriller serials, has died at the age of 39. It was generally thought that she was away from Hollywood, but all the time she was desperately ill. Only her husband, Ben Bard, was admitted to her room for many months.

A pioneer in movies, she was keenly disappointed when it became clear that her acting days were over. Her savings, however, were well invested, and she succeeded in the real estate business.

Her name first became famous in 1912, when she starred in "Ruth of the Range," "The Timber Queen," "Love and the Law," and other films.

* * *

BRITISH Wendy Barrie was amazed to pick up the paper the other eve and find a story to the effect she had just married a young American actor and was honeymooning with him in a small town in the Middle West.

Wendy wants everyone to know she has not been married to anyone, and has never heard of the person in question. She's still fancy free and definitely single.

* * *

ROBERT TAYLOR is fed-up with being labelled "beautiful," a "heart-throb," and ladies' man. He'll have you know he's a real red-blooded he-man, and is demanding that the studio start an extensive publicity campaign to convince the public on this point.

Part of the campaign will be he-man roles in future pictures. So don't be surprised if the papers start printing stories that Mr. Taylor likes nothing better than lolling around in battered clothes, or that his secret ambition is to go bear-hunting in Alaska. It will all be part of the propaganda to prove he's no softie.

Here's a tip to you girls who like writing letters to your movie heroes . . . don't go telling Bob how your heart misses a beat every time he appears on the screen . . . Tell him you've always been sure he's a tough guy under that slick exterior . . . and he'll like it so much better.

* * *

SIMONE SIMON has been hiding some of her light under a bushel. Darryl Zanuck discovers only now that his Parisian discovery has a fine singing voice.

He got so excited when he heard her sing for the first time that he threatened to fire her for keeping her talent a secret. She has made many vocal records in France.

EDDIE CANTOR'S acid test for a gag is the reaction of his five daughters. If he can make them laugh he knows it's good. They are so used to his jokes that only the best of them can make them smile.

* * *

A FEW days ago it looked as though another studio-player contract battle between youthful Deanna Durbin and Universal Studios would be added to this year's big list of legal fights.

Deanna's people were complaining because the talented girl, who has suddenly become one of Hollywood's biggest box office draws, was receiving the same salary she made as an unknown.

But now we hear Universal has torn up Deanna's old contract and given her a very nice new one which includes a salary just double the one she has been getting, with promises of future increases.

And she's only fourteen.

* * *

A HEATED argument raged on the set of "Double Wedding" when they were filming the scene indicated in the title. Myrna Loy and Florence Rice were the two feminine parties to the ceremony, and when the word "obey" came up in the dialogue Myrna objected violently.

Florence thought it was quite all right to use "obey," and for a while there was a violent discussion, with the director and cameraman joining in enthusiastically. Finally, it was decided to shoot the scene twice, using "obey" in one take and "cherish" in the other, the decision to be figured out later.

* * *

IS it just a coincidence? The day before Sonja Henie was due back in Hollywood, Janet Gaynor left for New York. Tyrone Power, who was seen much with Sonja until she left for her vacation in Sweden, has been Janet's inseparable pal in recent weeks, and it has looked as if the blonde ice queen were forgotten.

The story goes that Tyrone's bosses did not approve of a permanent attachment, on the theory that male stars lose in popularity after they are married.

With Janet gracefully stepping out of the scene, film folk are watching closely for new developments.

* * *

THERE has been much talk recently about Ronald Colman being married to Benita Hume. The marriage of the famous recluse would be a first-class story—but, alas, the rumor has been punctured.

It started when Colman, with two men friends, was fishing off Catalina Island, and Benita flew over to join them. Both Colman and the lady deny there was any marriage; nor could there have been, barring the possibility of a marriage performed by the captain aboard his boat.

DOTS... and DASHES

● Marlene Dietrich putting in a trans-Atlantic telephone call to Hollywood in order to purchase a dozen sets of false eyelashes ● John Barrymore submitting with protests to a permanent wave, called for in his part in Carole Lombard's "True Confessions" ● Tourists in Hollywood getting a shock when they spot Mae West running around in slacks ● Lionel Barrymore finally casting aside the crutches he has used since his hip injury of several months ago ● Paulette Goddard returning from a brief visit to New York with three large trunks of new clothes ● Norma Shearer back on the M.-G.-M. lot after a year's absence, fitting clothes for the Marie Antoinette picture ● The Robert Youngs expecting the stork any day now ● Garbo's latest film, "Conquest," costing M.-G.-M. 2,600,000 dollars.

AT LAST A REALLY NEW PERFUME

5/9 10/6 23/6

A NEW thrill is disturbing the fashionable world! It is "Mischief," the exciting new perfume! Not a mere reblending of former odours, but a new creation! To crown your personality with romance and chic! To kindle the gay mood and intrigue the masculine interest, You, Madame, must try this new sensation this very day!

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Exciting NEW perfume!

Mischief

a Saville creation for lovely women!

A ROMANTIC CREATION by SAVILLE PERFUMERY Ltd., England

Do YOU get Painful Wind?

AN accumulation of wind caused me to roll in agony for 30 hours," writes R. H. W. "I was so ill that my doctor had to be sent for. The pain eased a little, but then came on again more violently. Well, I managed to get some 'Bisurated' Magnesia and got wonderful relief. I've had no trouble since." Thousands of former sufferers have shared this experience. *One dose* of 'Bisurated' Magnesia will always relieve the agony of wind and gastric disorder. The moment it reaches the stomach, 'Bisurated' Magnesia neutralises all burning, ulcerating, gas-forming acid. Pain stops like magic; inflammation is healed, wind dispelled, and healthy digestion soon restored. Doctors everywhere use and prescribe 'Bisurated' Magnesia for the stomach. Get a bottle to-day.

It is a concentrated preparation and very economical. The package bears the trade mark 'Bismag.'

You want 'Bisurated' Magnesia

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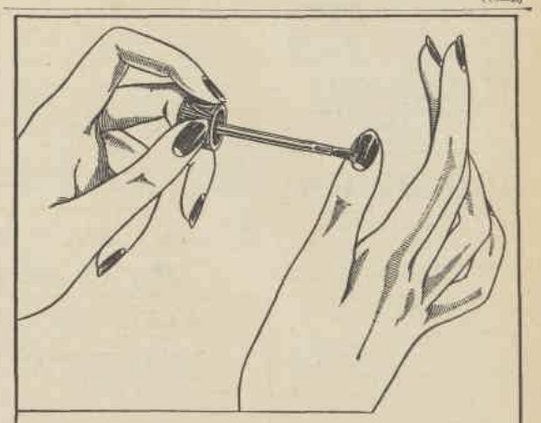

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PRIVATE VIEWS

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ *Three stars—excellent.*

★★ *Two stars—good films.*

★ *One star—average films.*

No stars . . . no good.

★★★ VOGUES OF 1938

Warner Baxter, Joan Bennett. (United Artists.)

PLANNED primarily as a women's picture, a show to cram the matinees, "Vogues" will entertain the other sex nearly as much.

And why shouldn't men enjoy a dress-parade, anyhow? Since it is a familiar fact that women clothe to please men, as well as to annoy one another.

With a super-smart dress-shop, urbanely bossed by Warner Baxter, as the setting, a glittering stream of creations moves before us. Costumes, furs, lingerie—silks, rayons, taffetas, enough to excite envy in the most saintly female.

Yet the remarkable part of the film is not the dresses themselves so much as the color in which they are presented.

Technicolor is more successful here than it has been before—a big advance is made on "Wings of the Morning." Wisely the director has avoided that bogy of technicolor—the green of trees. The few outdoor scenes are in the town, not the country, and show streets of sombre, brownish beauty.

The indoor backgrounds are in soft, unobtrusive colors; and the dresses often give a sharp splash of contrast.

The great danger of a film with the accent on fashion is that it may stand still, however gorgeous the spectacle. That "Vogues" does not drag is due to producer Walter Wanger's clever balancing of other elements—music and comedy plot—with the dominant dress interest.

On its own the comedy would not by any means merit three stars, but in the brilliant circumstances it serves well enough.

Joan Bennett starts it by cutting her wedding to wealthy, boring Alan Mowbray and going to work instead as a model in Baxter's shop. The ultimate embrace of this employer and his exquisite employee is delayed for a long time by his loyalty to a silly, stage-struck wife, ably played by Helen Vinson.

Not only an unlovable character but a trick of technicolor makes Helen a far less alluring figure than Joan in the film. For technicolor undoubtedly favors blue eyes in preference to brown.

Mischa Auer, as a rival designer, is less funny than we saw him recently in "It's All Yours," but he makes a pleasant addition to his gallery of arty and asinine aristocrats.

At only one point does the show go serious, when Alma Kruger, veteran manageress of Baxter's shop, passes peacefully away. Joan Bennett gets the pathos across, with the help of a thimble dear to the deceased.

The whole goulash of girls, garments, and gaiety is seasoned with musical cabaret, some of it distinguished.

"That Old Feeling" and "Lovely One" are good tunes. And there is one striking production number—a Harlem carnival. It develops into a rather embarrassing orgy, but the dark skins of the girls who participate is undoubtedly one of the finest effects yet attained by technicolor.

These and other turns offer fair compensation to the few pitiable males who cannot tilt an appreciative eye at the fashion stuff.

Skilfully blending its varied parts, "Vogues" is Grade A entertainment. But, above all, it is a mark that will be remembered in the history of the colored film.—State; showing.

Week's Best Release

"VOGUES OF 1938."

Modes, music, and comedy in fine technicolor.

WALTER WANGER, producer of "Vogues of 1938," is one of screenland's most arresting figures. An airman in the war, he was later an official at the peace conference, before beginning his stage and film career. "Stand-In," "52nd Street," and "Kiss In Paris" are his latest jobs for United Artists.

ROBERT WOOLSEY is again teamed with Bert Wheeler in "On Again—Off Again," released this week.

★ ON AGAIN, OFF AGAIN

Wheeler and Woolsey. (R.K.O.)

THIS farce will not add to the popularity of Wheeler and Woolsey, or of their scenario writer.

It has some very bright gags, the brightest of which was the original idea. But it develops in a strained manner, with long and curious pauses in which the story stops dead.

The pair are partners in a pill factory, always on the quarrelling verge of dissolving partnership. But their lawyer, played by Russell Hicks, usually a screen villain, has a bright idea. Wheeler and Woolsey must have a wrestling match.

The loser is to become the winner's valet, with 100 dollar fines for any breach of discipline. The lawyer thinks this preposterous arrangement will cause them to cease to think of dissolving.

Villainy, the real type, is introduced by George Meeker, who plots to sell the factory over the heads of the pair.

For no apparent reason, Patricia Wilder, a lush blonde with a southern accent as thick as treacle, appears in the plot. She has thugs for boy friends. Wheeler, who has become Woolsey's valet, introduces these thugs into a house-party as servants.

The resultant mix-up embroils safe-breaking, some boudoir farce, and Wheeler's fiancee, who returns in a huff from Florida.

"On Again, Off Again" is not meant to make sense. But it does not make as good nonsense as it should.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

★ HIDEAWAY

Fred Stone, Marjorie Lord. (R.K.O.)

"MEN Emma'll be mighty pleased if'n' y'll come up to the pardy to-night, Elmer."

The contrast between rural old-timers who talk this language and slick city gangsters who hide among them makes pleasant comedy.

The old-timers are not of the shrewd Will Rogers type. Their stupidity is equal to their honesty. Fred Stone is the most conspicuous, and does a good, if rather monotonous, job.

Two of the three gangsters reveal hearts of gold during their forced vacation in Fred Stone's ingenuous household. But in the end gang vengeance overtakes them all.

Slapstick is turned on liberally, most of it emerging from the persecution of one of the thugs by a small boy, who frightens him with frogs.

Less ambitious than the Wheeler-Woolsey film which it supports, "Hideaway" is nevertheless a good deal funnier in an unworldly style.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

BURGESS MEREDITH, who was brought to Hollywood from "Winterset," which is certainly not comedy on the stage, is busy in a comedy with Ann Sothern called "Don't Forget to Remember."

In it he suffers from the results of having faked loss of memory, and the situations are pure slapstick.

✦ ✦ ✦

GARY COOPER has some very merry moments with the Chinese princess and the mean Mongol chamberlain in "Marco Polo."

✦ ✦ ✦

JOHN BOLES is playing the fool alongside of Clown Jack Oakie in "Fight For Your Lady."

SCREEN ODDITIES

By Captain Fawcett

CHEMIST KNOWS . . . AND TELLS

Other soaps cleanse the surface skin but Rexona Soap does more! Its specially medicated lather cleanses and purifies the pores themselves, getting rid of below-the-surface dust and germs which are the real starting-point of skin blemishes. If skin troubles persist, cleanse thoroughly with Rexona Soap and then apply Rexona Ointment, The Rapid Healer. These two used together form a complete skin treatment. Use Rexona regularly to correct present skin faults and keep a clear, healthy skin in the future.

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Soap, 9d. Tablet. Ointment, 1/6 Tin.

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NEW PRESCRIPTION

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If you suffer this way, start a three months' course of DR. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS, the new prescription for High Blood Pressure—to banish aches and pains, improve circulation, rejuvenate your arteries, and give you new vitality. Get 5/6 flask of 30 MENTHOIDS (month's treatment), or 2/6 flask of 20 from your nearest chemist today.

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Big Supporting Cast.

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CHILD ASPIRANTS FOR RADIO FAME

REMARKABLE FREE OFFER

It has been revealed that the child prodigies of screen and Radio of America earn undreamt of salaries. It is significant to note that the genius of each of these stars was first discovered through the Microphone. Their voices had to be heard through this medium to determine their microphone "sense." There is a drive on in Australia in search for Radio talent, both juvenile and adult. Out of two thousand tested recently in Victoria not one was deemed worthy of engagement.

I OFFER YOU A CAREER

There is big money in Radio, and Australia is on the verge of big doings in this field, but those aspiring for rewards must be trained. Get this fascinating course.

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Tralie Russell, famous Radio star, offers, FREE, an unique book, "How You Can Become a Radio Star," to all who write in to her immediately. No charge whatever is made except 4d to cover postage. In this Free Book Miss Russell also tells you how you may obtain a wonderful microphone for the home free of cost. This microphone enables the aspirant for radio fame to get used to the "mike" in his or her own home, under actual studio conditions. Hear Tralie Russell on 2KY Thursdays at 6.30 p.m. Send application for free book (4d for postage) to Tralie Russell, Box 4154WW, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.

MAKE BABY'S HAIR CURLY

Mrs. Roach, of Newcastle, tells how she made her little girl's hair grow from straight to wavy and curly with Curlypet. She says:—"Baby's hair was very straight and dry before I started to use Curlypet on her hair. She now has strong, soft curls in place of the lank, stringy hair, and she looks just adorable and pretty. I am telling everybody I know all about Curlypet. Yours sincerely, Mrs. Roach."

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TWENTY-FOUR *Hours*

Continued from Page 5

MRS. TOWNSEND tried to speak calmly, but the tears were running down her face—"now I'm terribly afraid she has eloped with him."

Jim got up and walked over to the window and looked out. The newspaper men had arrived. He could see little groups of reporters and photographers around a summer-house. There were more than there had been the day before. There were more than a dozen. He saw Jane Fuller. It would be a good story for her.

"That's why we haven't notified the police," Mrs. Townsend said.

"I wouldn't notify the police," Jim said.

"But what are we going to do—the wedding isn't an hour away—the church is half-full now. What are we going to say?"

They were still talking about how to manage it when the telephone at Mrs. Townsend's elbow rang. Jim could read the news on her face.

"It's a telegram from Marguerite," she said. "She has married Gerry Askew."

Mrs. Townsend cried a little, but she dried her eyes quickly. Jim saw that it was actually a great relief to her to know the worst. She kissed him. She called him her poor boy. But she did not linger. She had things to do. She went and got Mr. Townsend.

"The first thing," she said, when Mr. Townsend had shaken hands with Jim and expressed his sympathy, "the first thing is to decide what we're going to do about the newspapers."

"Ask them in," Jim said, "and give them the story."

"Tell them that Marguerite has eloped with that fellow!" Mr. Townsend exclaimed.

"That marriage won't pass unnoticed. The local correspondent has wired it to Chicago by now. Those reporters out there will get a flash from their own offices within an hour."

"But——" Mr. Townsend began.

"Jim knows," Mrs. Townsend said. "Jim was a newspaperman for years."

"I couldn't bear it," Mr. Townsend said. "Discussing one's intimate affairs with a score of newspaper reporters."

Jim proposed that they let one reporter in with the understanding that he give the whole story to the others.

"There's a girl out there that I know," he said. "Jane Fuller, of the Chicago 'Chronicle.' She's a nice person and absolutely trustworthy. We might ask for her."

The Townsends thought it wouldn't be so bad to talk to a girl. Jim wrote a note to Jane and sent it out to the summer-house. Jane came in presently and Jim introduced her to the Townsends.

Jim sat to one side and watched Jane's face while the Townsends talked. Jane's face was delicately alive with the emotions behind it. She seemed most womanly and discreet as she listened. But he felt the gamin in her still—the capacity for humor and for mischief. Jane wouldn't betray a confidence, but she would take a lot of pains to ruffle a stuffed shirt.

Mr. Townsend told her that Marguerite had married Gerry Askew in a place called Myrtleville. Jane nodded gravely. She gave no sign the Townsends saw of how good she thought the story was. But Jim saw her eyes light up.

Jim had to admit, as the interview went on, that Jane had learned her business. She had been just as green as he had told her she was two years ago when he had wanted her to give up her job and go to London with him. But she was a reporter now. She asked the Townsends a lot of questions they hated to answer, as any reporter would. But she put her questions gently.

She turned to Jim. She called him Mr. Brown, as if he had never kissed her. "Mr. Brown," Jane said, "when did you begin to realise that all was not well between you and Miss Townsend?"

Jim could have wrung her neck. He saw that she was out to make him squirm.

"I never did realise it," he said.

Jane opened her eyes wide in wonder and stared gravely at him.

"You mean this fell on you this morning?"

"Yes," Jim said.

"You didn't suspect that Miss Townsend was really in love with somebody else?"

Jim felt himself blushing. He felt like a fool and he could see that the darned girl intended to make him feel more like a fool before she got through.

"No," he said.

"How extraordinary," Jane said.

"I suppose it is," Jim said.

"You're giving up your honeymoon trip to Africa—now that you aren't getting married?"

"No," Jim said, "I'm going just the same."

"To shoot lions and things?"

"You can say that if you like. I can't tell you the real purpose of the expedition—not for publication."

Jane shook her head. "I'm afraid, Mr. Brown," she said, "that you don't know what newspapers are like nowadays. They'll hop to the story that you're going out to Africa to hunt big game and get over your disappointment in love. They'll reprint all those photographs of you that you gave them a couple of months ago when you got back from your first trip to Africa."

Jim thought it was pretty low of her to imply that he was a publicity hound. But he couldn't do anything about it in front of the Townsends.

"Let them," he said. "Let them print anything they like."

Jane Fuller tucked her notes into her purse and shook hands with the Townsends and thanked them.

Jim followed her downstairs.

"Listen, Jane," he said in the lower hall, "I want to talk to you. When are you leaving for Chicago."

"Not before eight o'clock to-night."

"Will you let me pick you up at the telegraph office and drive you back to Chicago?"

She smiled. "You know, Jimmy," she said, "how I love to get the inside story—even when I can't print it."

JIM BROWN spent hours and hours of earnest effort getting away from the Townsends. George Banks insisted that Jim must get drunk and was miffed when he wouldn't. Mr. Townsend would have talked about Marguerite far into the night if Jim had let him. Three of the bridesmaids in succession got him aside and told him how good for him it would be to talk it all out with them.

He found Jane sitting in the telegraph office of the railway station while a lone operator sent her copy.

"Where's the rest of the gang?" Jim asked.

"They went back to Chicago on the eight o'clock train. They were a little sore because you picked me out to give the story to them. They're like you. They can't stand the idea of a women being a reporter. So they ganged me. They filed so much stuff I had to wait."

"Are you through now?"

"I'm waiting for my good-night," Jane said.

Jim sat down on the bench beside Jane. He gave her a cigarette and took one himself. He held a match for her. As he did so the building shook as if there had been an earthquake and somewhere miles and miles away there was the dull roar of a great explosion. Panes of glass fell into the room and all the electric lights went out. The telegraph operator jumped to his feet.

"What the deuce was that?" he yelled.

Jim took Jane's arm. Together they stumbled over chairs in the dark to get out of the room, out of the building. From the station platform they saw a great red glow against the sky to the north, and as they watched there was a second and more violent explosion. They would have fallen if they had not clung to each other. Yellow flame shot up into the sky like the fires of gigantic blast furnaces.

The flame died to a red glow. The telegraph operator found a lantern and got fresh bulbs for the lamp sockets and went bitterly back to his key. He didn't know what had happened and he hadn't time to wonder.

Jim and Jane stood on the station platform staring at the sky and waiting for a third explosion, and arguing about what there could be in that part of the country that could blow up on so large a scale. The operator yelled at them.

"Message for you," he said to Jane when they went in.

Please turn to Page 46

How She Lost Her Backache

Mrs. Dann (from photo.)

Only those who suffer can realise the utter misery, the maddening torture, the dreadful weakness that backache brings. Yet thousands of chronic sufferers go on in their pain and weakness until perhaps they have to give up, becoming bedridden; mother unable to carry out her daily duties; wage-earners lose money; pleasures just a thing of the past. Sufferers, you must realise that awful backache is Nature's urgent signal of deep-seated trouble within the body—Kidney Trouble.

Weak kidneys—yes, that is what makes life a misery for so many, many people, although they do not know it. Are you going to stay crippled by pain, or will you prove how quickly, how surely and permanently, you can end your trouble for good by taking a course of De Witt's Pills?

De Witt's Pills, in 24 hours, show you how they have acted directly on the kidneys. If you will only persevere, their cleansing, tonic action will rid your system of the poisons and impurities that cause your pain. But most important of all, your kidneys are restored to health and they then keep the system free from poisons.

Mrs. L. A. Dann, who lives at "Luada," Grace Avenue, North Hykeham, Lincs., says:—*"I suffered for a long time with pain across the small of my back, and I could not stoop without terrible pains. After taking a sample of your pills I felt much better, so I sent for a small box from Mr. Hague, the Chemist at Lincoln, and the pain disappeared before I had finished the bottle.*

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TWENTY-FOUR *Hours*

JIM read the message over Jane's shoulder:

"Powder mills at Hammersbridge Minnewaska have blown up Stop Windows broken in Chicago Stop Get after it.

Barnes.

"Those men picked the wrong evening to go home without a good-night," Jane said. "It'll take three or four hours to get back up here. They'll get on the story just about the time the final goes to press." She looked up at Jim. "Would you lend me your car?"

"Lend it to you?"

"I know it's a lot to ask," Jane said in her most wistful tone.

"I'll drive you," Jim said.

"I'll be out all night."

"I'll stick as long as you want to stick."

"And tell me exactly how to cover the story," Jane said.

Jim took her arm and pushed her across the platform and into his roadster.

"That was low of you, Jane," he said as he stepped on the starter.

"I'm sorry," Jane said. "Especially as I'm going to need your help. It's going to be a hard story to cover in a hurry."

Jim stopped at the first gas station to fill the roadster's tank and ask directions. The man at the gas pump pointed up the cement highway.

"Forty miles," he said, "straight ahead."

Jim gave the car all the gas she would take. The needle wavered at 75. She just wouldn't do more than 75.

The road was increasingly full of cars. The road, as they got nearer to the light of the great fire ahead,

Continued from Page 45

was choked with cars. Jim jammed his way past one car after another while angry drivers yelled at him. He saw a policeman in the road ahead. He was stopping cars and directing them into an open field.

"Get out something and pretend it's a badge," he said to Jane.

Jim drove to the left of the policeman so Jane could lean out of the right side of the car and speak to him. Jane held her compact cupped in her hand. She made a gesture with it towards the policeman.

"Chicago 'Chronicle'," she said.

The policeman hesitated. Jim roared on in first gear. The policeman yelled after them. But he couldn't follow them. They were inside the line. They could go to work.

They separated for an hour in order to cover more ground and met at the car again and drove madly to a telegraph office and sat down to typewriters and pounded as fast as they could pound. They went back and worked another hour and filed bulletins for the final edition. They kept on long after the paper had been put to bed. The fire had become a sheet of flame miles wide that marched across the country. Two towns were surrounded by fire, with all communication gone.

"I'm hungry," Jane said at four o'clock in the morning. "I can't remember having eaten anything since breakfast."

They found a big dog waggon and got a table in one corner and ordered steaks and things.

Jim looked across the table at Jane and smiled. He couldn't look at her without smiling.

"Do I look funny?" Jane demanded.

"You look adorable," Jim said. "You look as if you'd been playing in a coal bin."

Jane calmly poured water on her handkerchief and scrubbed her face.

"Now," she said, "we can talk. Tell me all."

"It doesn't seem awfully important any more," Jim said.

"I'M curious," Jane said, "I'd like to know how you got to be such a stuffed shirt. Two short years ago you were a good newspaper man and now——"

"I'm not a stuffed shirt," Jim said.

Jane raised her eyebrows. "All that hooey about your expedition to the wilds of Africa."

"The hooey was to hide the real story," Jim said. "I went out to Africa as a confidential man for Sir Wilfrid Arkwright. I got to know him when I was London correspondent and he trusted me. He asked me to take a mining man out there. The man was too old to go alone. We had our troubles in the Kalahari desert. But we went places where few white men have been before. And in—well, let's say somewhere in Bechuanaland—we found what we were looking for. The mining man was sure it was one of the world's great gold deposits. He died of fever coming out and now I'm the only white man who knows the way back. There isn't as much money in it as you might think, but there's quite enough. And it's interesting. It's more interesting than being a newspaper reporter."

"I cross off the African hooey," Jane said. "But you did get yourself all involved with the Townsend girl."

"Yes," Jim said, "I did."

"How do you explain that?"

"I can't," Jim said. He couldn't ever explain it to Jane. She'd never believe he was in love with her while he was engaged to Marguerite. There were some things women just didn't understand.

Jane leaned forward. "Is it true that you didn't know about Gerry Askew?"

"Absolutely."

"You must have known something."

Jim shook his head. Jim told her about his meeting with Marguerite at seven o'clock in the morning.

"You're the only person concerned who didn't know about him," Jane said. "We had a tip from Paris that Gerry Askew was taking a fast boat for New York and that Marguerite would never marry you. I suppose all the other papers had the same tip. After all, even a Townsend wedding doesn't rate the number of reporters that were there."

"If you know so much," Jim said, "suppose you tell me what Marguerite was up to."

JANE shook her head sadly. "Anybody but you would know that," she said. "She was trying to make Gerry Askew come across."

"What if he hadn't?"

"She would have married you and been unhappy ever after."

They ate steak in silence after that. They ate steak and things until they had eaten all there was. They lingered over coffee and cigarettes. Jim wanted to wring her neck. But he wanted more to take her in his arms.

"Jane," he said, "are you going out to Bechuanaland with me?"

"Certainly not," she said.

"I'm telling you I love you," Jim said. "I'm asking you to marry me."

"Even if I wanted to I wouldn't do it," Jane said.

"You're a good reporter now. I've seen you work and succeed. You can afford to quit your job. You can always get another. And the story of the expedition will be all yours. You can write it."

"Do you know what people would say?" Jane demanded. "Can't you hear them? One morning you're all set to marry Marguerite Townsend at high noon. And the next morning you're engaged to a newspaper girl. The cute little thing caught you on the rebound."

Jim took her hand across the table. "It never matters what people say about a thing like that—unless you're a stuffed shirt."

Jane pulled her hand away. "Don't be silly," she said.

It was nearly seven o'clock when they walked down the street in search of an hotel where they could get rooms. Jim stopped short. Jim took her in his arms.

"I'm going to kiss you," he said. "I can't explain why I ever got engaged to Marguerite. I only know I love you."

He kissed her and she kissed him back.

"You are going to Bechuanaland with me?"

"Yes," she said, "I made up my mind to that almost a week ago."

"A week ago!"

"Yes," Jane said. "Six days ago. You don't suppose it was an accident I got the assignment to cover your wedding, do you? When I heard Gerry Askew had sailed I went in and asked Barnes if I could do the Townsend wedding. He wanted to send me on something else. I told him I'd quit first. And so here I am." (Copyright.)

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Continuing Our Great Medical Series

WHY PNEUMONIA *Takes Such Heavy* TOLL

Third Highest in the List of Fatal Diseases

By A SPECIALIST

Pneumonia is one of the most dreaded diseases. It ranks third (after cancer and heart disease) as a cause of death in Australia.

It strikes equally at old and young, at the healthy as well as the infirm. Its onset is rapid and dramatic. Within 48 hours a strong, healthy person may be fighting for life.

THIS dramatic attack has always held the popular imagination; under various misnomers that form of pneumonia known to physicians as "acute lobar pneumonia" has formed the theme of many tragedies in popular novels.

In severe cases the accompanying delirium was often described by Victorian writers as that mythical complaint, "brain fever."

Again there is that dramatic termination to an acute attack—the crisis. At this critical point life hangs in the balance. There is usually either a dramatic turn for the better, or death.

One recalls how the Empire was stirred by the acute attack which seized King George V in the post-war decade, and his prolonged (and successful) fight for life. And again one remembers that this monarch (like his father, King Edward VII) eventually succumbed to another form of the disease—broncho pneumonia, accompanied by failure of the heart.

Pneumonia, in its widest sense, means "inflammation of the lungs." The term is now generally confined to lung-inflammations due to infection by germs.

These again are subdivided into lobar pneumonia (beginning in the substance of a lobe of a lung) and broncho pneumonia (beginning in the bronchial tubes). Acute lobar pneumonia is the form usually called "pneumonia" in popular parlance.

This acute type attacks persons of all ages, though men are more susceptible than women. Certain races, such as negroes, appear to be especially liable; and certain physical conditions, such as weakness following an acute infection like influenza, predispose to an attack.

Exposure to extremes of temperature appears to be another cause, also alcoholism; but it must be confessed that in many cases no exciting factor can be found. Such cases appear to be due to direct infection; and here again there is some doubt.

Dramatic Crisis

THE germ which causes the disease, the diplococcus of pneumonia, has been known since the close of last century. But it exists in a harmless as well as a virulent form.

These pneumonia germs dwell in the throats of healthy people and cause no ill effect; yet if conditions become suitable the germs develop virulence, attack their host, and cause an acute attack of pneumonia.

There are four main types of the germ. Two of these are not usually found in the mouths or throats of healthy people. Hence it is likely that when they cause pneumonia the patient has been breathed on by one of the rare human "carriers" of this type of germ.

The average case of acute pneumonia shows definite clear-cut symptoms. There is a sudden onset. This is marked by a rigor (shivering fit), and the temperature immediately soars. Intense headache and an attack of vomiting often accompany the rigor.

After the second day, a typical attack of pneumonia proceeds rapidly to the "crisis." This usually occurs at a week or 10 days' time from the first rigor. It is a most dramatic event.

The patient has been getting steadily worse; the cough is constant; there is a perpetual struggle for breath; the temperature runs up to 104 degrees or more, the heart races (but with a feeble beat); the patient is weak, refuses food, and at night is delirious and cannot sleep.

Then suddenly a profuse perspiration breaks out, the temperature rapidly falls, the patient feels better, ceases to struggle for breath, the pulse improves, delirium goes, the cough loosens. Often the patient falls into a deep, refreshing sleep, and wakes up asking for something to eat.

When the crisis is safely over, however, the patient is by no means out of danger. The chief dread at this stage is heart failure. Right from the time of their invasion of the lung, the pneumonia germs have been pouring toxins (poisons) into the general circulation.

These poisons destroy the efficiency of all the muscles of the body, particularly those of the heart.

So that it often happens that a patient safely weathers the crisis, only to succumb to heart failure; the heart, weakened by toxins, is unable to stand up to the strain imposed on it by the fever. Heart failure is especially liable in old persons and those weakened by previous disease.

Pneumonia is not only dangerous in the early stages, but right on into the period of convalescence. It is a disease that calls upon all the resources of medical skill; and even then there is an element of chance or luck, for one can never surely predict what natural resistance the patient may possess.

Oxygen Need

NATURALLY, good nursing is an essential, as in the early stages of the complaint constant attention is needed night and day. Perfect rest, comfort (as far as can be secured), and endeavor to keep up the patient's "pecker," and to keep up the strength by getting food taken, even if only the lightest kind and smallest amount, are necessary.

Oxygen is the great standby. Owing to the blocking of the lungs and the poisoning of the heart muscle the body is starved of oxygen, and this must be supplied till after the crisis is over.

The best way is by an oxygen tent or compartment. This is a light, sealed covered framework with glass windows, into which the patient is placed and where he receives a constant supply of pure oxygen from a cylinder. Another method is to supply the oxygen by a nose tube, and this is very effective.

Merely spraying the gas in the vicinity of the patient, as once practised, is now looked on as of little use. Carbogen (oxygen plus carbon dioxide) has been tried, but it does not seem to be as effective as oxygen alone.

To combat the heart failure, digitalis was once the routine treatment. Of late some doubt of its value has arisen, and many physicians prefer to keep up the strength of the heart with adrenalin, pituitrin or strychnine.

The heart in pneumonia has a double burden to bear: It has to force the circulation through the blocked lung, which would impose a strain even on a normal healthy heart; and at the same time it is forced to beat at a high rate by the fever, while weakened by the toxins of the germs which are circulating throughout the system.

If there were some way of neutralising these toxins, pneumonia would be robbed of half its danger. Of late medical research has devised several ways of doing this.

The most obvious is to prepare an antitoxin against the germ-poisons in the same way that diphtheria antitoxin is made—by injecting small increasing doses of toxin into horses till the latter develop natural antitoxins; and then making serums from the latter.

Now there are four main types of pneumonia germ, and it has only been found possible to make antitoxins against the first and second types. Unfortunately in Australia the majority of Australian cases are of third and fourth types. Consequently antitoxins against pneumonia are of little use here.

It is the reverse overseas; first and second type pneumonia germs are common in Britain and Europe, and antitoxins are freely used there. To be successful they must be given early in the attack.

An ingenious way of attacking the toxins has been recently developed by two research workers in Britain, one an Australian. Olive oil broken up into extremely tiny globules is injected into the patient's circulation. It is claimed that the toxins cling to these tiny oil globules, which are less than one ten-thousandth of an inch in diameter; the globules are then carried to "fat deposits" in the body in the course of natural processes, and eventually oxidised there, the toxins being at the same time destroyed.

There has been some criticism of the theory of this treatment. As regards practical results, it is still under trial.

"Vital Tripod"

A THIRD way of fighting pneumonia is to inject into the blood-stream some substance which kills pneumonia germs on encountering them either in the circulation or the lung, while leaving normal cells of the body alone.

OXYGEN is the great standby in the fight against pneumonia. In this picture an instrument for the accurate measurement of the flow of oxygen to a patient is being demonstrated.

The search for such an "ideal" substance has gone on for years; lately some success has been obtained with a synthetic dye derivative called sulphonilamide, and allied compounds, such as prontosil.

Sulphonilamide and prontosil have an uncanny effect of clearing germs out of the circulation without harm to the corpuscles or cells of the body, and good results in pneumonia are reported from Germany, where these dye-substances were first developed.

In some cases, however, there have been toxic results from the injections. This is another treatment which is still under trial.

So it may be concluded that the usual treatment of pneumonia is to keep up the strength of the heart, supply the oxygen that is lacking, and allow the human constitution to fight the germs with its own weapon—the white cells of the blood (germ-killers) and the natural antitoxins of the body.

The heart, the lungs and the brain have been called the "vital tripod." We usually admit the first two as vital organs, perhaps because of the prevalence of minor respiratory troubles, such as coughs and colds, and forget the great importance of the third.

The big death-roll from pneumonia is a reminder of the vulnerability of the lungs, and that so far medical science has not provided a direct weapon against their most lethal disease.

You call it
TEMPER -
but the Doctor calls it
FAULTY ELIMINATION

You may think Faulty Elimination is merely Constipation. In reality it is much more insidious. It affects not only the bowels—but those other vital cleansing organs the kidneys and liver! When they are out of order, the blood stream becomes poisoned. One of the early warnings that you should watch for and heed is unreasonable temper. The poisons left circulating in the blood stream by kidneys, liver and bowels affect mind and health. Immediately you observe any danger signals—such as temper, sluggishness, nerves or crankiness—give genuine Laxettes, which act on kidneys, liver and bowels. A course of genuine Laxettes is the only complete and safe treatment. They are just as good for adults, too. And remember—the delicious chocolate taste makes kiddies eager for Laxettes!

Genuine Laxettes are obtainable from all chemists and storekeepers—6d. for the sample tin and 1/6 for the large tin. Warning: unless they're in a tin they are not genuine Laxettes.

LAXETTES
Rectify Faulty Elimination

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FOUR SETS OF TWINS were the contribution made by Mr. and Mrs. Hirvey Clark, of Zanesville, U.S., at the sixth annual Convention of the National Twins' Association. Pictured (back row, left to right) are: Ross and Robert Clark, 15, Mr. Clark, Donald and Dale Clark, 13. Front row: Joe Clark, 11, Mildred Clark, 7, Mrs. Clark, Margaret, 7, and James Clark, 11.

Real Life Stories

Forest Miracle

FROM the age of five I can remember my great-grandmother, a little fragile old lady, always very religious. Her wonderful faith was far beyond comprehension.

We lived not far from Grandma, and on this memorable day I had gone over to visit her. When I reached her house she was just leaving for her usual daily walk. Childlike, I considered it my duty to go with her.

The country we lived in was rugged, and for miles thick forests lay on each side of the narrow little roads. The path we took this day was a side-track, leading into the forest.

One may understand just how dense this bush country was when I say the sun could not even peep through the overhanging trees and thick, entwining undergrowth.

We were in the heart of the forest when Gran said she thought she could hear axemen cutting down the giant gums.

We had not gone more than a few yards further down the track when there came a warning shout from some nearby bushmen.

Looking up towards a slight incline I could see a great tree about to crash in our direction. Grandma and myself were caught like trapped animals.

"Run, child, run, and may God protect you," Gran cried, and, turning, I ran for dear life down the path out of danger.

Not so Gran—old and helpless she stood still, and as the tree with a splintering, groaning noise began to fall, she raised her two hands heavenwards, and cried out, "Oh Lord, protect thy servant."

With a deafening noise the tree split in two, falling on each side of Gran. She stood unharmed and smiling. It was a miracle.

£1/1/- to Mrs. W. Cridland, Inverness, Lincoln, via Wellington, N.S.W.

Trick Almost Fatal

MY most memorable experience occurred while swimming in a dam at the back of our home, near Roma, Queensland.

I am a lover of all animals, and a few years ago an old bushman, a prospector, gave me a brown retriever pup. I always took the pup swimming with me, and as he was tiny I would let him swim to me and then hold my arms out, to catch him and give him a rest. After teaching him this habit, he always looked for it, and came to me as soon as he would hit the water.

In later years, when he had grown to a big dog, I was swimming in the dam one day, preparing to emerge after a fairly long swim. I had swum across, and was coming back, when I saw the dog making towards me. I made for a post, which was in the dam for the purpose of knowing the depth.

I was unable to reach it before the dog, and in accordance with his habit he landed right on my back. He scrambled to stay there and, being a heavy dog, pushed me under water.

While I tried to get him off, he reached over my head, to get a better grip and pawed my eye, and scratched it, drawing blood.

I still tried to make the post. I lost my presence of mind, and did not think to dive under water and stay there until I had reached the post.

Looking up, I saw my husband on the side of the dam, ready to dive in. I kept gaining a little, and just reached the post with the tips of my fingers, out of breath and all in.

5/- to Mrs. J. Machado, Alfred St., Roma, Qld.

Hardy Pioneer

ON the famous Coolgardie goldfields in 1900 we had a heat wave which lasted a week. The temperature was at 116 degrees, and there was a water famine at the same time.

The great water scheme was not near completion then, and we had had no rain for six months.

Then the night before my first baby was born we had a terrific thunderstorm and heavy rain.

My late husband had to leave me alone for an hour in the home while he went for doctor and nurse. But I was not concerned with the elements.

I was interested only in approaching motherhood, and the little welcome stranger who arrived next morning, April 28.

Two days later my husband had to leave me to the care of nurse. I asked nurse if she had milked the goat (the milk supplier of our home). The nurse said that she could not milk. As we had to have milk, I told her to bring Nannie in.

Then I had to lean over my bed and milk the goat—an amusing spectacle in less distressing circumstances.

The doctor arrived shortly after, and greeted me with "How are you to-day?" I said, "I am all right, Doctor, I have just milked the goat."

I don't think I will tell you what he said to nurse as I feel sure it would not appear in print.

5/- to Mrs. S. T. Thornton, 19 Desaumarez St., Kensington Park, S.A.

Caught in Lift

THE most frightening experience in my life occurred when I was fourteen years old. My firm was shifting, and another boy and I were using an old hydraulic goods lift to bring down the furniture.

I went into the lift for the last load and pulled the rope to ascend.

Then I walked across the lift to unlatch and undo the door, which slides up and down like a window.

As I neared the door I slipped and my legs shot through the small opening left in the doorway, and the door came down on my legs.

I was trapped, and, with visions of my legs being dragged off by the moving lift, I cried for help.

The top of the lift had ascended past the first floor when Jim, the other boy, ran around the building and stopped the lift.

I was sitting on the floor with the top of my legs squeezed into an inch and one-half space, and my feet dangling down the well.

The fire brigade was called, and released me with crowbars after a tussle of three-quarters of an hour.

I was rushed to hospital in an ambulance, and after being treated for scratches and cuts was allowed to go home.

I had to walk through Melbourne with only one boot and sock on. The other was left in the lift well.

Firemen told me that only my thinness saved my legs for me.

5/- to Keith Neil, 159 Elgin St., Carlton, Vic.

Prizes for Stories Every Week

EVERY week cash prizes are awarded for the best Real Life Stories submitted by readers.

There is no restriction as to the type of story that may be submitted. It may concern the dramas, tragedies, or adventures of your childhood, romance, or work.

Incidents should not exceed 300 words, should be plainly written or typed, and should include all details necessary to make a simply-told nicely-rounded-off story.

Letters should be sent to The Australian Women's Weekly, endorsed "Real Life Stories." Full postal address appears on page 3.

Down Well with Snake

MANY years ago I was working on windmill repairs. With two other men I was sent out onto a job near Dalby, Western Queensland.

This well was 220 feet to the water, four feet square, timbered, and with a ladder down to a platform where the pump was situated 200 feet below.

I lowered a lighted candle to test for foul air, then descended the ladder.

On arriving at the platform below I discovered to my great horror a huge black snake in a fighting attitude.

In so small a space, and with only the faint glimmer of the candle, it was not possible to kill him.

So I set about my work keeping close watch on my reptile companion at the same time.

When I had everything ready I gave the office to the men on top to take the weight. They began to wind up, and I stood out on the platfrom so as not to be directly under the ascending load of piping.

When the load was about twenty feet above my head the rope broke, down came the pipe with terrific force, smashing the platform from under me.

I dropped into the water twenty feet down, with broken timber flying in all directions and a big black snake to keep me company. My feelings can easily be imagined.

As I swam about in darkness, the candle being extinguished, I expected any moment to come in contact with the snake.

The few minutes while a rope was being lowered for me seemed an eternity. I knew I was hurt, but my one great fear was being bitten by so deadly a reptile.

I'll never forget those terrifying moments.

5/- to R. Foley, 11 Walker Street, North Sydney.

What a TASTE!

ONE OF THE 57 VARIETIES

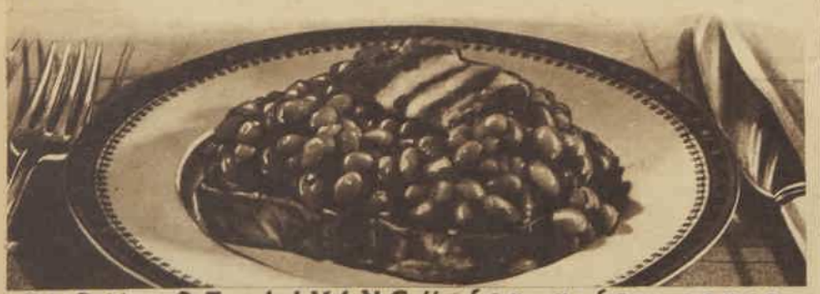
WHEN girls need tempting before they'll take a substantial meal, give them delicious — digestible — nourishing Heinz Baked Beans. When you take one mouthful you want another—and another. In no time they're eaten up. Slow-baked in ovens, the Heinz way, they are sweet as a nut, almost crush on the tongue, are soaked through with the most appetizing tomato sauce. No one but Heinz can equal Heinz in baking beans. Two styles—with and without pork. Your family will welcome them for breakfasts, lunches, dinners, snacks.

RECIPE FOLDER — FREE. Showing 24 delicious ways to use Heinz Baked Beans. Send for your free copy to H. J. Heinz Co. Pty. Ltd., Melbourne, E.1.

You would appreciate
Heinz Spaghetti
Macaroni
Ready-to-Serve Soups
Tomato Ketchup
Mayonnaise
too . . .

HEINZ OVEN BAKED BEANS

for BREAKFAST/—for LUNCH/—for DINNER/



"JOY OF LIVING" for a few pence

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PRINCE *Edward's* DAILY ROUTINE

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England.

Prince Edward of Kent, whose birthday on October 9 was celebrated at a family party at Buckingham Palace, lives to a definite programme that begins at 7 a.m. and ends at 6.30 p.m. daily.

HIS birthday presents included a number of mechanical toys and some building bricks from the King and Queen, a large fluffy woollen ball from Princess Margaret Rose—she made it herself—a book of brightly-coloured animal pictures from Princess Elizabeth. From the Duke of Windsor the baby Prince received his first clockwork train.

The toddler Prince and his baby sister, Princess Alexandra, spend most of their time at The Coppins, their parents' lovely Buckinghamshire home, and on sunny days they play in the garden from early morning until late afternoon.

Sturdy Youngster

A VERY sturdy little boy is Prince Edward with a mop of fair curly hair and wide blue eyes. Except when he is dressed for parties he wears little jersey suits in blue, pale green or primrose, or little white silk blouses with gaily-colored wool material knickers kept up with cross-strapped braces.

He is an athletic child who loves to run, to roll on the turf, and splash in the waves; and when it comes to building sand castles he is quite tireless.

He lives to a definite programme, starting the day with orange juice at seven o'clock. After that he wanders about in pyjamas, woolly dressing-gown and rabbit-shaped bedroom slippers until he has his bath.

For breakfast he has stewed, fresh or dried fruit and a cereal of some kind, followed sometimes by toast and honey, and sometimes a poached or lightly-boiled egg.

All the morning he amuses himself in the garden, or, if it is a very wet day, in the nursery with the windows open to their fullest extent.

He learnt to ride his rocking-horse months ago, and is even now demanding a "tri-kikle."

Favorite Sweet

HIS midday meal consists of steamed fish or well-chopped grilled meat or steamed chicken with always two, and sometimes more, conservatively cooked, home-grown vegetables.

His favorite sweet is junket and stewed apple, but instead of this he often has light and spongy boiled puddings, custards and fruit foods. He still drinks a pint of milk a day—usually a half-pint at eleven in the morning and the other half at five o'clock tea.

He has a sleep directly after lunch—in the garden if it is fine—and then goes either for a walk or a motor drive, returning in time for tea.

This is the last meal of the day, and he usually has brown bread sandwiches with such fillings as chopped banana, nut paste or marmite, followed by simple home-made sponge cakes and, of course, his milk.

After tea is romping time, when, if they possibly can, his parents join him in garden or nursery for a rough and tumble.

And so to bed at 6.30, after the warm bath that helps to make him such an excellent sleeper.

GRACE BROS

NOVEMBER SHOP-EARLY CAMPAIGN

2/- IN THE £ DEDUCTED FROM YOUR BILL

See these Specials in Maids' and Children's Wear!

MAIL ORDERS SUPPLIED!

2/- in the £ will be deducted from the prices of all goods at Grace Bros. up to November 30th, 1937. EXCEPTIONS ARE:—Cash and Carry Groceries, Provisions, Refreshments, Quick Sales, Service Depts., and a few Proprietary articles.

DM1.—Blazers in all-wool Navy Flannel with Plain and two-tone Cord; to fit Girls, 3 to 16 years. Price 3/11
Less 2/- in the £.

DM2.—Girls' all British Guaranteed Linen Tunics, well Tailored Sunpleats at Back and Front giving Full Make 31in. hem. Sizes, 24-27 28-31 32-35 36-40
2/11 3/6 3/11 4/9
All Prices Less 2/- in the £.

DQ3.—BLUE LINEN IS USED FOR THIS USEFUL AND SERVICEABLE FROCK for Girls, showing Bolero Bodice and Peter Pan Collar, Skirt nearly made with knife pleats in shades of Saxe, Almond, Green, Pink. Sizes, 12in., 34in., 28in.
SHOP EARLY SPECIAL .. 9/11
Less 2/- in the £.

DQ4.—FRESH AND CRISP IS THIS GIRL'S FROCK OF BRITISH RIVERINA CLOTH. Bodice neatly treated with Yoke and knife pleats. Skirt has full inverted pleat at back and front. In all wanted shades of Saxe, Rose, Almond, Orange. Sizes, 22in., 34in., 28in.
SHOP EARLY SPECIAL .. 5/11
Less 2/- in the £.

DQ8.—Introducing something entirely different for the Misses in GAY PRINTED SILKS, showing the New uplift Bodice gathered in to Yoke at shoulders. Short, puffed sleeves. Smartly treated at Neck and Waist. Shades: Saxe, Rose, Almond, Green. SEW Fittings, 43 and 45 in Lengths.
SHOP EARLY SPECIAL .. 11/9
Less 2/- in the £.

DQ5.—EXCEPTIONAL VALUE IN GIRL'S BRITISH FLORAL HAIRCORD FROCK. Bodice made with front yoke. Semi Cape Sleeves, finished with Organdi Frilling. Knife pleats in Back and Front of Skirt. Shades: Green, Pink, Saxe. Sizes 24in., 27in., 30in.
SHOP EARLY SPECIAL .. 4/3
Less 2/- in the £.
Mail Orders available.

DR7. GIRLS' BRITISH LINORA SPORTS SHIRTS. Well Tailored to fit Girls 5 to 7 years .. 2/4
8 to 11 years .. 2/4
12 to 14 years .. 2/6
16 years 2/6
All less 2/- in the £.
Shades, Red, Brown, Saxe, Green.

DR8.—TAILORED BRITISH LINORA SPORTS. Colours, Red, Brown, Saxe, Green.
5 to 7 years 1/11
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16 years 2/-
All less 2/- in the £.

Please make second choice of colour in case of disappointment.

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2GB

presents

DETECTIVE DALT *and* ZUMBA

Every TUESDAY THURSDAY SATURDAY 6.15 p.m.

Young or old, you will thrill to the amazing adventures of Detective Steve Dalt and his delightful assistant, Zumba the Zulu, as they circumvent the plans of the mad Duke Koski to make himself the Emperor of the World.

JINGLE BELLS

Every MONDAY WEDNESDAY THURSDAY 4.50 p.m.

Christmas is coming and Fairy Jingle Bells is back on the air to entertain the young folk with the doings of Toyland and Fairyland. Every child will remember Lucille Bruntnell in the role of the Fairy Jingle Bells.

2GB

"The Favourite Station"

MISS DORIS GOWLLAND, of 2GB, who has returned to Sydney from a tour of the broadcasting stations of the world. (See story below.)

RADIO GIRL'S *Tour of the* WORLD

Talked With the Voice of "Donald the Duck"

The "voice" of Walt Disney's "Donald the Duck" was met by Miss Doris Gowlland, of 2GB, during a world radio tour from which she has just returned.

After ten years in Australian radio Miss Gowlland now adds to her experience a year behind the scenes of the broadcasting stations of the world.

SHE found "Donald the Duck's" voice a good-looking young man. She found Fred Astaire, whom she saw broadcasting, short, slightly bald, wearing horn-rimmed glasses. She found the B.B.C. not so very B.B.C.

"Since my return," says Miss Gowlland, "I have been asked for news of Frank and Archie, probably the most popular radio artists America has produced as far as the outside world is concerned.

"When I was in America, the Hon. Archie was still in hospital making a slow recovery from his long and serious illness.

"In Chicago, I received a ring on the phone. A rather English voice said: 'You're going to have lunch with me to-day.' Not knowing who it was, I said, 'I'm afraid not!' But still the voice insisted that I was, and when I again refused I was greatly surprised to hear the old familiar voice of Frank Watanabe insisting in his delightful pidgin English that it was an old friend speaking.

"Eddie Holden, the creator of Frank Watanabe, was a complete surprise. I had always imagined him as short and Japanese-looking. Actually he is tall, good-looking, and though American, very English, for he spent many years in England as well as Japan.

"I had a similar surprise awaiting me at the Walt Disney studios.

"I was being shown over the studios by quite a good-looking young man whom everybody addressed as 'Duck.'

"At last I plucked up courage to ask him why. He replied in a deep quacking voice, 'I am the voice of "Donald the Duck"'. It is he whose voice is world-famous, yet his face is quite unknown on the screen.

"During the months I spent in America I visited numerous stations, large and small. I came away with the impression that an American radio station is the ideal place for a girl to work.

"Juniors commence on the equivalent of £3/10/-, and the conditions are wonderful. Contrary to expectation, there is very little bustling, as the American stations carry such large staffs. Each girl has her own particular job and carries it out perfectly. I think this must be the basis of American efficiency."

Asked whether she did any broadcasting in America, Miss Gowlland smiled and said, "You've got to be a star to get on the air in America.

"While I was there I saw Fred Astaire making a radio programme for a big motor firm. I was surprised, by the way, to find him short, wearing horn-rimmed glasses and slightly bald—but when he began to dance you forgot all that.

"Eddie Cantor was another big figure in radio. He is a delightful radio personality. I heard him during the floods make a wonderful appeal for special funds to help the homeless, to which he himself gave 500 dollars.

"If America impressed me by its marvellous entertainment, England proved far ahead in the development of television.

"In England I was asked to prepare a talk for the B.B.C., contrasting a stenographer's job in England and Australia. Of course I wrote the talk, and was very surprised to receive a letter asking me to rewrite it and be more indiscreet—in fact, as indiscreet as possible.

"I was somewhat amazed, as I had always thought the B.B.C.—well, very B.B.C. I have kept that letter and I am going to have it framed."

Our Radio Sessions From Station 2GB

WEDNESDAY, November 3.—11.45 a.m.: London Calling. 2.45 p.m.: The Fashion Parade.

THURSDAY, November 4.—11.45 a.m.: Things That Happen. 2.45 p.m.: The Movie World.

FRIDAY, November 5.—11.45 a.m.: So They Say. 2.45 p.m.: Musical Cocktail.

SATURDAY, November 6.—7.45 p.m.: The Music Box. 9.30 p.m.: Feature Musical Recital.

SUNDAY, November 7.—4.30 p.m.: Celebrity Singer Recital—Gladys Swarthout (mezzo-soprano). 6.10 p.m.: Artists of To-day.

MONDAY, November 8.—11.45 a.m.: People in the Limelight. 2.45 p.m.: Review of The Australian Women's Weekly.

TUESDAY, November 9.—11.45 a.m.: Overseas News. 2.45 p.m.: Things That Happen.

You can be a good cook too..... if you use AUNT MARY'S BAKING POWDER

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WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Astrological Research Society

Scorpions Don't Care... They Know How Good They Are

Scorpio people (those born between October 24 and November 23) are good sports.

This is just as well, for the astrologer, no matter how she tries, can't help throwing more bricks than bouquets at these people if the job of dissecting their characteristics is to be done properly.

THE trouble is that there is nothing wishy-washy about those born under this sign of the zodiac. Consequently, it is not possible to be polite and let it go at that.

There is nothing tame about them either. They dislike flattery and falseness, and if displeased are quick to pick a quarrel and let you know what's what.

But although they resent criticism from those they love—especially if it leads to public humiliation—these folk are keen to learn more about themselves, and to profit thereby.

A Scorpion really likes a joke against himself and will, in secret, enjoy it. But should you catch him thus lowering the guard to his pride, he will become excessively severe and autocratic.

If a careful study be made of Scorpio folk it will be found that they play-act much of their lives, but won't admit it. They start arguments by pretending to opinions they really don't hold; they like to act the "strong, silent man" part, and to encourage a respect which borders on fear in the hearts of their inferiors.

Yet if your study is a good one you will find that much of this "toughness" is a pose, and that most Scorpions have a very soft and good-natured side to their characters.

They hate you to guess it, that's all. And to make sure you won't, they are usually horribly abrupt, aggressive, uncomplimentary—and even rude.

This is a pity, for there are few finer individuals than "good" Scorpions. Still, it is no wonder that it is usually the so-called "bad" characteristics of these folk that are stressed when their characters are being analysed.

Truth to tell, most Scorpions are either very good—or very bad . . . very kind or very hard . . . very strong or very weak—but even in their weaknesses, strong.

Which seems paradoxical, but isn't. In other words, what the world terms a weakling—a criminal or a lazy-bones (or a mixture of both)—is likely, if a Scorpion, to be decidedly lazy and/or absolutely unscrupulous. Strong, even in his weakness.

Even those very few Scorpions who seem (only seem, mind you), to lack the self-assurance, aggressiveness and impulse which are usually stressed for those of this sign, will usually be found to be merely waiting their chance—or in a few cases shouldering their responsibilities in a quiet and uncomplaining fashion which, in itself, is nobly strong.

Give any Scorpion his chance to step ahead, however, and you can depend upon it he will step—usually far ahead of all competitors. They possess powerful qualities of magnetism, charm (when they wish), clever reasoning, practical ability, quick wit, and general shrewdness.

These are all qualities which help these vital, enthusiastic and forceful people to turn small opportunities into big successes, and thus help them to reach some of the highest positions in the world.

They are born pioneers—brave, confident and optimistic—and can pack lots of excitement, action and interest into sixty minutes of every hour.

The Daily Diary

TRY to utilise this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Fair on Nov. 5, 6, and 7 (early).

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Ape the ostrich. Hide your head in the sand (figuratively speaking) and pretend you don't know about the difficulties surrounding you. Be especially cautious on Nov. 2, 3, and 4. Try to avoid losses, disruption, and worry then.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Poor on Nov. 5, 6, and 7. Routine best.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Put important plans into operation and try to turn opportunities into successes. Results should be excellent at this time, especially for ventures started on Nov. 2 (after dusk), 3, and 4. Ask favors; seek promotion; make changes. Poor on Nov. 8 and 9.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Do not attempt new ventures or make changes, especially on Nov. 2 (p.m.), 3, and 4. Live cautiously. Take no risks.

VIRGO (August 24 to Sept. 23): Quite fair on Nov. 8 and 9. Work hard.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Unspectacular. Poor on Nov. 3 and 4.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Be sure to start important enterprises, seek favors or promotion, make changes, or sign documents this week. Nov. 2 (after 5 p.m.), 3, and 4 best of all. Success should follow if enterprise is blended with common sense and forethought.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): Nov. 5, 6, and 7 just fair.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): Quite fair on Nov. 8 and 9.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Live quietly. Make no changes in your affairs. Be patient and wise. Difficulties and annoyances can upset all your plans, so attempt nothing important, especially on Nov. 3 and 4.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): Overcome any tendency towards diffidence or lack of assurance. Work hard this week, especially on Nov. 2 (after dusk), 3, and 4. Make changes; seek promotion. Chase opportunities.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them.—Editor, A.W.W.)

10.152.32

Woman Breeds Colored Mice for a Living

By Air Mail from Our London Office.

THE average woman will almost go into hysterics at the mere sight of a mouse.

Not so Mrs. Katherine Turvey, of Tattenhoe, Buckinghamshire. She has taken to mice as a commercial proposition and among her collection of 15,000 are pink, black, blue, and even magenta mice.

She is the wife of a farmer who six years ago, being bored with country life, started keeping mice as a hobby.

Their mice live in hutches round the farmhouse garden and are allowed to run in pens on the lawn. Oatmeal, bran and baby foods provide their sustenance.

Although their appetites are not large, 15,000 mouse meals daily run into about £20 a week.

Mrs. Turvey recently visited New York to judge a mice contest and took 300 of her best specimens with her. During the crossing they lived in her cabin.

Freckles

Tells How to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots and Have a Beautiful Complexion.

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Kintho—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these unsightly spots.

Simply get an ounce of Kintho from any chemist and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double-strength Kintho, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

BABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear, to the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies Free if 2d. sent for postage to Depart. "A," Mrs. Clifford, 49 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne.***

OUT WITH OLD-FASHIONED TOOTH PASTES

The New PEPSODENT

alone contains **IRIUM** which thrillingly steps-up lustre on teeth

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Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night

THE CITADEL

Continued from Page 6

BUT, as he drank his tea, Andrew was most fascinated by Mrs. Boland—he simply could not keep his eyes from her. Pale, dreamy, unperturbed, she sat silently imbibing endless cups of black boiled tea while the children squabbled about her and the baby openly drew his nourishment from her generous fount. She smiled and nodded, cut bread for the children, poured out the tea, drank and gave suck, all with a kind of abstracted placidity, as though years of din, dirt, drabness—and Con's ebullience—had in the end exalted her to a plane of heavenly lunacy where she was isolated and immune.

He almost upset his cup when she addressed him, gazing over the top of his head, her voice meek, apologetic.

"I meant to call on Mrs. Manson, doctor. But I was so busy——"

"In the name of Heaven!" Con rolled with laughter. "Busy, indeed! She hadn't a new dress—that's what she means. I had the money laid by—but darn it all, Terence or one of them had to have new boots. Never mind, mother, wait till I get the car lengthened and we'll whirl ye up in style." He turned to Andrew with perfect naturalness. "We're hard up, Manson. It's the devil! We've plenty of grub, thank Heaven, but sometimes we're not so fancy with the duds. They're a stingy lot on the Committee. And, of course, the big chief gets his whack!"

"Who?" Andrew asked, astonished.

"Llewellyn! He takes his fifth from me as well as you!"

"But what on earth for?"

"Oh! he sees a case or two for me occasionally. He's taken a couple of dentigerous cysts out for me in the last six years. And he's the X-ray expert when that's needed."

The family had bundled out to play in the kitchen so Con could speak freely. "Him and his big saloon. The darn thing's all paint. Let me inform ye, Manson, once I was comin' up Mardy Hill behind him in my own little bus when I make up my mind to step on the gas. Ye should have seen his face when I give him my dust."

"Look here, Boland," Andrew said quickly. "This business of Llewellyn's cut is a shocking imposition. Why don't we fight it?"

"Eh?"

"Why don't we fight it?" Andrew repeated in a louder voice. Even as he spoke he felt his blood rise. "It's a darned injustice. Here are we hard up, trying to make our way—Listen, Boland, you're the very man I've been wanting to meet. Will you stand in with me on this? We'll get hold of the other assistants. Make a big united effort——"

A slow gleam irradiated Con's eye.

"Ye mean, ye want to go after Llewellyn?"

"I do."

Con impressively extended his hand.

"Manson, my boy," he declared momentously. "We're together from the start."

ANDREW raced home to Christine full of eagerness, thirsting for the fight.

"Chris! Chris! I've found a gem of a chap. A red-headed dentist—quite mad—yes, like me, I knew you'd say that. But listen, darling, we're going to start a revolution." He laughed excitedly. "Oh, Lord! If old man Llewellyn only knew what was in store for him!"

He did not require her caution to go carefully. He was determined to proceed with discernment in everything he did. He began therefore, the following day, by calling upon Owen.

The secretary was interested and emphatic. He told Andrew that the agreement in question was a voluntary one between the head doctor and his assistants. The whole thing lay outside the jurisdiction of the Committee.

"You see, Doctor Manson," Owen concluded. "Doctor Llewellyn is a very clever, well qualified man. We count ourselves fortunate to have him. But he has a handsome remuneration from the Society for acting as our Medical Superintendent. It is you assistant doctors who think he ought to have more——"

"Do we, hell," thought Andrew. He went away satisfied, rang up Oxborrow and Medley, made them agree to come to his house that evening. Urquhart and Boland had already promised to be there. He knew, from past conversations, that every one of the four loathed losing a fifth of his salary. Once he had them together the thing was done.

His next step was to speak to Llewellyn. He had decided on reflection that it would be underhand not to make some disclosure of his intention beforehand. That afternoon he was at the hospital giving an anaesthetic. As he watched Llewellyn go through with the operation, a long and complicated abdominal case, he could not repress a feeling of admiration. Owen's remark was absolutely true: Llewellyn was amazingly clever, not only clever but versatile. He was the exception, the unique instance, which—Denny would have contended—proved the rule. Nothing came amiss to him, nothing floored him. From public health administration, every by-law of which he knew by heart, to the latest radiological technique, the whole range of his multifarious duties found Llewellyn blandly expert and prepared.

After the operation, while Llewellyn was washing up, Andrew went to him, jerkily tugging off his gown.

"Excuse me for mentioning it, Doctor Llewellyn—but I couldn't help noticing the way you handled that tumor, it was awfully fine."

Llewellyn's dull skin tinged with gratification. He beamed affably.

"Glad you think so, Manson. Come to speak of it, you're improvin' nicely with your anaesthetics."

"NO, no," Andrew muttered. "I'll never be much good at that."

There was a pause. Llewellyn went on soaping his hands equably. Andrew, at his elbow, cleared his throat nervously. Now that the moment had come he found it almost impossible to speak. But he managed to blurt out:

"Look here, Doctor Llewellyn. It's only right to tell you—all we assistants think our salary percentage payments to you unfair. It's an awkward thing to have to say, but I—I'm going to propose they are done away with. We've got a meeting at my house to-night. I'd rather you knew that now, than afterwards. I—I want you to feel I'm at least honest about it."

Before Llewellyn could reply, and without looking at his face, Andrew swung round and left the theatre. How badly he had said it. Yet, anyway, he had said it. When they sent him their ultimatum, Llewellyn could not accuse him of stabbing him in the back.

The meeting at Vale View was fixed for nine o'clock that evening. Andrew put out some bottled beer and asked Christine to prepare sandwiches. When she had done this, she slipped on her coat and went round to Vaughans' for an hour. Strung with anticipation, Andrew stumped up and down the hall, striving to collect his ideas. And presently the others arrived—Boland first, Urquhart next, Oxborrow and Medley together.

In the sitting-room, pouring beer and proffering sandwiches, Andrew tried to initiate a cordial note. Since he almost disliked him he addressed Doctor Oxborrow first.

"Help yourself, Oxborrow! Plenty more in the cellar."

"Thanks, Manson." The evangelist's voice was chill. "I don't touch alcohol in any shape or form. It's against my principles."

"In the name of Heaven!" Con said, out of the froth of his moustache.

As a beginning it was not auspicious. Medley, munching sandwiches, kept his eyes all the time on the alert, his face wearing the stony anxiety of the deaf. Already the beer was increasing Urquhart's natural belligerence; after glaring steadily at Oxborrow for some minutes he suddenly shot out:

"Now I find myself in your company, Doctor Oxborrow, maybe you'll find it convenient to explain how Tudor Evans, Seventeen Glynn Terrace, came off my list on to yours."

"I don't remember the case," said Oxborrow pressing his finger-tips together aloofly.

"But I do!" Urquhart exploded. "It was one of the cases you stole from me, your medical reverence! And what's more——"

Please turn to Page 53

SHE DANCED DIVINELY—BUT . . . .

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THE CITADEL

"GENTLEMEN!" cried Andrew in a panic. "Please, please! How can we ever do anything if we quarrel among ourselves. Remember what we're here for."

"What are we here for?" Oxborrow said womanishly. "I ought to be at a case."

Andrew, standing on the hearth-rug, his expression taut and earnest, took a grab at the slippery situation.

"This is the way of it, then, gentlemen!" He drew a deep breath. "I'm the youngest man here and I'm not long in this practice, but I—I hope you'll excuse all that! Perhaps it's because I am new that I get a fresh look at things—things you've been putting up with too long. It seems to me in the first place that our system here is all wrong. We just go hacking and muddling through in the antediluvian way like we were ordinary town and country G.P.'s, fighting each other, not members of the same Medical Society with wonderful opportunities for working together! Every doctor I've met swears that practice is a dog's life. He'll tell you he drudges on, runs off his feet, never a minute to himself, no time for meals, always on call! Why is that? It's because there's no attempt at organisation in our profession. Take just one example of what I mean—though I could give you dozens. Night-calls! You know how we all go to bed at night, dreading we'll be wakened up and called out. We have rotten nights because we may be called. Suppose we knew we couldn't be called out. Suppose we arranged, for a start, a co-operative system of night work. One doctor taking all night-calls for one week and then going free of all night-calls for the rest of that month, while the others take their turn. Wouldn't that be splendid! Think how fresh you'd be for your day's work——"

He broke off, observing their blank faces.

"Wouldn't work," Urquhart snapped. "I'd sooner stay up every night of the month than trust old Oxborrow with one of my cases. Hee, hee! When he borrows he doesn't pay back."

Andrew interposed feverishly.

"We'll leave that then—anyway, till another meeting—seeing that we're not agreed on it. But there's one thing we are agreed on. And that's why we're here. This percentage we pay to Doctor Llewellyn." He paused. They were all looking at him now, touched in their pockets, interested. "We've all agreed it's unjust. I've spoken to Owen about it. He says it has nothing to do with the Committee but it is a matter for adjustment between the doctors."

"That's right," threw out Urquhart. "I remember when it was fixed. A matter of nine year ago. We had two rank Jonahs of assistants then. One at the East Surgery and one at my end. They gave Llewellyn a lot of trouble over their cases. So one fine day he called us all together and said it wasn't goin' to be worth his while unless we could make some arrangement with him. That's the way it started. And that's the way it's gone on."

"But his salary from the Committee already covers all his work in the Society. And he simply rakes in the shekels from his other appointments. He's rolling in it!"

"I know, I know," said Urquhart testily. "But, mind you, Manson, he's darn useful to us, is the same Llewellyn. And he knows it. If he chose to cut up rough we'd be in a pretty poor way."

"Why should we pay him?" Andrew kept on inexorably.

"Hear! Hear!" interjected Con, refilling his glass.

Oxborrow cast one glance at the dentist.

"If I may be allowed to get a word in, I agree with Doctor Manson in that it is unjust for us to have our salaries deducted. But the fact is, Doctor Llewellyn is a man of high standing, excellently qualified, who gives great distinction to the Society. And besides he goes out of his way to take our bad cases off our hands."

Andrew stared at the other.

"Do you want your bad cases off your hands?"

"Of course," said Oxborrow pettishly. "Who doesn't?"

"I don't," Andrew shouted. "I want to keep them, see them through!"

"Oxborrow's right," Medley muttered unexpectedly. "It's the first

Continued from Page 52

rule of medical practice, Manson. You'll realise it when you're older. Get rid of the bad stuff, get rid of it, rid of it."

"But, darn it all!" Andrew protested hotly.

The discussion continued, in circles, for three-quarters of an hour. At the end of that time Andrew, very heated, chanced to exclaim:

"We've got to put this through. D'you hear me, we've simply got to. Llewellyn knows we're after him. I told him this afternoon."

"What!" The exclamation came from Oxborrow. Urquhart, even from Medley.

"Do you mean to say, doctor, you told Doctor Llewellyn——" Half rising, Oxborrow bent his startled gaze on Andrew.

"Of course, I did! He's got to know some time. Don't you see, we've only got to stand together, show a united front, and we're bound to win!"

"Darn it!" Urquhart was livid. "You've got a nerve! You don't know what influence Llewellyn has. He's got a finger in everything! We'll be lucky if we're not all sacked. Think of me trying to find another pitch at my time of life." He bullocked his way towards the door. "You're a good fellow, Manson. But you're too young. Good night."

Medley had already risen hurriedly to his feet. The look in his eye said he was going straight to his telephone to tell Doctor Llewellyn apologetically that he, Llewellyn, was a superb doctor and he, Medley, could hear him perfectly. Oxborrow was on his heels. In two minutes the room was clear of all but Con, Andrew, and the remainder of the beer.

They finished the beverage in silence. Then Andrew remembered that there were six more bottles in the larder. They finished these six bottles. Then they began to talk. They said things touching the origin, parentage and moral character of Oxborrow, Medley and Urquhart. They dwelt especially upon Oxborrow and Oxborrow's harmonium.

Simplicity for Smartness

A TUNIC style dress created in black crepe is chosen by Binnie Barnes for afternoon wear. The jaunty hat is a white chip straw, worn well over one eye.

They did not observe Christine come in and go upstairs. They talked together soulfully, as brothers shamefully betrayed.

Next morning Andrew marched on his rounds with a splitting headache and a scowl. In the Square he passed Llewellyn in his car. As Andrew lifted his head in shamed defiance Llewellyn beamed at him.

FOR a week Andrew went about chafing under his defeat, bitterly cast down. On Sunday morning, usually devoted to long and peaceful repose, he suddenly broke loose.

"It isn't the money, Chris! It's the principle of the thing! When I think of it—it drives me crazy! Why can't I let it slip? Why don't I like Llewellyn? At least why do I like him one minute and hate him the next? Tell me honestly, Chris. Why don't I sit at his feet? Am I jealous? What is it?"

Her answer staggered him. "Yes, I think you are jealous!"

"What!"

"Don't break my eardrums, dear. You asked me to tell you honestly. You're jealous, frightfully jealous. And why shouldn't you be? I don't want to be married to a saint. There's enough cleaning in this house already without you setting up a halo."

"Go on," he growled. "Give me all my faults when you're about it. Suspicious! Jealous! You've been at me before. Oh, and I'm too young, I suppose. Octogenarian Urquhart rammed that in my teeth the other day!" A pause during which he waited for her to continue the argument. Then, irritably, "Why should I be jealous of Llewellyn?"

"Because he's frightfully good at his work, knows so much, and well—chiefly because he has all these first-class qualifications."

Please turn to Page 54

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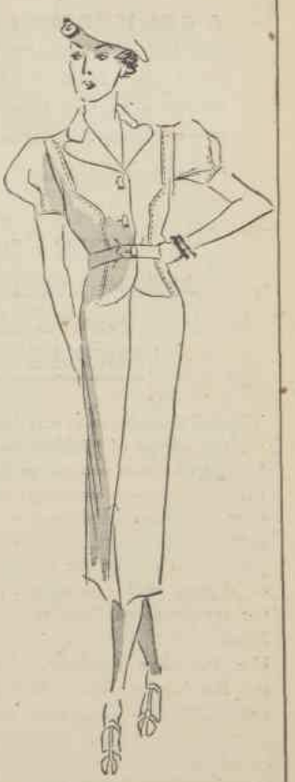

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TRAITOR

Which of us has failed in keeping
Wordless promises we pledged?
For into my hour are creeping
Doubts that are so keenly edged.

Which of us will end in weeping
Which of us will suffer most.
Who will find from shadows peeping
Fingers of a wistful ghost?

One of us has kept the bargain
Eyes and hands and lips have made,
But the other walked in laughter,
And a heart has been betrayed.

—*Yvonne Webb.*

THE CITADEL

Continued from Page 53

"WHILE I have a scrubby little M.B. from a Scots University! Now I know what you really think of me." Furious, he flung out of bed and began to walk about the room in his pyjamas. "What do qualifications matter anyway? Pure darn swank! It's method, clinical ability that counts. I don't believe all the tripe they serve up in text-books. I believe in what I hear through the ends of my stethoscope! And in case you don't know it I hear plenty. I'm beginning to find out real things in my anthracite investigation. Perhaps I'll surprise you one fine day, my lady! Darn it all! It's a fine state of affairs when a man wakes up on Sunday morning and his wife tells him he knows nothing!"

Sitting up in bed, she took her manicure set and began to do her nails, waiting till he had finished.

"I didn't say all that, Andrew." Her reasonableness aggravated him the more. "It's just—darling, you're not going to be an assistant all your life. You want people to listen to you, pay attention to your work, your ideas—oh, you understand what I mean. If you had a really fine degree—an M.D. or—or the M.R.C.P., it would stand you in good stead."

"The M.R.C.P.!" He echoed blankly. Then: "So she's been thinking it out all by her little self. The M.R.C.P.—huh!—take that from a mining practice!" His satire should have overwhelmed her. "Don't you understand they only give that to the crowned heads of Europe!"

He banged the door and went into the bathroom to shave. Five minutes later he was back again, one half of his chin shaved, the other lathered. He was penitent, excited.

"Do you think I could do it, Chris? You're absolutely right. We need a few pips on the good old name plate so we can hold our own up! But the M.R.C.P.—it's the most difficult medical examination in the whole shoot. It's—it's murder! Still—I believe—wait and I'll get the particulars——"

Breaking off, he dashed downstairs for the Medical Directory. When he returned with it his face had fallen to acute dejection.

"Sunk!" he muttered dismally. "Right bang off! I told you it was an impossible examination. There's a preliminary paper in languages. Four languages. Latin, French, Greek, German—and two of them are compulsory, before you can even sit for the cursed thing. I don't know languages. All the Latin I know is dog lingo—mist, alba—mitte decem. As for French——"

She did not answer. There was a silence while he stood at the window gloomily considering the empty view. At last he turned, frowning, worrying, unable to leave the bone alone.

"Why shouldn't I—darn it all, Chris—why shouldn't I learn these languages for the examination?"

Her manicure things spread themselves upon the floor as she jumped out of bed and hugged him.

"Oh, I did want you to say that, my dear. That's the real you. I could—I could help you, perhaps. Don't forget your old woman's a retired schoolmarm!"

THEY made plans excitedly all day. They bundled Trollope, Tchekov and Dostoevsky into the spare bedroom. They cleared the sitting-room for action. And that evening he went to school with her. The next evening, and the next——

Sometimes Andrew felt the sublime bathos of it, heard from afar off the mocking laughter of the gods. Sitting over the hard table with his wife, in this remote Welsh mining town, muttering after her caput—capitis, or Madame, est-il possible que? wading through declensions, irregular verbs, reading aloud from Tacitus, and a patriotic reader they had picked up, Pro Patria—he would jerk back suddenly in his chair, morbidly conscious:

"If Llewellyn could see us here—wouldn't he grin! And to think this is only the beginning, that I've got all the medical stuff after!"

Towards the end of the following month parcels of books began to arrive periodically at Vale View from the London branch of the International Medical Library. Andrew began to read where, at college, he had left off. He discovered, quickly, how early he had left off. He discovered and was swamped by the therapeutic advance of biochemistry. He discovered renal thresholds, blood ureas, basal metabolism, and the fallibility of the albumen test. As this keystone of his student's days fell from him he groaned aloud.

"Chris! I know nothing. And this stuff is killing me!"

He had to contend with the work of his practice, he had only the long nights in which to study. Sustained by black coffee and a wet towel round his head he battled on, reading into the early hours of the morning. When he fell into bed, exhausted, often he could not sleep. And sometimes when he slept he would wake, sweating from a nightmare, his head ablaze with terms, formulae, and some drivelling imbecility of his halting French.

He smoked to excess, lost weight, became thinner in the face. But Chris was there, constantly, silently, there, permitting him to talk, to draw diagrams, to explain, in tongue-twisting nomenclature, the extraordinary, the astounding, the fascinating selective action of the kidney tubules. She also permitted him to shout, gesticulate, and, as his nerves grew more ragged, to hurl abuse at her. At eleven o'clock as she brought him fresh coffee he became liable to snarl:

"WHY can't you leave me alone? What's this slush for, anyway? Caffein—it's only a rotten drug. You know I'm killing myself, don't you? And it's all for you. You're hard! You're darn hard. You're like a female turnkey, marching in and out with skilly! I'll never get this darned thing. There are hundreds of fellows trying to get it from the West End of London, from the big hospitals, and me!—from Aberalaw—ha, ha!" His laughter was hysterical, "from the dear old Medical Aid Society! Oh, Heavens! I'm so tired and I know they'll have me out to-night for that confinement in Cefan Row and——"

She was a better soldier than he. She had a quality of balance which steadied them through every crisis. She also had a temper but she controlled it. She made sacrifices, refused all invitations from the Vaughans, stopped going to the orchestral concerts in the Temperance Hall. No matter how badly they had slept she was always up early, neatly dressed, ready with his breakfast when he came dragging down, unshaven, the first cigarette of the day already between his lips.

Suddenly, when he had been working six months, her aunt in Bridlington took ill with phlebitis and wrote asking her to come North. Handing him the letter she declared immediately that it was impossible for her to leave him. But he, bunched sulkily over his bacon and egg, growled out:

"I wish you'd go, Chris! Studying this way, I'd get on better without you. We've been getting on each other's nerves lately. Sorry—but—it seems the best thing to do."

Continued Next Week

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

No more worry
ABOUT DRY, LIFELESS
"MIDDLE-AGE"
SKIN!

A GIRL IS FOOLISH to let dry, lifeless "Middle-Age" skin ruin her looks! Here's a simple beauty secret that keeps complexions lovely . . . soft, smooth, young!

HOW PALMOLIVE, MADE WITH OLIVE OIL, PREVENTS DRY, LIFELESS, "MIDDLE AGE" SKIN

DON'T think you're safe from the danger of "Middle-Age" Skin just because you are young! For beauty experts warn that this ugly condition threatens even girls in their twenties. So be on your guard against the first sign of dryness and coarseness . . . the symptoms of "Middle-Age" Skin!

Use Palmolive regularly. For this fine beauty soap made with Olive Oil, does more than just cleanse. Its gentle protective lather helps prevent your skin from becoming dry, lifeless, old-looking . . . keeps your complexion soft, smooth and *young*.

Does the soap you are now using give you this same marvellous protection against "Middle-Age" Skin? Do you know what ingredients go into it? Are you *sure* it is as pure, as gentle and safe as Palmolive?

You *know* that Palmolive is made from a blend of real beauty ingredients, soothing Olive and Palm Oils—famous as beauty aids since lovely Cleopatra's time. That's why Palmolive, more than any other soap, promises to keep your complexion young and lovely through the years! So why not start using Palmolive Soap to-day? 16/447

FREE! DIONNE QUIN CUT-OUT BOOK FOR CHILDREN!

Beautifully coloured cut-outs of all five Quins, with dresses, coats, etc. . . . 63 in all. A lovely picture of the Quins on cover. Just send 6 Palmolive Soap bands to Colgate-Palmolive Pty. Ltd., Box 2701 C, G.P.O., Sydney.

KEEP THAT "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION" . . . GUARD AGAINST "MIDDLE AGE" SKIN

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY
HOME MAKER

November 6, 1937 — A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers. — Page One

BEAUTY RECIPES *for* *Busy* HOUSEWIVES

No earthly reason why you shouldn't look as attractive morning, noon and night as the efficient business girl

YOU like to look nice when friends drop in to tea. Why not look your very nicest always for HIM—and for your little ones, too!

There still exist in our midst worried little housewives of all ages who complain that their work is never done. They use this time-worn axiom as an excuse for so many things, but more especially as an excuse for personal neglect.

The only women to-day who can truthfully lay claim to the old saying are those of the great outback, who not only tend house — minus modern conveniences—tend children, but do part of a man's work on the farm.

YOU CAN LOOK as pretty as a picture in your own bright little kitchen. Neat, attractive frocks, and decorative aprons, and then at night, when your husband takes you out, try to look as lovely as Myrna Loy, the perfectly-groomed M.-G.-M. star, pictured on your left.

By EVELYN

YOU, one of the busiest of housewives, might say that it's impossible on arising of a morning to spend more than five minutes on yourself.

There's breakfast to get for the family; there are countless odds and ends to do in the meantime . . . washing and dressing the younger members of the family, for instance; seeing that Jimmy washes behind his ears, cleans his teeth, polishes his shoes in readiness for school; cutting lunches. Finally, shooing all off in time for work or school.

You might argue that all you have time to do for yourself is to slip into a "kim" and slippers, or don a dress, tie an apron around your waist—and get to it!

Which is such a pity, for, as a result of this personal neglect, you look and feel any-old-how.

Consider a contrast.

You arise fifteen minutes earlier each morning. First, you drink a glass of lemon water. This, made from the juice of one lemon squeezed into a glass of cold water, is a tonic. Then you take a tepid bath or shower, slap cold water over face and neck, give yourself a brisk rub down, dust a little fragrant talc over body and limbs, and dress.

Breathe in Beauty

NOW, if you have three minutes to spare, you stand before the open window and breathe in deeply through the nose, slowly fill the lungs with fresh, life-giving air, and exhale. Feel the blood tingling through your body! Slip into a neat frock, tie around your waist a clean, pretty, but efficient apron, and I guarantee you'll have a happier outlook on the day, whether or no the sun is shining.

Your husband will feel jolly proud of you (secretly, if not expressed in so many words). Psychologically, the children will benefit. Moreover, they will feel prouder of mummy all-dressed-up and looking so nice. You will yourself enjoy a greater sense of well-being.

Remember this: The wearing of doesn't - matter - what - I - look-like clothes robs not only your good looks but your self-respect.

Every wise housewife will keep on hand at least a half-dozen aprons. Keep your plainest and heaviest type for the dusting, sweeping, and washing-up tasks—and, say, preparation of dinner.

Wear nicer ones if you are still in the kitchen when friend husband comes home. You like to look your nicest when friends drop in for afternoon tea, why not look your very nicest **always** for him, and your little ones as well.

During the day, for even the busiest have time to spare, spend half an hour on beauty care. One day shampoo your hair. Next day give yourself a manicure; next a facial or a pedicure, and so on.

Away With Fatigue

FOR banishing fatigue there is nothing like a complete flop underneath a beautifying face-pack.

Cleanse your face from all dust and grime or make-up, and mix yourself the mask. White of egg beaten stiffly and applied over face and neck is good.

Here is a more effective mask:

Mix a teaspoonful of powdered milk (that which is fed to babes may be used) with the white of one fresh egg. Whip the two ingredients together. Cleanse the face thoroughly, hold two or three hot towels to the face, and then, without drying the skin, spread a film of the mixture on face and throat. Draw the blinds and lie down on the bed for at least twenty minutes. If you have witch-hazel in the house soak two small pads of cotton-wool in this, and cover the eyes. Compose your face as well as your mind, and relax.

Cold water should be used for removing the mask. Saturate a cloth, dab the skin; rinse with cold water.

The powdered milk is rich in butter-fat and the white of egg nourishes the skin.

Some final tips: Make the most of the face you've got. Help your hands, elbows and feet to look their best. Care for your teeth assiduously. Keep your figure trim. Cut down on fats and starches if you're overweight. Exercise or take brisk walks. And do wear pretty frocks **and** a smile of a morning. Life will reward you.

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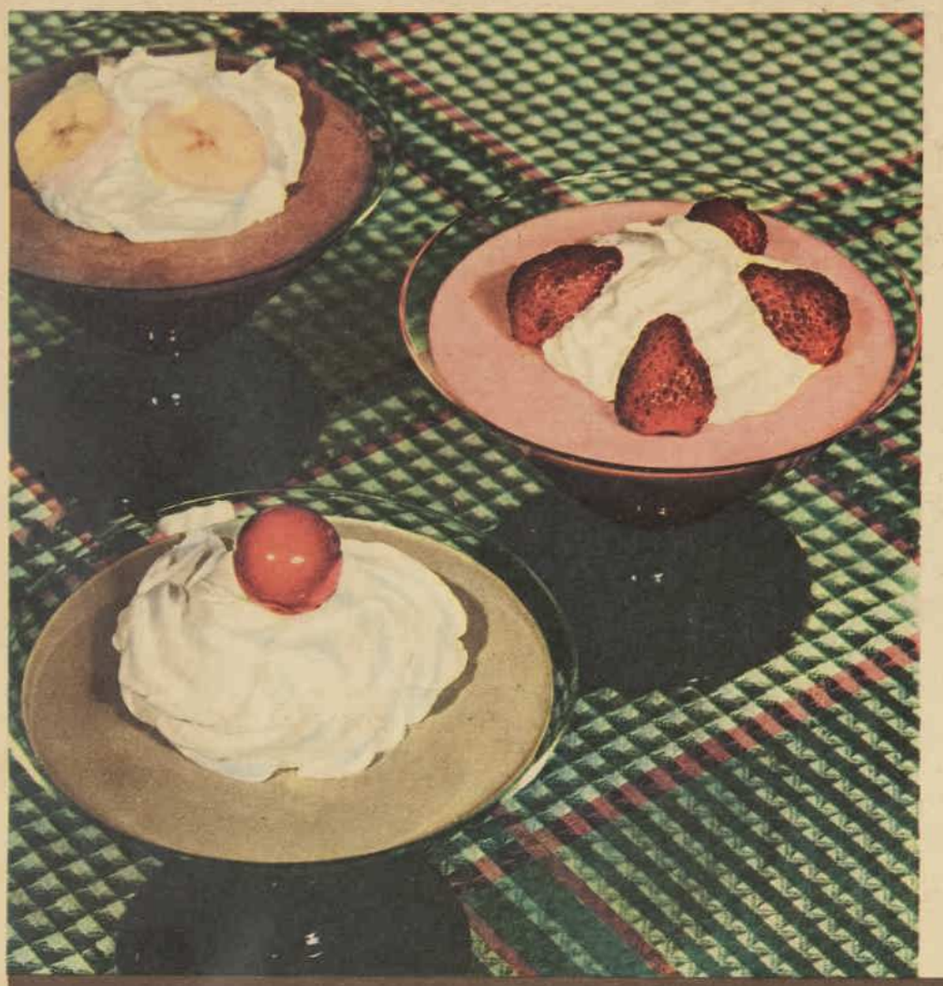
Coloured flavoured JUNKETS

.... solution to a hot-weather dessert problem



—and in a few minutes you have the most attractive and delicious of all sweets—rich, flavoured, coloured Junket! Hansen's Junket.

First select your flavouring—chocolate, coffee, vanilla, raspberry are all delicious flavours which you probably have in your pantry this minute. Stir a dissolved Hansen's Junket Tablet into lukewarm, sweetened milk, add the flavouring, and in a few minutes you have smooth, velvety Junket. Serve in individual dishes, use your ingenuity to decorate them with whipped cream and fruit, nuts or jelly, and watch the effect on your family—and your guests. Every good meal should end with a light, tempting sweet; and cool, creamy Junket, made the Hansen way, is certainly inviting.

Serve this sensible summer sweet often—it's the grandest way of giving your family all the milk they need, and, at the same time, solving your summer dessert problem. Order Hansen's Junket Tablets from your grocer to-day, and serve this sweet-treat to-night!

Hansen's Fruit Junket Essence: Hansen's also make a Fruit Junket Essence, which sets, colours, flavours—all in one. Ask your grocer.

HANSEN'S Junket Tablets

MAKE ICE CREAM AT HOME.... *Half Price!*

Simple as A.B.C. to make Ice Cream at Home in your Automatic Refrigerator! - - - - - -

Simple as it's modern! You just mix Hansen's Ice Cream Mix with milk and cream, and freeze in your refrigerator or hand-churn. You'll be as pleased as your guests when you serve this smooth, creamy ice cream—because you've made it yourself!

And this home-made ice cream is especially good for kiddies because it's *pure, wholesome* and *easy to digest*—you know just what goes into it.

Flavours—Strawberry, Vanilla, Chocolate

HANSEN'S ICE CREAM MIX

If unprocurable locally, send the name of your grocer to:—
E. Gommeson & Co. Ltd., P.O. Box 577FF, Sydney, N.S.W.

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

Exquisite LUNCHEON SETS . . .

Adorned with a riot of flowers—scarlet poppies and red-gold nasturtiums blossoming amid green leaves.

AND you can capture all the loveliness and gaiety of these flowers so simply—just by working with colorful threads on fine linen.

THESE two beautiful designs—the Shirley poppy and nasturtium—stamped ready for working on attractive luncheon sets in white or colored linen are obtainable from our Needlework Department.

You have a choice of cloths in two sizes, 45 by 45 inches and 54 by 54 inches, and you can obtain serviettes, d'oyleys, sandwich d'oyleys, and tea-cosy to match in either the poppy or nasturtium designs.

COULD you wish for a luncheon cloth and matching linens more colorful than these pictured here? Above is shown portion of the cloth featuring the Shirley poppy design, and on the left is shown the nasturtium pattern.

● Use these pictures of Shirley poppy and nasturtium designs as color guides for working luncheon cloths.

● The cloths are available stamped with design ready for working in two sizes, and can be obtained, together with serviettes, tea-cosy and d'oyleys to match, from our Needlework Department. Why not order a set now and embroider it in time for Christmas entertaining?

Serviette, 11 by 11 inches, 1/-.

D'oyley, 8 by 8 inches, 1/-.

Sandwich d'oyley, 5 by 11 inches, 1/-.

Tea-cosy, 13 by 10 inches, 3/6.

When ordering, state whether you require the nasturtium or Shirley poppy design and which size cloth you desire.

Send orders to the Needlework Department, The Australian Women's Weekly, 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. (Interstate postal addresses on pattern page).

To embroider the designs, use the pictures on this page as color guides, and work mostly in satin-stitch with a little stem-stitch.

The original poppy design was worked with scarlet flowers, yellow stamens and green leaves on a white ground.

The nasturtium design was done with red-gold flowers, and leaves in two shades of green on a cream ground.

LUNCHEON should be a gay meal.

In summer, especially, when the warm, sunny days make it possible to serve meals out-of-doors, on the lawn under a shady tree or on the verandah, and light dishes, such as dainty salads, are the general order, luncheon calls for light-hearted table settings with cheery, colorful linens.

Portions of two luncheon cloths pictured on this page show two exquisite designs which are particularly light-hearted in feeling and ideal for summer luncheon sets.

The brilliant colorings provide a harmonising background for pretty china and daintily-prepared food.

For entertaining friends at luncheon, especially if it is served in the sun-room or on the verandah, what could look more attractive than a complete luncheon set embroidered in either of the two flower designs shown here?

You can obtain these linens stamped ready for working on white, cream, blue, pink, green, or yellow linen from our Needlework Department.

Two Sizes

THE sets include cloths in two sizes, serviettes, d'oyleys, sandwich d'oyley and tea-cosy.

The prices of the various pieces, with all edges spoke-stitched, are:

Cloth 45 by 45 inches, 9/6.

Cloth, 54 by 54 inches, 11/6.

Ideas for Bridge Cloths

CUT a square of rough white linen in a size to fit your card table and embroider playing cards on it in the corners. For the spots on diamonds and hearts use red thread and outline the cards with black thread. For the spades and clubs use black thread with red borders.

Blanket-stitch the edges in black and red.

Here is another idea. Instead of white, use colored linen—pink or blue or bright yellow, for example—and cut out as many little white squares as you wish to represent playing cards. Stitch them on your background after having embroidered each little piece of stuff with a card. The same playing cards made a little larger will make perfect little napkins to slip under glasses.

If you have no proper bridge table, it would be a good plan to make the same kind of cloth worked in green material with white felt cards stitched on it. But be careful and don't try to pick up the ace of hearts sewn on the stuff, mistaking it for the card you wish to see in your partner's hand.

Lasting Beautiful COLOUR

Chairs, tables, dressers, doors and woodwork . . . anything around your home can be made colourful, gay and charming . . . with "Dulux"—the miracle finish. "Dulux" gives lasting, beautiful colour to kitchen and bathroom, spare room and porch—and it is economical because it is

FROM 50% TO 100% MORE DURABLE THAN ENAMELS

"Dulux" is easy to apply, it dries quickly with a beautiful lustre. Its colours won't fade and a wipe over with a damp cloth keeps it spotless.

● A Product of British Australian Lead Manufacturers Pty. Ltd.

TUNE IN "The Mystery Club" "The Masqueraders" Two great half-hour shows!

B·A·L·M DULUX

SUPERSEDES ENAMELS AND VARNISHES

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BEAUTY *Comes First in* HOLLYWOOD

Where Girls Budget for Treatments —Where Good Looks Turn to Glamor

By Air Mail from GWEN HOWARTH (Sister of Joy Howarth) from Hollywood.

In Hollywood, girls budget for beauty, and, if necessary, would miss a luncheon for a facial or some special beauty treatment.

SYDNEY girls (if they are like I was) would probably budget for the week:—1 pair stockings, 6 lunches, new hat, shoes mended, and leave it at that—with perhaps an occasional hair-set.

But not the American girl! Her weekly budget would include a manicure, a facial, a hair shampoo, and in most cases a pedicure.

One of the first things I noticed when I arrived here was the almost uniform "dangly" shoulder-length bob.

The reason? Because the long bob is so adaptable. The hair is thinned in such a way that it may be dressed to give a short effect in the daytime, and a more sophisticated one for evening.

I've seen a miraculous change made in a person with an altered head-dress. For instance, hair dangling over the ears, if curled up and back, can be very flattering to the wearer in comparison with some more ordinary style.

"Raise your hair to the sun" seems to be an apt slogan here, for the stars very rarely wear hats. Perhaps that is the secret of their healthy-looking hair.

Brushing, which became extinct with short hair, is now being revived in Hollywood. So girls—brush again if you would have shining hair.

Wash the salt out of your hair, too, after your swim. I'm told it's ruinous to the coiffure.

Hollywood teaches the stars not only how to develop their good looks, but how to change them to glamor.

Most of this knowledge can be found at the studio baths, where the stars learn how to become beautiful and stay that way.

Must Exercise

FIRST, if you would be beautiful, you must exercise.

One exercise for developing upper arms, bust, and chest, and to slim the waistline is just as practical for the average housewife as for a movie star. Lie on the floor, flat on your stomach, and then raise yourself slowly until your arms are straight, and then lower yourself slowly again, keeping the feet firm on the floor all the time.

Sometimes after a hard day's work the stars go to the studio baths, which are open 24 hours a day, to exercise and relax. Stars often come in for late treatment, remain all night—accommodation is provided—and return to work next morning.

Dancers keep fit there on a vibrating machine which reduces calves, hips, and ankles. Very effective is the "bath and massage" treatment, which takes about one and a half hours. Jocelyn Howarth kept this up for a couple of weeks, and reduced about eight pounds. Treatment includes everything from an electric cabinet, salt rub, steaming in individual rooms, a 45-minute massage and pommelling on the fatty portions, especially round the waist. There is no excuse for those in the movies not to keep fit.

Even minor accidents are taken care of at the studio baths. For instance, a starlet recently broke a fingernail, and was hurried away to the beauty parlor to have a false nail put on. These false nails are first filed to fit, then cemented on. Polish is applied, and it is then impossible to detect that the nail is not real.

False eyelashes—glued to real lashes—are put on in 45 minutes, last a week, and cost three dollars (12/-). Even many non-actresses use false eyelashes here with intriguing effect.

The secret of applying mascara for thick, silky lashes is the use of two brushes. With very little mascara on one brush, start brushing the lashes on the upper lids upward, going over the lashes again and again until the right effect is obtained. Then use the dry brush to separate each lash.

Very often a star is made glamorous not by putting make-up on, but by taking it off.

An example is Alice Faye. Natural hair, a thickening of her eyebrows, and less lipstick improved her.

From good looks to siren-type glamor and then to wholesome beauty is the road Joan Crawford has travelled. The Joan Crawford I saw here when I arrived was not an exotic artificial type. She has learnt the secret of allure without exaggeration. But developing beauty—and keeping it—is as much a job as acting. It requires attention, exercise, advice of experts, and work!

THE PRACTICAL shoulder-length bob, which can be dressed to give a short or long effect, is worn by Della Lind, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film star.

but WHICH SOAP for SAFETY?

The needle is for emergencies — the soap is a regular precaution against infection, used dozens of times a day, to protect both you and him.

PROTEX Germicidal Soap is the choice of countless doctors and should be used in your home. It contains a powerful antiseptic, that is

11 TIMES STRONGER THAN CARBOLIC

yet non-irritant to the most delicate skin. Protex has the added advantages of a pleasant aroma and economy in use through being hard-milled.

A COLGATE QUALITY SOAP

Recommended by the Medical Profession

(Vide "The Medical Journal of Australia," 4/7/36)

FOR YOUNG WIVES *and* MOTHERS

By MARY TRUBY KING

One of the first essentials of good health is cleanliness, therefore, even when a child has a cold, he should not miss his daily bath.

A GOOD warm bath will open the pores of the skin, so be careful to cool down the bath-water before taking the child out, in order to close the pores.

Otherwise give him a quick cool sponge, and then pop him straight back into a warm bed. Rubbing the chest and trunk with warm olive or camphorated oil is also beneficial.

Do not give up bathing baby daily because he has a cold. Baby needs a warm bath even more than usual when he is suffering from a chill.

Think how important a part the skin plays in getting rid of waste products of the body, and then you will realise why it is doubly necessary to give warm baths during the time when the poisons of a cold are circulating in his system.

But, beware of subjecting the child to cold draughts after the bath. If the bathroom is some distance from his bedroom, wrap him up completely in a warmed blanket while carrying him from room to room.

If the child is too ill to be moved from his room, the warm sponge may be given in bed or on his mother's lap before the fire; but unless this procedure is carried out quickly and deftly, there is more risk of exposure and chilling than there is from a quick bath in the bathroom.

During convalescence from a cold, keep the toddler off the floor and protect him from sudden changes of temperature. Do not keep children with colds cooped up in hot rooms, but make use of the sunshine. Should the doctor order that the child be kept indoors, select a room where the sun can pour in the window.

Never let a cold go on indefinitely without getting medical advice, especially if there is a chesty cough, difficult breathing, feverishness, drowsiness, or any sign of ear trouble. Many serious illnesses develop from neglected colds.

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

PATIENT: What is meant by the term "Mental Hygiene?"

MENTAL hygiene, rather a new term, consists of practice of hygiene for the mind; in short, the prevention of mental and nervous disorders.

People are apt to wait altogether too long before seeking advice and help. Were early manifestations of mental disharmony only treated in time, more actual cures could be effected and hopeless cases would soon become a rarity.

The brain and nervous system are very tough, perhaps the toughest kind of animal tissue. What the human mind can stand in the way of worry, despair and thwarted desires is almost incredible.

Nevertheless, there is a breaking point. And when that breaking point is reached the toughest organ in the body is also the toughest to cure.

Recovery from nervous and mental disease, by and large, takes longer than does recovery from other ordinary organic ailments. Therefore, be on the alert and watch your mind and nerve reactions. Practice mental hygiene and catch trouble in time!

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Our Fashion Service and Concession Pattern

Gay Boleros, Short Swing Coats, and Soft Feminine Blouses Are the Vogue....Here Are Expert Patterns!

PLEASE NOTE

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern state age of child. (4) Use the numbers given on concession coupon. (5) When sending for concession pattern, enclose 3d. stamp.

CHILD'S DRESS
WW1907.—Attractive bolero style for little girls aged 8 to 14 years. Material required: 2 5-8 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

HOUSE COAT
WW1913—One of the new style house coats so popular for warmer days. Cut in sizes 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

BOY'S SUIT
WW1914 — Shirt and trousers, easy to make and smart when finished, so suitable for the little boy, 4 to 10 years of age. Material required: 1¼ yards for shirt, and 7-8 yard for trousers, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d**

FROCK AND COAT
WW1911—Cravat style frock with contrast swagger coat for spectator sports—a popular notion this season. Cut in sizes 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3 3-8 yards, 36 inches wide for frock, and 2 3-8 yards for jacket. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

SNAPPY BLOUSE
WW1912 — This smart jumper blouse is very becoming and simple to make. Cut in sizes 33 to 38-inch bust. Material required for 36-inch bust: 2 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

BOLERO STYLE
WW1908—Smart afternoon style, with lace collar worn over short, chic bolero. Skirt is flared. Sizes 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 3-8 yards, 36 inches wide, and ½ yard lace. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

YOUTHFUL MODE
WW1909—Peter Pan collar and skirt pleated all round are the snappy features of this becoming little frock. Cut in sizes 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 3-8 yards, 36 inches wide, and 3-8 yard contrast. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

AFTERNOON FROCK
WW1910—Note the snug-fitting waistline and draped bodice of this Parisian model dress. Cut in sizes 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3¾ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

OUR SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

LOVELY LINGERIE
Nightdress Slip, Stepins
Cut in Sizes 32 to 36-inch Bust

Patterns Cost 3d.

OUR three-in-one concession pattern this week provides for the three dainty pieces of lingerie shown at right.

Three-in-one pattern in each size costs 3d.

To obtain, fill in coupon below, enclose 3d. in stamps, and send to our offices.

Material required, 36 inches wide:—
No. 1 (Nightdress): 4 yards.
No. 2 (Slip): 2¼ yards.
No. 3 (Stepins): 2¼ yards.

Concession Pattern Coupon

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garments illustrated at right, fill in the coupon and post it, WITH 3d. STAMP, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Department," to any of the following addresses. Be careful to specify which size you want. A 3d. STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. An extra charge of threepence will be made for patterns over one month old.

ADELAIDE.—Box 388A, G.P.O.
BRISBANE.—Box 403F, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE.—Box 185, G.P.O.
NEWCASTLE.—Box 41, G.P.O.
PERTH.—Box 681G, G.P.O.
SYDNEY.—Box 4299YY, G.P.O.
If calling, 168 Castlereagh Street.
TASMANIA.—Write to Melbourne office, address above.
NEW ZEALAND.—Write to Sydney office.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see address of our office, which will be found on page 2.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

STATE .....

Size ..... Pattern Coupon 6/11/37

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SEVEN KNITTED NOVELTIES

to add charm to yourself and your home

Does your choice fall on this delightful knitted jabot? Or on the smart, knitted luncheon set? You'll find working directions for both and for five other designs in the leaflet "Knitted Novelties" which is obtainable, price 3d., from your Needlework shop.

To obtain the best results you must be sure to use Coats' Mercer-Crochet, the soft and lovely thread chosen by discerning needlewomen for generations. Get the leaflet from your Needlework shop to-day. In case of difficulty, use coupon below.

so easy to work in

COATS' MERCER CROCHET

6/11/37

COUPON.

To Box No. 1004P, G.P.O., Melbourne, Vic. No. 2578B, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.
No. 1148F, G.P.O., Brisbane, Qld. No. 184C, G.P.O., Adelaide, S.A.
No. 30990, G.P.O., Perth, W.A. No. 188 Te Aro, Wellington, N.Z.

I enclose 3d. in stamps for one copy of "Knitted Novelties" leaflet, No. 502, Post Free

Name.....

Address.....MGRK

"Come into my parlour," said the spider (WILLIAMS FLY TARGET) to the fly . . .

And what a Spider! Kills flies wholesale, quickly and surely! Convenient . . . non-sticky . . . inconspicuous. Economical — lasts several weeks. Simply place target in small plate of water and say good-bye to flies.

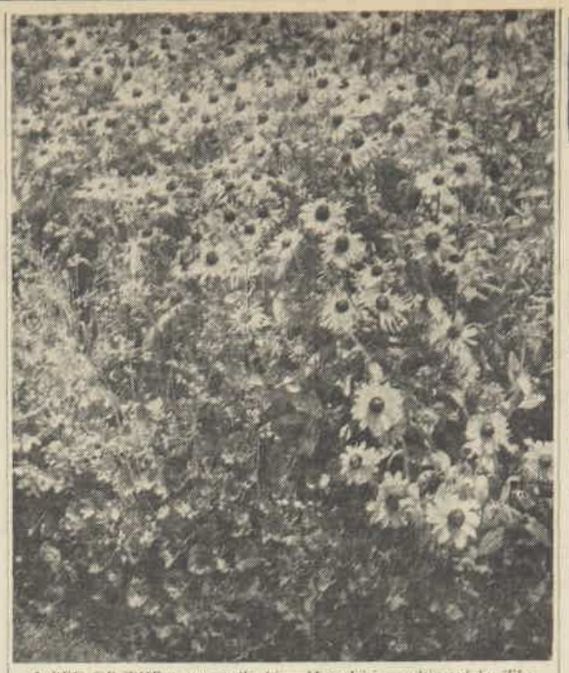
If unobtainable at your local chemist or storekeeper, send 1/- for 5 Targets Post Free to P.O. Box 12, Surry Hills, Sydney.

CLEAN . . . INCONSPICUOUS . . . ECONOMICAL

WILLIAMS FLY TARGET 3D. EACH OR 5 for 1/-

Flavour unequalled.

CHAMPION'S PURE MALT VINEGAR



A BED OF THE newer rudbeckia—Monplaisir—cultivated by The Old Gardener. Tall and stately, prolific, and joyous to look upon, the Monplaisir is one of the lovelier flowers of the sun.

FLOWERS *of the* SUN

Brighten Up the Color Scheme; Make a Joyous Setting for the Home

—*SAYS THE OLD GARDENER*

Some time ago, The Old Gardener told you how to plan a blue garden. Now, he tells you what flowers to choose for a fascinating, sun-colored garden.

By planning in a methodical fashion, he says, you can have a garden shading from the palest yellows to deep gold.

WHAT a host of yellows and golden types to choose from! Take marigolds, for instance. The improved varieties range from pale yellow to purest gold. Guinea-gold, of course, is one of the latter favorites.

Gaillardia has also been improved and to-day can show some beautiful yellows and golds. Indian Chief is the latest novelty. Mimulus is an old-time favorite and always popular; the quaint, monkey-like flowers are rather lovely.

The sunflower is another that must not be forgotten. Sunflowers range from the small decorative to the giant variety. Some of the former more recently introduced are the color of pure gold.

Calliopsis are attractive with their yellow petals and gold centres. Correopsis, with their buttercup-yellow blooms, are handsome and are splendid for decorative purposes. Antirrhinums (snapdragons) can also be had in wonderful yellows and golds. And what a host of yellow dahlias there are!

Perennial Beauty

A BORDER of yellow geum makes an attractive showing, and, being a perennial, requires very little attention.

The climbing plant, thumbergia, must not be forgotten, for it flowers nearly all the year round. This is one of the most attractive climbing plants known, and always calls for admiration. It is easy to grow, and a rapid grower.

The old-time rudbeckia should have a place in the garden, for it comes into bloom when there is not much else to choose from. It lasts a long time when cut and placed in water, and should not be overlooked as a bright indoor decoration.

Monplaisir is the name of a new and superior variety. Don't miss this beauty this season. It comes into flower in the autumn when flowers are scarce; in fact, it flowers for a much longer period than the old variety, and for decorative purposes it cannot be beaten. It is sturdy in growth, prolific, adaptable, and beautiful.

The Golden Gleam nasturtium is one of the finest to grow for a dwarf plant. The color is a perfect yellow, and has been improved to such an extent that it cannot be beaten. The new type does not spread, but grows in a perfect, compact way, and is covered with a mass of flowers. The stems are long, and the flowers stand well above the foliage. A bowl of Golden Gleam mixed with the Butterfly delphinium is a sight to behold.

Tithonia, commonly known as the Mexican sunflower, is a very attractive and useful decorative flower, easy to grow—taking little or no trouble.

There are also many yellow and gold chrysanthemums which can be grown to take the place of other yellow and gold flowers as they fade. So by careful planning and forethought one can have a sun-colored garden nearly the whole year around.

For the late autumn and early spring provision can be made to continue this sun garden by planting beds with yellow and gold iceland poppies, also with ranuncull of the same color. Viola must not be overlooked, nor must a bed of yellow pansies and another of calendula.

It does not matter what time of the year it may be, you can always have on hand some varieties of flowers that will give the yellow and gold garden so desired.

Wallflowers, by the way, must also find a corner in the garden, for, apart from their beautiful yellow and gold coloring, the perfume they give out is never to be forgotten.

We could go on naming many favorites that will keep this glorious sun color in our gardens.

Before we can grow these flowers—like all other flowers—with success we must study their habits and characteristics, the position in which they are to grow, and the treatment they require.

One thing is essential, and that is good cultivation. Dig well and manure thoroughly, and keep well watered if necessary.

A little fertiliser from time to time is also necessary. Always remember in the use of fertilisers that little and often is the motto.

A study of insects and fungus disease is also necessary. Be your own garden doctor, as it were, and treat the plants accordingly. A well-grown plant, strong and robust, will go a long way in helping to combat the various diseases that attack plant life.

SUNBURN

Apply Rexona Ointment to that tortured skin. It's the simplest, most effective remedy for sunburn. Rexona soothes the inflamed skin and stops blistering. After a few applications of Rexona, the skin becomes normal. If the skin has blistered Rexona is even more necessary. It is a splendid safeguard against germs; and its healing medications help to form a new, healthy skin.

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When you are washing the tender skin use mild Rexona Medicated Soap—it contains the same soothing, healing properties as the Ointment. Extract from a letter: "*Recently I suffered a very bad sunburning. My face and arms were swollen and sore for days, and my skin became dry and flaky. Then I heard about Rexona Ointment. After three applications my skin was not only normal, but exceptionally clear and healthy. P.W.—, Cooper.*

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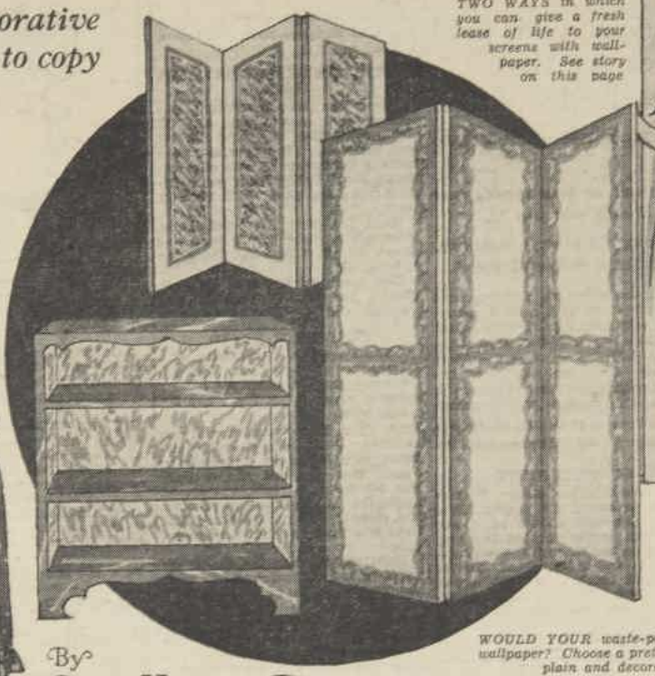
LITTLE MIRACLES *With* WALLPAPER

Novel and Decorative Ideas for skilful hands to copy

A FLOUNCED dressing-table made more charming because its mirror has been mounted with a decorative border cut from gold-colored wallpaper.



TWO WAYS in which you can give a fresh lease of life to your screens with wallpaper. See story on this page

WOULD YOUR waste-paper baskets benefit by a covering of pretty wallpaper? Choose a pretty scenic, striped or floral design; or cover with plain and decorate with bands of colorful wallpaper.

NOVEL AND ATTRACTIVE are the breakfast-room curtains (shown above) decorated with fruit and leaf motifs cut from wallpaper. This decoration matches the dado which runs beneath the picture-rail of the room.

By
Our Home Decorator

HAVE you ever thought of using the lovely and colorful wallpapers you can buy to-day for decorating anything other than the walls of your home? You haven't? Well, then, here is inspiration for you.

THERE are six suggestions illustrated on this page. Two of them are decidedly novel—art silk curtains decorated with a fruit design cut out of paper and an oval mirror made unusually charming with wallpaper border and motif.

The idea of using wallpaper for beautifying curtains may seem strange to many of you. But I can assure you it is surprisingly effective.

During my stay in America I visited several smartly-furnished homes. It was in one of the smaller but very charming places that I saw curtains decorated in this way. They were used in the breakfast-room. The curtains were of blue celanese silk and the fruit design was cut out of the same paper as that used for the dado on the walls and gummed to the silk. The very novelty of the idea took my fancy.

In America they are very fond of decorating the dining-room or breakfast-room walls with scenic papers or wallpapers bearing motifs such as fruit, quaint baskets or bowls containing colorful fruit, miniature chanticleers, etc.

The very pretty idea for decorating an oval mirror above a flounced dressing also comes from America. Rene, our artist, has reproduced the idea from a very rough sketch I made. The border and motif were cut from gold paper and then carefully glued on to the mirror.

THERE ARE many uses for wallpaper besides its obvious use for covering walls. Parchment lampshades may be covered or decorated with wallpaper motifs.

Shabby-looking waste-paper baskets can be given a new lease of decorative life with smartly-designed wallpapers. Striped, scenic, small floral or cubist patterned papers can be used to cover them. Again, a decorative border against a plain colored paper would be attractive.

Cabinets or bookcases can be made much more decorative and colorful with the application of a wallpaper background.

Choose the paper carefully. See that it doesn't clash with the color scheme of the room, with patterned curtains, or other furnishings.

Lampshades offer wonderful scope for lovely patterned wallpapers.

You can cut pretty motifs or borders from the paper and mount on parchment shades. Or you can paste an all-over design over the parchment shade. The edges can be freshly "laced" with colored cord to match the key color of the wallpaper design.

The lampshade can then be shellacked or varnished for a more lustrous and lasting finish.

Screens can be made very attractive with scenic or all-over designs in panel form, or bordered as shown in the sketches above. When you tire of one design you can superimpose another quite easily. See that the paper harmonises with the general color scheme of your room.

Cupboard shelves can be brightened or drawers lined with wallpaper. And hat-boxes covered with it give a decorative touch to the wardrobe.—E.E.G.

You, too, can bring the joy and magic of colour into YOUR home. Just open the tin and brush on a new coat of thrilling, washable colour. "QUICK" Enamel dries in four hours! No brush marks.

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Extra cash for Christmas spending is always welcome. Keep this in mind and send now that nice recipe of yours.

HERE are results of this week's competition:

CALIFORNIAN SANDWICH

Quarter-pound prunes, ½ pint water, 2oz. walnuts, some lemon cheese, 1½oz. butter, 4oz. self-raising flour, 1 egg, 3oz. sugar, crystallised rings, to decorate.

Wash and soak prunes overnight. Stew till tender next day. Drain, reserve the juice. Remove the stones, rub prunes through a sieve, chop walnuts, whisk egg, and beat butter and sugar to a cream.

Sift the flour, gradually add the egg to moisten, then the prune juice. Beat well, add chopped nuts and prune puree. Grease two sandwich tins, turn in the mixture. Bake in a moderate oven for half an hour. Cool on a wire tray.

Icing: 5oz. icing sugar, hot water, and essence of lemon. Sift sugar and mix with water until a thick consistency, add flavoring to taste. Split the cakes or use two thin ones. Spread with lemon cheese. Place together. Cover top with icing. Decorate with crystallised rings cut in halves, using a whole one for centre.

First Prize of £1 to Miss M. Alleyne, 19 George Street, St. Peters, Adelaide.

GRAPE CHUTNEY

Six pounds grape pulp. Prepare this by steaming the grapes. Place in saucepan with a little water, and cook until tender so that the pulp may be rubbed through a sieve, leaving seeds and skins behind. To the pulp thus obtained add 2lb. brown sugar, 1 pint vinegar, and 1 tablespoonful each ground cinnamon, mace, cloves, allspice, and white pepper, and a teaspoonful of salt. Put all together over the fire, stew until thick, stirring constantly to prevent burning, then bottle.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss I. Ansell, 35 Kathleen Street, Lakemba, N.S.W.

TO PRESERVE ORANGE OR LEMON JUICE

Extract the juice from fresh, unbruised fruit, remove pips, and fill clean, dry bottles almost to the top with the juice. Then pour into each bottle 1 tablespoon of cold olive oil. Bottle down tightly with good airtight corks, and store. Will keep for years.

When the juice is needed, insert clean cotton wool (or flannel) to absorb the oil. It does not flavor the juice at all.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. B. Elleray, 130 Ruthven Street, Toowoomba, Qld.

CHOCOLATE BREAD

Three and half cups flour, 4½ teaspoons baking-powder, and ½ teaspoon salt, 3oz. chocolate, ½ cup butter, ½ cup sugar, 1 egg and 2 cups milk.

Sift flour, baking-powder, and salt together. Melt the chocolate and butter over hot water and add the sugar. Beat egg and add to milk. Mix all these ingredients together, divide the mixture into two portions, and place in two greased bread tins. Bake in a moderate oven for about 1 hour.

This is a delicious foundation for sweet sandwiches and should be made the day before it is to be used.

Chocolate ginger sandwiches are made by spreading thinly-cut chocolate bread with cream cheese, sprinkling with finely-chopped crystallised ginger, covering with a second layer of cheese-spread bread, and cutting into fancy shapes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. W. Scott, 16 Butler Grove, East Coburg N13, Vic.

CHOCOLATE BANANA CREAM

Quarter-pound grated chocolate, 1 gill thick cream, ½lb. castor sugar, 2 gills water, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, ½ cup sieved banana.

Put chocolate, vanilla, sugar, and water into a double boiler or into a saucepan which fits into another saucepan containing boiling water. Stir well till mixture is well blended. Remove, and allow to cool. Stir in the banana mixture, add stiffly-frothed cream gradually, stirring slowly while adding. Drop mixture into a mould. Cover tightly, freeze for 2 to 3 hours, and serve with vanilla wafers.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Gladys Hunt, 9 Wardell Road, Petersham, N.S.W.

A PRETTY PUDDING

Two tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, ½ cup milk, 2 small tablespoons flour, ½ teaspoon baking powder, a few drops vanilla, 1 teaspoon cocoa, a few drops cochineal.

Beat butter and sugar to a cream, then beat egg well and add a little at a time to creamed butter and sugar. Then add milk—also a little at a time. Sift flour and baking powder together and add to butter and sugar, eggs and milk. Now add vanilla. Divide into three equal parts; leave one plain and color one with cochineal. Mix the cocoa with a little milk, and stir into other part of mixture. This should be very light.

Now put 1 teaspoon of each into the greased basin and continue in this way until finished. Cover with greased paper and tie down with a piece of string. Steam slowly for about 1½ hours.

Serve with cream or sauce.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss V. E. Worland, Post Office, Moruya, N.S.W.

SPONGE GINGERBREAD (no eggs)

Quarter-pound butter (or clarified beef dripping), ½ cup sugar, ½ cup milk, ½ cup golden syrup, 2 cups plain flour, 1 dessertspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, 1½ teaspoons carbonate of soda.

Cream butter and sugar, warm syrup and add, dissolve in milk, and add with flour and spices, mix well, and bake in a greased shallow tin in a moderate oven for three-quarters to one hour.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Joyce Trenouth, 93a Lower North Road, Prospect, S.A.

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The more sap-juice contained in the leaf the less tea is required to make a cup. That is why Bushells Tea makes more cups to the pound than ordinary tea, while it is cheaper to use, and you have the flavor as well.

KITCHEN .. *Wisdom*

Helpful Hints For Thrifty Housewives

A LITTLE flour sprinkled over the fruit, before adding top layer of pastries to pies, tarts, etc., will not only thicken the syrup, but prevent the juice from boiling over and soaking into the crust.

* * *

SOME HOUSEWIVES seem to think that tinware can't be kept brilliantly polished. In fact, it's amazing the number who are laboring under this delusion. It's entirely wrong.

Use hot water with soda in it for cleaning the tin and polish it with a freshly-cut slice of onion.

* * *

A TEN or twelve-inch round cake tin is a splendid convenience to hold spices and flavoring bottles, etc., in the kitchen cupboard. It revolves easily and gives one the chance to select with ease the exact thing needed. Place the tall bottles in the centre. Another round dish in the ice-chest or refrigerator, will conveniently hold an opened jar of mayonnaise, sauce, jelly or preserves, and small quantities of leftovers.

* * *

WHITE SAUCE will never go lumpy if you make it this way: Allow the milk to warm before stirring it up with the flour and butter.

* * *

TO ELIMINATE the watery substance from a baked custard, warm the milk before adding the eggs and sugar.

* * *

CORKS CAN be made airtight and watertight by soaking them in olive oil.

* * *

TO STORE oranges and lemons, hang them up in a net. By keeping them from contact with shelves, they will remain sound twice as long.

* * *

TO PREVENT crockery from falling into the sink from the draining-board, put two small screws at the extreme ends of the lower edge about half an inch from the bottom. Stretch a piece of copper wire from one screw to the other. This is miles better than a strip of wood as there are no corners to collect dirt and hold the water.

* * *

WE ALL know onions, the way they have such a watery effect on the eyes, but peel them from the root upwards. They do not smell so strongly then, and your eyes will not fill with tears! Dry mustard rubbed on the hands removes the smell of onions.

* * *

HANDS CAN be protected from the effects of dirty work if they are first rubbed with olive oil. This prevents the skin round the nails from breaking, and makes the subsequent cleansing much easier.

WHEN cooking your cakes, scones or puddings, try this: Fill the tray underneath the oven with cold water; or place a tray filled with water at the bottom of the oven. Nothing in the oven can burn while there is still water to be evaporated.

* * *

IF BURNT saucepans are filled with hot water to which a handful of kitchen salt has been added, left to stand for an hour or two, and then rubbed with a coarse rag dipped in more salt, the burnt marks should come away quite easily.

* * *

GROUND GINGER added in small quantities gives a more interesting flavor to cooked apples.

* * *

CRACKED EGGS may be boiled safely if screwed up in a piece of grease-proof paper.

* * *

EMPTY COCOA-TINS are useful when washing up. Pierce holes round the lower sides and the bottom of the tin, put inside your odd pieces of soap and run the hot water through the tin. You will get a good lather this way.

* * *

WHEN FRYING anything in deep fat place a few slices of raw potato in the pan. This will keep the fat from giving the food a burnt flavor.

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All Recipes Tested in Our Kitchen

NEW and Delicious JUNKET DESSERTS

Tempting . . . colorful, light yet nourishing . . . the whole family will enjoy them!

THE new idea is not to serve junket plain, but to color and flavor it and serve in individual dishes topped with whipped cream, fruit, etc.

These individual junkets take but a minute to make and only ten to set. Served ice-cold, they are the most wholesome, as well as one of the most delightful, desserts you can serve.

MILK, when made into junket, actually digests more quickly than ordinary raw or pasteurised milk. This is due to the rennet enzyme contained in junket tablets. This enzyme is nature's own method of transforming milk into softer, more easily assimilable curds than those formed in the stomach by plain milk.

Thus, milk served as junket is not only more tasty and appealing to the eye, but is actually easier to digest.

By . .

RUTH FURST

Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

PEACH shortcake (right) is not only an inexpensive sweet, but is a nourishing and wholesome dish. See recipe on this page.

ABOVE: Raspberry junket, served in individual glasses, topped with whipped cream and chocolate decorettes, is tempting to the eye, delicious to eat.

HOW TO USE JUNKET TABLETS

Step 1: Get individual dessert glasses ready. Place 1 junket tablet and a teaspoon of cold water in a cup. Crush and dissolve thoroughly.

Step 2: To 1 pint of fresh milk (do not use condensed or evaporated) add 1 heaped tablespoon of sugar, and 1 teaspoon of vanilla, or any flavor to taste. Warm slowly to lukewarm, not hot, or just as warm as a baby's bottle, stirring constantly. Test the milk on your wrist to determine the proper temperature; it should feel barely warm. Remove from stove.

Step 3: Add dissolved junket tablet to lukewarm milk and stir quickly for a few seconds only.

Step 4: Pour at once into dessert glasses and let stand undisturbed until firm. When set, remove to a cold place or the refrigerator. Serve, when chilled, in same glasses.

Remember that the milk should not be scalded or boiled.

LEMON JUNKET WITH APPLE WHIP

One junket tablet, 1 teaspoon cold water, 1 pint milk, 2 heaped tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon lemon flavoring, ½ cup thick apple sauce, 1 egg-white.

Make junket according to directions, using lemon flavoring in place of vanilla. Chill. When ready to serve, beat egg-white until stiff. Add 1 heaped tablespoon sugar and apple sauce. Beat well and put on top of each dish of junket.

PEACH SHORTCAKE

One junket tablet, 1 teaspoon cold water, 1 pint milk, 1 heaped tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon lemon flavoring, 4 pieces sponge cake (left-over cake may be used), a few thin slices fresh or tinned peaches.

Place the pieces of cake in the bottom of the dessert dishes. Put two or three slices of the tinned or fresh peaches over the top of each piece of cake. Make lemon junket according to directions, and pour over pieces of cake and peaches. Let set until firm—about 10 minutes. Chill.

CHOCOLATE MALTED JUNKET

One junket tablet, 1 teaspoon cold water, 1 pint milk, 1 heaped tablespoon sugar, 1 tablespoon granulated chocolate, 2 tablespoons malted milk.

Dissolve junket tablet in 1 teaspoon cold water. Mix chocolate, malted milk and sugar, removing lumps. Add 2 tablespoons milk. When mixed, place over slow flame and boil 2 minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from the stove. Add rest of milk. Warm to lukewarm—not hot. Remove from stove. Add dissolved tablet. Stir a few seconds. Pour at once into individual dishes. Let set until firm—about 10 minutes. Chill.

GOLDEN GLOW JUNKET

One junket tablet, 1 teaspoon cold water, 1 pint milk, 2 heaped tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, one-third cup apricot pulp, 6 stewed or tinned apricots, 1 egg-white.

Cut the 6 stewed or tinned apricots into strips and divide among dessert dishes. Make junket according to directions (above) and pour over the apricots before it has set. Let stand until firm—about 10 minutes. Chill. When ready to serve, beat egg-white until stiff. Add 1 heaped tablespoon of sugar and the apricot pulp. Beat thoroughly together. Put apricot whip on top of each dish of junket and decorate with bits of apricot.

Junket Toppings

A TOPPING or sauce added to junket desserts gives them that "dressed up" appearance so prized by the most accomplished cooks. Try the dainty, delicious combinations hereunder:

Fruits—tinned or fresh—chopped or crushed. Apple sauce, apricots, bananas, dates, cherries, figs, oranges, peaches, pineapple, prunes, raisins, raspberries, strawberries.

Other Tempters: Candied orange peel, coconut, nutmeg, marshmallows, meringues, nuts, sauces, whipped cream (plain or variations).

RASPBERRY JUNKET

(With Whipped Cream and Decorettes)

One junket tablet, 1 teaspoon cold water, 1 pint milk, 1 heaped tablespoon sugar, 1 level tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon raspberry flavoring, ½ cup whipping cream, chocolate decorettes, a few drops cochineal.

Make junket according to directions given above, using raspberry flavoring in place of vanilla, and adding cochineal with 1 heaped tablespoon sugar. Chill. When ready to serve, whip the cream, adding 1 level tablespoon sugar and mixing well. Put on top of each dessert and sprinkle with chocolate decorettes.

FAIRYLAND FRIED EGGS

One junket tablet, 1 teaspoon cold water, 1 pint milk, 1 heaped tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 4 or 5 tinned apricot halves.

Make junket according to directions above. Chill. Just before serving top each dish of junket with one of the tinned apricot halves with the rounded side up.

COFFEE JUNKET

One junket tablet, 1 teaspoon cold water, 1 cup light cream, 1 cup milk, 1 heaped tablespoon sugar, 4 tablespoons strong coffee.

Dissolve junket tablet in 1 tablespoon cold water. Warm milk, cream, sugar and coffee to lukewarm—not hot. Remove from stove. Add dissolved tablet. Stir a few seconds and pour at once into individual dessert glasses. Let set until firm—about 10 minutes. Chill in ice-chest or refrigerator before serving.

GINGER WAY

One junket tablet, 1 teaspoon cold water, 1 pint milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 heaped tablespoon sugar, ½ cup whipping cream, brandy-snap biscuits, preserved ginger.

Break a brandysnap into each dessert dish. Dissolve junket tablet in 1 teaspoon cold water. Warm milk, sugar, and vanilla to lukewarm—not hot. Remove from stove. Add dissolved tablet. Stir a few seconds, and pour at once over brandysnap biscuits. Let set until firm—about 10 minutes. Chill in refrigerator. Serve with whipped cream and a bit of grated preserved ginger.

RUM JUNKET WITH PRUNE WHIP

One junket tablet, 1 teaspoon cold water, 1 pint milk, 2 heaped tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon rum, 1 egg-white, one-third cup prune pulp, two teaspoons lemon juice.

Make junket according to directions, using 1 teaspoon rum in place of vanilla, and adding 1 heaped tablespoon sugar. Chill. Just before serving, beat egg-white until stiff. Add sugar gradually until thoroughly blended. Add prune pulp and lemon juice. Heap the glasses of junket with prune whip, and, if desired, garnish with nuts.

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CONFLICT

FREE SUPPLEMENT TO THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY. MUST NOT BE SOLD SEPARATELY.

BY . . .

E. V. Timms

COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL

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CONFLICT

By E. V. TIMMS

ACROSS the snow-fed Paglion that washed the western wall of the town of Nice, and close by a pebble-strewn cove that sheltered malodorous anchovy boats, stood the tight little brick cabins of the fishermen. The bells of the Franciscan monastery of St. Francisco di Paolo, not far away, had clanged their early morning summons an hour before the call of Rene Scarron, the fisherman, drifted in on the wind.

Rene called at dawn as he came back from the night's work, and the dark-haired woman within his cabin heard the cry and stood motionless. Fear flashed momentarily in her dark eyes, and just for an instant one brown, work-worn hand rested on her bosom. Then she turned to a man seated at the rough plank table. Their eyes met, gleaming in the yellow light of the iron-ribbed oil lamp.

"He had better not find you here, Paolo," she murmured, lifting her hand from her bosom to the scar that seared her cheek.

They stared at each other. Paolo Visart rose to his feet, laughing softly as his eyes held hers.

"Rene is a fool," he said gruffly. "You are afraid he will strike you again? You are frightened of him, Annette?"

Annette Dubois breathed quickly. Of French descent, she was tall and slender, and in spite of the scar that disfigured her right cheek was still handsome.

"I know he will strike me again . . . and I with him dead for it. I have wished him dead these two years . . . but the sea will not take him. Go quickly . . . he will not see you yet."

"You do not like him any more?" Paolo asked, moving towards the back door of the cabin.

Annette shrugged and her lips thinned.

"You had better hurry down to the boat."

The door closed on his soft laughter. His shoes made no sound as he carefully trod the path that led to Nice. Presently he was gone.

Annette stood listening for a moment; then she, also, laughed softly. She looked about the room with keen, narrowed eyes, and then walked barefoot down to the beach.

How she hated the fish. Ah, how different was Rene from Paolo. Rene a shaggy giant of a man, with great arms and legs browned and toughened by wind and sea. When she came to the boat Annette looked at him, the hate in her eyes carefully veiled. She looked at the huge, corded limbs. His canvas shirt and breeches were dripping wet. He looked a gross brute beside the smooth Paolo. He jerked his head up as she came to him.

"What a time you've been, Annette," he grumbled in a deep voice.

"I came as quickly as I could," she retorted a little defiantly. "There was the fire to see to . . . and other things a man never thinks of . . ."

"What other things?" he asked, throwing her a knife.

"Your breakfast, for one thing," she replied.

She looked at the fish in the bottom of the boat. They lay in a heap where Rene had flung them.

"A good night's work," she said carelessly.

He came and squatted beside her in the boat. They gutted the fish with expert hands.

"A good night's work," he agreed. "These are for the monks. To-morrow I net anchovy. But I kept looking in at your light and wishing I were with you. Zut! It was cold. You look tired, Annette."

"I am not tired," she said calmly. "Unless it's tired of fish, you mean. I am sick of the fish!"

He grunted. His sleepy eyes rested on her.

"Why quarrel with the fish?" he wanted to know. "I've been thinking out there in the dark last night. 'I cannot catch enough fish alone. I'm going after a mate.'"

She was surprised. He had always insisted on working alone.

"A mate?"

He nodded and shouldered two baskets. She could not see his face.

"It will be best. I was thinking of Paolo. A good fellow, Paolo . . . although a little lazy . . . because he has some money . . . and is friendly with the Commandant . . ."

Annette suddenly wanted to shriek with laughter. Paolo! She controlled her voice as she shouldered the remaining basket.

"Paolo? But he is only half a man . . ." She nearly choked with stifled laughter at the lie.

Rene grunted again.

"That's all I need. Paolo will do fine. It will be easy money for him, and never yet has he turned away the sols. He is a good fellow. I wonder where he is?"

They made towards the cabin.

"How should I know," said Annette indifferently. "I don't know . . . or care."

He nodded between the baskets. They came to the back of the cabin. Daylight revealed the dwelling in a state of neglect and disrepair. Rene placed the baskets on a bench near the back door, and then—the blood drained from Annette's face, leaving it the color of wet ashes. Paolo, the imbecile, had walked away in his shoes.

There were the marks. Unmistakable. Fool! Fool! For the moment she could not breathe. Rene, however, walked straight into the cabin. She leaned against the bricks and drew in a sharp breath of relief. Fools—both of them!

Rene pulled the sawn cask from the wall, poured hot water into it, stripped, and soused the water over his mighty frame.

"Where is the cloth?" he demanded presently.

She flung him a cloth that did duty for a towel.

"Dress yourself and eat your breakfast," she said. "You must have the fish up at the monastery within the hour . . ."

He looked at her and grumbled into his black beard.

"I'm not going this time, Annette," he said. He pulled on a dry homespun shirt and breeches. "You take the fish . . . and find Paolo and tell him of my offer . . ."

She took the fish out of the pan and placed them on the two wooden platters.

"You want me to find Paolo?"

"I tell you to! Find Paolo and tell him what I said. He shall have his half . . and he will like that. I'm tired of working alone, and Paolo is a good fellow."

Annette shot him a quick glance. Oh, the fool!

"I'll tell him," she said.

Rene finished his meal.

"I'm for bed," he said rising.

He did not look at her as he went to the end of the cabin where a bed was built against the wall. She heard it creak under his weight as he flung himself down. Thoughtfully she washed the few dishes, then flung a scarf over her head and tied it under her chin.

SHE closed the door after her. Rene's snores were already starting. What a simpleton!

After the fish had been passed through the iron grille in the monastery gate, Annette sought Paolo. He was sleepy and astonished to see her. He took her in his arms but she drew away from him while she talked. Paolo roared with laughter. Yes. He would return with her to the cabin. He was delighted. Down the streets of the town he laughed as he walked, and chuckled as they walked across the three-arched stone bridge that spanned the Paglion; but when they took a path that led past vegetable and fruit plots to the cabins he became grave and quiet. The wind was increasing in power.

They went into the cabin and Annette called softly:

"Rene . . ."

But he was snoring heavily. Paolo sneered.

"When he wakes tell him I agree. I'll go down and look at his nets. They must be wetted and stretched. He does not use them often. He said a half?"

"He said a half——"

"A full half?"

"A full half."

"Good."

She did not speak, but walked with him a little way from the door.

At noon she carried Paolo's food and wine down to the boat. He had the nets stretched, and was mending them. They talked and laughed softly together. Within the cabin Rene stirred and opened his eyes. He got up and went to the window and stared down at them. He smiled when he saw them standing together.

"Paolo is a good fellow," he said with a yawn. "I am glad he came with Annette. There will be good fish in the net to-night. That means money . . ."

When they came into the cabin he beamed at them, and his deep voice boomed:

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"Paolo! Good fellow! So you will join me at the nets, eh?"

Paolo laughed, and Annette had to turn her eyes to the hearth so that Rene might not look into them.

"Sit down, Paolo," said Rene. "Annette will soon have our supper ready. Anyway, she doesn't count."

Annette turned, suddenly furious.

"No?" she snapped. "Annette doesn't count, eh? She just cooks and gutts the fish for you—eh?"

She lit the lamp. Every line of her body was trembling with rage. And she was tired, so long had she been without sleep. And Paolo, the fool, need not laugh . . .

"Enough of that," grunted Rene, his great fist closing.

Annette said nothing. She brought the food and placed it before them.

DON'T take any notice of Annette, Paolo. You'll get used to her. You are a good fellow, Paolo. I like you."

Paolo and Annette ate in silence. Rene crunched and gulped with gusto. The huge man had a huge appetite. He was quite oblivious of Annette's eyes, smouldering with hate, and of Paolo's smooth, grinning lips. Annette was glad when the tension of the first meal together was over; it had not been so bad. The men left the cabin together, Rene swinging the heavy lamp, Paolo carrying the food for the night. Rene spoke over his shoulder to Annette as he walked away:

"Watch for the light, Annette," he growled. "And be sure there's plenty of breakfast."

She did not reply, but stared sulkily after him. Paolo said softly:

"She doesn't like me."

Rene shrugged.

"Annette is queer. She doesn't like many things," he said carelessly. He always spoke that way when he talked of Annette. She was but a woman to him.

"Yes," said Paolo. He looked up at the stars. "The wind has dropped."

He thought it a pity. A wind would have helped . . . to-night. Rene was a strong swimmer, but in a wind, over a mile from the shore, even a strong man must perish. He bent and helped Rene push the heavy boat into the water. Together they leapt in as it floated. Annette went to the front of the cabin and saw that the boat was pulling out.

"Annette doesn't count," she muttered, staring at the lamp on the dark sea. "No . . ?"

She went back into the cabin and sat down. But her thoughts were with Paolo.

Annette sat like a statue for a long time. Time passed like a swift, soundless river. Her hands, her neck, were damp. She wanted to rise and look for the lamp, but she could not move. Then she heard the footstep. Desperately she fought for control so that she might be calm when Paolo entered.

"Paolo . . . Paolo!" she whispered, peering into the darkness.

A monstrous shadow loomed out of the blackness. Again a whisper left her lips, but they were now drawn back, and her white teeth were showing. It was a whisper of stark fear, of incredulity and horror.

"Rene . . . oh, Mother of God . . ."

It was Rene. He walked slowly into the cabin.

"Paolo," he muttered. There was that foolish, dazed oak in his eyes again. "Yes . . . poor Paolo."

Annette stood without movement for a moment, then she threw herself at him. Her hands were crooked like the talons of a hawk.

"You . . . you . . . you have killed him . ." she choked.

He flung her from him. A different light began to glow in his eyes.

"Bah! You don't count! Have I not lost my good friend, Paolo? I did not kill him. He killed himself . . . poor Paolo. All tangled up in the net he was when he sank. It was round and round him . . . holding him like a thousand arms. And he looked up. He could not move in that net. But what could I do? I could do nothing. Poor Paolo. A good hand with a boat . . . and no cheat. I pulled in at once . . . even as I did . . . last night!"

Rene's glowing black eyes held hers. She was panting, her jaw hanging loose, her lips dry and wide apart.

"Bah!" he snarled. "You don't count. Get up and come with me——"

Slowly she raised her head and stared into his burning eyes. For the moment she was speechless. Then her lips moved.

"With you?" she whispered, forcing herself to her feet.

Rene looked at her steadily.

"I shall take you out with me. The fishing is good . . . to-night . . ."

Voiceless, incapable of further speech, Annette crouched like an animal at bay, and then leapt past him through the doorway. He stood staring after her, his eyes almost hidden under their black brows. He did not move as she raced along the pebble path, bruising her feet, but unheeding the pain. Soon there was no sound. She was gone. Rene's eyes seemed to open, and his wide shoulders shrugged. He did not know that she fell twice, and whimpered with terror as she glared back over the pain. Presently he walked slowly out of the cabin and stood staring at the light burning on the sea.

"No, I will not fish to-night. The lamp will burn itself out . . . It will burn itself out . . ."

He strode down towards the boat, his voice still rumbling.

"And I will free Paolo from the net. Why should I kill him? It is enough that she should think him dead . . . and she will never forget. Zut! Nor will he . . ."

THE cabins of Rene Scarron and Jean Vernet stood but a stone's throw apart, but one thing only had these two men in common: they hated the Duke of Savoy. The bells of the monastery, in the dark of the morning following the night of Annette's flight, began to peal their call to early mass. These bells were the morning call of the Vernets, for they rang an hour before sunrise. The canvas curtain masking the parents' bed was flung aside, and Jean, knowing that the curtain concealing the beds of his children at the other end of the cabin would not yet be drawn, stepped from his bed and lit the oil lamp at the glowing hearth. He called sharply to his son.

"Sebastien!"

Sebastien answered with a yawn, then his smiling face and dark head came through the curtain. He, also, looked up at the roof and listened to the howling wind. His dark eyes narrowed a little.

"There is a wind," he said, getting out of his bed.

His father nodded.

"I will see to the boat and the nets while you dress," he said. "We must fish in spite of the wind. There is Paolo Visari to be paid to-day. And he resents us. We would have Nice for France; he is for the Duke of Savoy, who owns the town."

He went out of the cabin. Sebastien stamped bare feet and blew upon cold fingers as he dressed. After he had prayed before the crucifix he called to his sister in the lower bunk.

"Marie! The fire is well ablaze——"

The soft voice of a girl replied:

"Thank you, Sebastien, my brother."

Sebastien notified his departure by slamming the door after him, and Marie pulled the curtain aside and left her bed. She had slept in a woollen chemise that reached down to her knees. Quickly she took this garment off and stepped into her shift and over-dress of cheap cloth. Her arms and legs were left bare. Following her brother she knelt before the crucifix and prayed. Then she called her mother and went out into the cold wind. It was blowing hard, and Sebastien, breaking wood for the fire, laughed as Marie's hair floated in the wind like a golden plume.

"This is a wind to wake you, lazybones," he chuckled.

Marie tossed the hair from her eyes, and slowly grasped the dripping wash-cloth that lay in the icy water-butt. Sebastien saw what was coming, and in his haste to avoid the saturated missile tripped and sprawled over the wood he had broken. Marie stepped back, convulsed with soft laughter. Then she went to him and threw her arms round him. There was a great love between these two.

"Are you hurt, Sebastien?" she asked, her lips still curved with laughter. "I didn't mean you to fall . . . clumsy one."

Sebastien pulled her hair and then kissed her on the cheek.

"You have killed me . . . you terrible girl," he reported, "now wash yourself before you do any more mischief. I have to go fishing to-day with father, and if you break my arms and legs he will not be pleased."

Smiling, she walked to the water-butt, Sebastien watching her lissom form with fond eyes. While she was drying her face and arms he picked up a bundle of wood. Then together they went into the cabin.

Louise, the mother, was dressed and busy with the huge black kettle. There was a steaming bouillon and hot vegetables to be served. She smiled as Sebastien dropped the wood and turned with mock ferocity on his sister. From a leather belt on the table he drew his long poniard, made terrible faces at the delighted girl, and sent the knife whizzing over her shoulder to stick, quivering, in the wooden door. Marie gave a shriek and flew to her mother.

"Sebastien . . . you villain," she panted, her eyes dancing. "I will pay you out for that. Oh, you frightened the life out of me . . ."

Louise watched them with smiling eyes.

Jean Vernet came into the cabin.

"Hurry, wife," he said. "There is much to do before Sebastien and I return to-night. Marie, see to our food and wine."

The wooden bowls were filled with the steaming soup and vegetables, and Jean and Sebastien ate heartily.

When Sebastien had finished he leaned back and slapped his stomach.

"That was good," he said, grinning. "But I wish the devil would fly away with Paolo Visari——"

"Sebastien!" murmured his mother reprovingly.

"Oh, well——"

Then Jean spoke, his voice rumbling deeply as he stood up:

"It is the last payment . . . therefore the most important," he said. "If we do not fish to-day . . . to-morrow he would settle . . . all that we have."

A fierce rush of wind swept over the roof,

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bringing with it some heavy drops of rain. Louise Vernet's eyes stared at the crucifix, then rested on her husband.

"Jean . . ." she muttered.

Louise Vernet knew the sea.

He laughed and took her in his arms and kissed her.

"The fish come thick when the wind is up," he told her.

He drew Marie to him and looked down into the girl's soft eyes.

"See that your mother doesn't worry, little one," he said, when he kissed her and walked to the door. Sebastien threw his strong arms round his mother, and then round Marie; grinning, he blew a kiss to them both and went out with his father. It was still dark outside.

Jean and Sebastien jumped into the boat together as the sea drew it out hungrily. It was a stout, seaworthy boat that had ridden many a storm. There was nothing to fear. Quickly they put out the long oars, and presently the cluck-cluck of the thole-pins came to the ears of Louise and Marie as they stood watching in the wind and rain.

FROM the comparative shelter of the tiny cove Jean and Sebastien pulled out into open sea.

It was a relief to know they were not alone on the dark, troubled sea. A black shape rose and fell close by. A faint shout came over the water and they called back:

"It is Luigi," panted Sebastien.

"Yes. Luigi is a good fisherman. His nets, like ours, will reward him for the risk."

"What do you think . . . of it?" asked Sebastien.

There was no reply for a moment, then:

"Well . . . Luigi is no fool. He has fought the sea all his life. Fought. Yes . . . a conflict . . . is our fight with the sea. So do we live . . ."

Sebastien nodded. The sea gives, the sea takes, and the sea teaches. The boat was rising and falling more heavily, and the troughs of the waves growing deeper. As they pulled to the top of a wave Sebastien saw the light in Rene's cabin go out.

"Rene is also . . . going to risk it . . ." he shouted.

His father grunted. He did not care for the irresponsible and irreligious Rene, although Rene was French and for France.

Jean and Sebastien were now wet through by the flying spray. Spindrift hissed on the wind and pattered against their canvas shirts and breeches like bullets. The bottom of the boat was covered with water. Sebastien turned his head and yelled:

"It is getting worse. Name of a dog . . . the spray stings like shot . . ."

Jean's face grew grim. They were a long way out now. But this day he would fish. So let the wind howl and the sea leap.

They pulled, praying for the wind to drop, thinking it would as the rain began to fall heavily. Down it came. Such drops.

"My son . . . save your strength," gasped Jean at last. "I am afraid we must give up. No man could fish in this sea. The rain alone will fill the boat."

Sebastien felt giddy with the mad movements of the boat.

"Sebastien . . . turn . . . turn! Holy mother . . . that is the tongue of the hurricane speaking. It is coming . . ."

"Ay," panted Sebastien. "I hear it, my father. Better lose the boat to Paolo . . . than lose it . . . out here."

They fought to turn the boat. Slowly, slowly under the bending oars it went round. They were rising off their seats as they strained at the oars.

"That is . . . a terrible sound," screamed Sebastien over his shoulder.

"It is the coming of a terrible thing . . ." gasped Jean. "But keep up your heart, my son . . ."

"I am not afraid," shouted Sebastien.

A cry from Jean Vernet rose even above the thundering of the oncoming hurricane.

The heavy oar, grasped by the sea's mighty hand, struck back across his chest and lifted him out of the boat. Sebastien turned, his face grey with horror, his lips parted and crying soundlessly. But for an instant did he glimpse the canvas shirt of his father, a brown sodden patch in the white water. Then the brown shirt vanished, and nothing was to be seen.

Sebastien drew in his oar and leapt to his feet.

Frantically he lifted the spare oar and pulled to where the brown shirt had floated for a second. No sign, no sign, no answering shout to his frenzied calling. He called and called until his lungs could call no more. He wept, he cursed, he prayed; only the shrill lament of the onsweeping hurricane wailed a mocking answer.

It seemed that Sebastien had lost his senses.

So, also, it seemed to weary Moslem corsairs crouched on the flat poop of a storm-driven galleass. Tearing through the grey-black blanket of the hurricane came the Barbary vessel, far off its course, lurching, swaying, rolling and diving, the oars below deck sticking out from the sides like limp bristles. One who was obviously in command pointed to Sebastien's boat.

"See, Adi Ben Jyub," he screamed in Arabic, "By the wings of Al Borak we must be close to land; This is the second man who has risen from the sea to stand in our path. Ripe him, and keep out . . . keep out from the land . . ."

The fierce eyes of the corsair lieutenant stared at the figure of Sebastien.

"By the beard of th. Prophet—you are right, Abu Amrou!" he grunted. "And Allah is merciful! This infidel's arms will pull well at the oars, and help thrust us away from the kingdom of the French . . . the filth!"

Sebastien was roped and lifted out of the boat to the deck of the galleass, too exhausted to realise that the huge man beside him was none other than Rene Scarron. Not until the biting lash of a whip raised a red weal under his wet clothes did his vision clear, and he found himself, chained to a great oar beside Rene, sitting on a filthy oar-bank. Looking up he saw Ali Zeid for the first time, and Ali's cruel whip came down and struck him across the eyes.

"Row, dog!" the slave-master snarled.

Then he heard Rene say deeply:

"By the Heavens above, Sebastien Vernet, we were better dead in the sea."

THE storm was the worst for a century. For days Nice and the other coastal towns, from the Gulf of Genoa to Spain, were thrashed with driving rain.

The rocky ramparts that held back the sea were swept bare of vegetation. In a few hours the citrus and olive groves were stripped of their trees. Roads disappeared, and only foaming watercourses remained to tell where they once had been. By the old watch-tower on the point of St. Hospice bodies and broken boats were deposited, and water swirled down into catacombs beneath the tower. Dead men were lifted by the uprising sea and wedged fast on rocky ledges along the coast, as though the raging elements were cleansing themselves of this human refuse. Not all were fishermen: many were torn from the trading felucca that plied between Marseille and Genoa; some had proudly trod the decks of great galleons; some were identified as Barbary pirates who had been overcome by the stronger foe.

In the cabin of the Vernets the candle lighted to propitiate St. Elmo, the patron saint of all seamen, burned down, and went out. Another was lit, and in time burned away.

In the dusk of the first day the third candle spluttered out to the accompaniment of relentless rain and moaning wind. Louise Vernet and Marie stared at it, then turned away. Presently the mother knelt again before the crucifix, as she had knelt at intervals all through the day. But now she prayed, not for the safe return of husband and son, but for the repose of their souls. It was night, and the storm was raging triumphant. Water was trickling down inside the walls of the cabin. The hearth was a flood. Could a nutshell swim out there in such a devil's cauldron? No need to tell Louise Vernet that her men were dead. She knew the sea, and she hated it. She knew its smiling face, its cruel wrath. And who would pay Paolo now? Not Jean, not Sebastien. They were gone. Slowly she rocked from side to side as she prayed. Dry, now, were her eyes, her lips and her heart. Her man and her son were gone.

Marie saw her mother suddenly fall forward on her face, ran to her, and with difficulty raised her and laid her on the bed. That was a dreadful night for the distracted girl. All through its hours she watched her silent mother, listening to the roaring tumult of the storm, thinking of what lay dead in the sea. But there was nothing she could do. She had prayed. She could pray no more. There is a time for prayer, but it had passed. There are limits even to the sorrows of the desolate. There are not many secrets in a one-roomed cabin, and the discussion concerning Paolo and the debt had often been frank and open. The last payment could not be made. But he would demand it. The law was harsh to defaulting debtors. Often had a nose been cut off in lieu of payment that could not be made. Often was the dreadful strappado used. But her father was dead . . . and Sebastien. Ah, Sebastien! She glanced at the door that bore so many marks of his knife. Sebastien, her brother . . . and his merry, foolish song.

Paolo Visari came on the evening of the third day. Pitful stars were shining through ragged, broken clouds, and the water was fast going down. By the town wall a sighing wind murmured a message of regret to the broken cypresses. Within the lamp-lit cabin Louise and Marie clung together when they heard the loud, imperative knock.

"It will be Paolo," said Louise.

"Do not let him in, mother," whispered Marie.

Louise Vernet sighed.

"We cannot refuse to hear him, Marie. Open the door."

"But . . . mother . . ."

"Open it, girl."

Marie obeyed, and Paolo stepped into the cabin. He was alone. Marie shut the door and went to her mother's side. Paolo removed his cloak and hat and tossed them on the table.

He stared at Louise.

"Where is Jean?" he asked abruptly.

Louise replied very slowly. Her eyes filled again, but she blinked away the futile tears.

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CONFLICT

"He is with God . . . is Jean," she said.

Paolo stared. He did not know that Jean and Sebastian went out into the storm.

"He is dead? But how is that?" he asked.

"The storm."

"He was out?"

"He was out . . . and he is . . . still there."

There was a little silence. Paolo's eyes shifted from mother to daughter. Then he said:

"But my money? It is here for me . . . of course?"

Louise Vernet spoke hesitatingly.

"Paolo Vlaari . . . we have no money . . . and Jean is dead."

Paolo gestured impatiently.

"I am sorry for that, but there is Sebastien——"

"Sebastien is with . . . his father."

Again there was a brief silence before Paolo said:

"Then who will pay me?"

His eyes rested on Marie. Louise saw the glance, and stiffened.

"I will pay . . . when I can," said Louise curtly.

He nodded as though pleased.

"So! I am glad to hear that," he said, glancing slyly at Marie. "I will wait . . . for a little while . . . a little while."

The two women were silent, and Paolo picked up his hat and cloak. At the door he turned and paused.

"Have you seen anything of Rene Bearron?" he asked.

They both shook their heads.

"No? Zut! But that is strange. Rene is wanted by the magistrates."

"The magistrates?" came in unison.

Paolo shrugged.

"I always knew that fellow would rot on the gallows," he said. "And I will see that he does. Any man who is false to the Duke should rot."

And then, with another stare at Marie, he opened the door and went out.

Louise stood for a moment staring at the door, then sat down on the bench by the table. Presently she looked at her daughter.

"Marie, there is no salt in the bouillon," she said tonelessly. "Put some in. I forgot it."

Marie did so, conscious all the while that her mother was watching her intently. The girl said:

"But, mother—how can we pay Paolo his money? We are poor, and we have no money."

Louise flung an arm on the table.

"He does not want his money . . . now," she said slowly.

Marie's dark eyes widened in astonishment.

Louise sighed. It was the devil, this.

"Come," she said slowly. "Let us eat. It is our last meal here . . ."

Marie stared.

"Oh, mother . . . but this is our home . . ."

Louise was looking before her and seeing only the faces of the dead.

"It was. It is not now. Paolo can have it . . . instead of you . . . for payment."

Marie's hands trembled as she filled the wooden bowls.

"Oh, mother . . . mother," she whispered. "We cannot go. How can we . . ."

"Eat your soup, child. I only know we must go."

"It is as God wills," said the girl, quietly.

"As God wills," echoed Louise.

Marie looked at her mother's bowl.

"Mother . . . you must eat," she murmured.

Louise shook her head. She sat staring before her for a little while, her sad eyes slowly filling again with tears.

"There is a tavern in Nice. It is owned by one called Pietro Salvini, a Genoese, but also a distant kinsman of your father. He is said to be mean, and old, and he has never bothered about us. We will go to him."

"And if he will not have us?"

"Then . . . we shall see."

They gathered their things together slowly and in silence.

QUITE early the ancient road to Provence was thronged. Jingling mule-teams and lumbering waggons, with slow oxen in the shafts, thrust aside shaggy horses and patient, loaded asses. Men, women, and many young girls, bare of head and limb, scantily dressed, screamed their experiences of the storm as they toiled under bundles of produce to the markets.

Swarthy men, many with the French blood of forgotten soldiers in their veins, their faces alight with smiles, nodded and shouted to each other as they drove the teams or tramped beside their womenfolk. These were mainly the people of the markets. Great bundles of salads were to be seen, and glorious fragrant carnations golden oranges and lemons, juicy bergamots, and shining red pomegranates in baskets. There were men carrying wine in skins to the markets. Some gathered in the sols by singing and dancing and puppet-shows and pantomimes. Happy, mischievous, light-fingered, light-hearted people, well watched in every sense of the word. There were itinerant sandalled friars, in coarse brown robes, and cassocked priests, for the important business of religion never ceases. And occasionally a stranger would come staring about him, with wondering eyes at the strangeness of the scene, and with clothes that proclaimed him a foreigner.

Some travellers came on horseback, others in creaking coaches drawn by mules, for it was now safer to come overland from England, France, and Germany than to risk capture by the Barbary pirates.

There were little children on the road—fair-haired, dark-haired, some toddling along some in arms still. Penetrating the deeper notes of maturity their shrill cries of distress and joy often rose above the laughter and conversation of their elders. Happy is the road whereon children travel. It is safe. The grim roads of commerce and of life do not echo long with the sweet music of childish laughter.

The sea still complained after its travail, but the sun shone with a golden radiance; the sky was clear now, a limpid, azure mantle folded gently over mountain and town and sea. Gone with the storm was the bitter cold; even the white caps on high peaks looked warm in the sunlight. It was all pleasant, the sunshine, the sweet, pure air, and the mingled perfume of citrus fruits, flowers, and rain-washed earth.

The charm of the morning was something that kissed the soul, and from the eyes of Marie Vernet, as she walked the road beside her mother, was reflected a light that told of a spirit slowly recovering from the brutal shock of storm and death.

They had come on to the road after crossing the Paglion bridge, and walked slowly behind a huge cart drawn by a lurching red ox. In the cart were a man, a woman, and a little child. It was the child who set Marie's lips twitching.

Louise Vernet walked like one in a dream, like one who is lost. And this was partly true, for she was lost in the life that had ended. She plodded along heavily, her bare feet careless of stones and mud. Without youth to quicken her spirit, she brooded. There was but one voice in her ears, the voice of her husband, more insistent than that of her son. Sebastien spoke, but it was Jean who called and called. When they passed the cart Marie said:

"Let me carry your bundle, mother. Mine is so light, and I am so strong. . . ."

Louise did not hear her, so deep down in her soul were her thoughts. The girl had to speak again.

"I will take your bundle, my mother——"

They stopped while Marie took her mother's burden and shouldered it.

"Thank you, Marie," said Louise. "I am very tired. But it is only a few yards now to the cross. See? There is the small dome resting on the tops of the four columns. Come . . . I am impatient to kneel and pray."

A marble cross stood at the top of a short flight of stone steps worn by the feet of uncounted suppliants.

A woman was standing on the stone steps looking up at the cross. Instantly they recognised her, Annette Dubois; she turned when she heard their footsteps. Her dark eyes were wild and strained and stained with the marks of heavy tears. Her black hair was partly hidden under a green scarf, the end of which she clutched in nervous, trembling hands. She spoke to the Vernets when they came to the lowest step.

"Do you come to pray, Louise Vernet?" she asked.

"Yes," said Louise, simply.

Annette looked at her sharply, then stared at the cross. She pointed at it with a quivering hand.

"It is a useless thing," she said at last. "For days I have prayed to it. All through the black storm I crouched on these steps . . . praying. I am . . . so tired. There has been no answer. No voice . . . No sign! Bah! It is but a stone . . . and God is not here . . ."

The Vernets looked at her. All through the storm? But that was a terrible ordeal. Clinging, wet to the skin, to one of the pillars. Blinded by the rain . . . . praying. Calling to God and being answered only by the shrieking wind. They marvelled that Annette Dubois lived.

Louise spoke in a lifeless tone.

"What did you ask of God, Annette Dubois?"

Annette turned fiercely on her, swaying a little, but did not answer. Louise spoke quickly to Marie.

"Give her a little of the fish . . . and some wine, Marie. She is starving and faint. . . ."

Annette sank down on the steps and wept. But she did not refuse the food. She ate ravenously, staring before her. She saw that they were watching her and wondering.

"Thank you, Louise Vernet. You have given me more than the cold stone gave. Why do you come to pray?"

Louise looked up at the cross.

"The storm took my Jean . . . and my Sebastien . . . that is why."

Annette gave her a glance, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand as she did so.

"Ah! But I am sorry for you," she said. "Your Jean was a good man, Louise Vernet."

Louise nodded. Her eyes shone.

"Ah, yes. Jean was a good husband."

Annette's lips thinned, and her shoulders moved almost imperceptibly.

"But I have said your Jean was a good fellow. I liked him. I am sorry he is dead. And Sebastien . . . who always laughed."

"Don't!" said Marie sharply. Then she drew back, half ashamed of having spoken to this notorious woman.

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Annette stared at her.

"I am sorry," she said quite gently. "But I, also, came to pray . . . to pray for the soul of Paolo Visari . . ."

Louise and Marie were startled. Their eyes widened as they stared at Annette.

"The soul of Paolo Visari?" Louise echoed. "But . . . why?"

"Because he is dead," said Annette wearily. "Are you a fool?"

"Dead?" whispered Louise.

"Dead?" whispered Marie.

Annette nodded and stared up at the cross again.

"Rene Scarron killed him."

"Last night?"

"No. Before the storm. Rene had Paolo in the net . . . he drowned him."

"Before the storm?"

Annette was exhausted.

"Yes, yes!" she cried wildly. "Is it that you cannot understand me?"

"I can't," said Louise slowly. "Both Marie and I spoke with Paolo Visari last night . . ."

There was a silence. From the road came the echo of a song.

"Are you mad . . . or am I?" Annette gasped.

"I tell you the truth. Paolo Visari is not dead. He came to our cabin last night for payment. But we had no money . . . Because he looked so at Marie . . . we have left him the cabin . . ."

Annette's eyes dwelt on the girl. She had always marvelled at Marie's golden hair.

"Marie . . .?" she muttered. "Paolo Visari is alive . . . and he wants . . . Marie?"

"So I saw," said Louise bitterly. "And we came away."

Annette looked at them. Then she looked up at the cross again. Slowly she crossed herself and whispered:

"So Paolo would let me think him dead, eh? He would let me crouch like a beast on the bitter stones, eh? Annette doesn't matter."

Louise interrupted her.

"Where is Rene Scarron?" she asked.

Annette whirled on her with blazing eyes.

"Bah! Him! Who cares?" she shrilled viciously. "I hope he is dead. Ah, but I will have something to say to Paolo Visari."

Her voice rose hysterically as her rage mounted. The thought of what she had endured on the storm-swept steps of the cross because of Paolo's indifference roused her to frenzy. Strange points of hard light danced in her eyes, and a smear of froth, thin and faint, flecked the corners of her lips. She held out an arm as though to thrust the Vernets aside. Then she began to run, weakly and unsteadily, towards the road.

ANNETTE DUBOIS walked on the sharp stones of the road and felt no pain. Her bare feet left rusty prints by the time she came to the narrow street wherein was the tavern of Pietro Salvini. This street, the Street of the Blind Virgin, was cramped in between narrow old brick houses whose doors opened and shut almost on the cobble-stones. Annette was in torment, and those who passed by her paused and turned and stared after her. Those hours in the storm! Praying for the soul of Paolo Visari! Paolo Visari, who thought now only of the golden-haired girl of the Vernets.

"That woman is Annette Dubois," a man murmured. "Surely she is crazed?"

Crazed? Almost. Cruel hours clinging to a marble cross. Stiff wet lips whispering to God and His gentle Mother . . . for the soul of Paolo Visari. Paolo whom that dog Rene Scarron had drowned in the net. But Rene was dead, and Paolo lived . . . lived, with Annette Dubois forgotten.

Paolo drank his wine at Pietro Salvini's tavern. She would find him there.

Oblivious of the stares of the curious, she went into the tavern. She paused in front of Paolo, and Pietro, the inn-keeper, saw his dark eyes lift, then flash, then narrow. The wild-looking Annette had attracted all eyes. All heard her say:

"Paolo . . . Paolo! I thought you . . . were dead . . ."

Her staring eyes were on Paolo. She ignored the Commandant, who sat talking with Paolo, and the Commandant was not a man to be ignored. He was a grizzled cavalier dressed in rich blue satin breeches and white brocade doublet. His periwig, glossy and black and curly, was the envy of poverty-stricken Nice. The lace at his neck and wrists was like froth. His baldric was of scarlet satin, his hat black, and his hose and shoes of black silk. Obviously, the Commandant was not a man to be ignored. Paolo darted him a quick, thoughtful glance and spoke to Annette. His voice cut the silence as a whip cuts the air. He was tired of this wretched woman, anyway.

"I do not know you. I have never known you. I have no wish to know you. Get out of my sight," he said.

Then he turned and resumed his conversation with the Commandant.

It was a flat dismissal, and it thrust at Annette's heart and soul. A silence settled on the room. Pietro Salvini was nonplussed. Annette was a woman turned to stone. It seemed she stood without breathing. But in a moment she spoke again, very softly.

"Paolo . . . I am hungry . . . I am thirsty, and it is for you and because of you I stand here . . . like this. I—I thought you dead . . ."

The Commandant beckoned to Salvini.

"Take her away," he said grimly. "And this shall be remembered against you, Pietro Salvini!"

Annette leaned forward, her hands resting on the table.

"Paolo . . . do not send me away . . . Paolo! In all the tempest I prayed for you! Lashed by the whips of God and the devils I clung to the cross of marble . . . praying for you! The skies blinded me, the wind tore at my body, but I remained steadfast . . . praying for you. Do not send me away . . ."

Paolo looked up into her face coldly. Her wild, pleading eyes stared into his. He snarled at her:

"You are a fool! I never knew you."

The Commandant lost his temper advisedly. It was a chance to show his authority; perhaps the Duke did not know what a fine Commandant he had in Nice.

"Pietro Salvini . . . you will call my soldiers. They will whip this woman's naked back . . ."

Just for a moment Annette remained staring, dazed. She was panting now, and the light in her eyes was changing. Then, with the speed of a striking serpent, her hand shot out and grasped Paolo's goblet, and the next moment his eyes were drenched with its contents. Those who watched gasped. She was a fool! This would mean the marble quarry for her. But before any of them had regained their breath, she turned and fled from the tavern. Paolo jumped to his feet, his rasping voice thick with fury.

"Stop her! Stop her! That woman killed Rene Scarron!"

But she was gone, and for a moment after Paolo's shout there was no sound in the tavern.

It was during this silence that Louise Vernet and Marie came to the door. Paolo had cleared the wine from his eyes. He saw the slender, golden-haired girl standing, trembling, beside her mother. The fury departed from his face.

STRANGE things begun to be whispered about Annette Dubois as the months passed. Many of the amiable Nissards swore they saw her at night-time, always with a scarf over her head, always gliding swiftly along on silent feet. One said he had seen her painting black crosses on the doors of the churches. Another emphatically declared he saw the stones of the street gape and swallow her. Yet another had seen her suddenly change herself into a black cat and climb a wall to safety as the Commandant's soldiers pressed hard on her heels. All who saw these things were respectable citizens, and not one was known to be a liar. So, naturally, Annette was proclaimed a witch, a procuress, a partaker in the dreaded Black Mass. Paolo himself had seen her grinning down at him out of the moon, and blood had fallen on his upturned face. That satisfied the Senate. They decreed her death, and that very night the moon turned over on its back and went into eclipse. That satisfied everybody. Annette Dubois was a witch.

However, the Commandant could not lay his eager hands upon her. That was a pity. The burning of a witch was a rare spectacle, and gave pleasure to prelates and people. Annette herself knew of Paolo's treachery. It was his plan to be rid of her, to silence her lest she should speak of their pact to destroy Rene Scarron. So Annette had gone to the last remaining place of refuge—the catacombs and crumbling galleries under the broken pharos on Point St. Hospice.

This ancient watch-tower, once a tall beacon that was fired to warn that part of the coast of the approach of the ruthless Barbary pirates, was now shunned by the superstitious and the God-fearing citizens because of the ghosts of the dead around it and below it. Those who netted anchovies in the bay of St. Hospice crossed themselves whenever they glanced at it. Its storm-beaten base was of granite, almost hidden by thick brambles and wild vines that made a seemingly impenetrable barrier. To this forlorn place Annette had fled. Here she had crouched, looking back towards Nice with aching eyes whilst she gulped the cool air into her tortured lungs. Ah, how she had run. She was fear-maddened, pressing into the thorn-bushes, heedless of their punishing spears, of their cuts and scratches, until by pure chance she came to a dark, forgotten opening that gave access to the worn and broken steps leading to crepuscular depths below. Down through the twilight of these steps she felt her way, testing each step with anxious feet, turning and looking back at the glooming entrance. When at last, far down, she came to a damp, level stone floor, she collapsed and wept, her sobs echoing eerily in the silence of this black city of forgotten tombs.

With the living she was done. There was not one to whom she could turn, not one who would not shrink from her.

When the paroxysms of grief and rage had passed, when sorrow ebbed like a slow tide from her soul, she coiled her aching body on the silent threshold of this phantom city and slept. Here she remained in refuge during the weeks and months in which Pietro Salvini got his pound of flesh from Louise Vernet and her daughter as payment for shelter. Here she existed, sul-

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len, often hungry, fearful because of the proclamation against her, vengeful because of her sufferings, ever brooding over Paolo, her mind gradually giving itself up to the phantasies of cruel dreams, gradually shutting itself away from the light of reason, gradually breaking itself on the rack of unrequited love, gradually leading itself into the grey and terrible realms of jealousy, terror, grief, and madness.

During these months Pietro Salvini gave to Louise and Marie the freedom of slaves. They toiled for him from dark of morning to dark of night—Louise cooking, washing, scouring, and Marie scrubbing, carrying, and scavenging. Compared with them Annette at least had freedom.

They slept in the unventilated cellar beneath the kitchen, a low, narrow hole of cold stone, unlighted and furnished with two wretched beds and a creaking table. Under each bed was a small barrel for their clothes. But behind the door was the crucifix that had hung in the cabin of Jean Vernet. There was nothing else. This cellar was their bedroom, their refuge, and their church. No time had they to follow their neighbors to mass. Soon they were all but forgotten. For them the bells in churches convents, and the high monastery rang in vain. They never saw priest or altar and as sin for them was out of the question, they had no need of a confessor.

First to the Duke, and then to the King of France, Louise sent a humble petition praying for the removal of the ban on husband and son.

Day and night Louise prepared the meat, the game, the fowl, and the fish. The kitchen fires roared unceasingly, licking the blackened bowls of giant cauldrons and kettles. Rarely did the spits cease their slow turning, and when Marie left them it was for the work of scouring copper pans and brick floors, of making beds and scrubbing the stairs, and attending to the bedrooms on the floors above the tap-room.

And all they received from Pietro Salvini for their incessant labor were the cellar in which they slept and the scraps of food which they ate, and never-ending complaint and abuse. They hated him and he resented their presence in the tavern. But the widow was helpless, so they worked.

Sorrow and work and the shock of Paolo's unsuccessful attempt to woo Marie killed Louise Vernet. And the beloved King of France had refused her petition. He would not interfere wth the decree of outlawry issued by the Duke.

That very night Louise complained of intense pain and sickness. The hour was late. Pietro Salvini would not come near her. He got another woman to cook, and Marie, although filled with fear, went along the dark street to the apothecary. But the man was sleepy and in no mood to be bothered. He leaned out of his window in his nightshirt and glanced down at the girl. He told her to go to Valadin, the chirurgeon, or else go to the devil. Then he withdrew his night-capped head and slammed the shutters. Marie ran on. Monsieur Valadin was not at home. Had she known Monsieur Valadin better, she would have known he was never at home at night. This time she was told plainly she was a nuisance, so she ran back to the tavern and down to the cellar, crying with disappointment and whispering a prayer to the Holy Virgin. In that short space of time Louise Vernet had died. Marie stood a long time looking down at her mother, then, taking the crucifix from the door and placing it on her mother's breast, she slowly went down on her knees beside the bed.

In the morning Pietro told the shivering girl that it was better for her mother to die than to suffer, the hollow platitude that has ever fallen from a thousand tongues at a thousand death-beds. He would arrange the funeral. He would arrange everything. Such stupid expense! He could not afford much money for the interment, of course, but she would be buried.

The news of a death, or a birth, will always creep round in some mysterious manner. Paolo grinned when he heard that Louise Vernet was dead. But Henri Seine, Jules Lanchard, and Paul Vidor, who were among Pietros best customers, were sympathetic and thoughtful. After drinking many goblets of wine they decided that they would attend the funeral out of respect for the girl.

When the three inseparables came to the tavern they saw that the coffin was already in the cart. A quiet ox stood between the shafts. It was white and had no horns. Barefooted, but with a scarf over her golden hair, Marie stood just behind the cart. She was alone. In front of the white ox stood a man in a black smock, a bell in his hand; his shaggy black hair fell down over his shoulders, and he yawned as he stood waiting. Every now and then the bell clanged mournfully. There were no tears in Marie's eyes. She looked about her as though she did not fully understand, her lips twitching, her hands trembling and clutching at the white, cheap dress Pietro Salvini had bought for her. Some paces behind her was Pietro himself, showing himself to all Nice for the good citizen he was. Several times she glanced round as though she were not certain of this sad little ceremony, but the dark face of Pietro glared at her and she went stumbling on. In silence Henri, Jules, and Paul staggered after. On both sides of the street stood people with downcast eyes, crossing themselves as the cart passed by, and whispering a prayer for the dead. There would be no requiem; Pietro, although a good son of the church, had no money at present, for masses for the dead. But a priest, whose heart was evidently larger than his pocket, waited at the graveside.

While the grave was being filled, and while Jules and Paul were struggling to lift the stubborn Henri from his knees, Marie turned and ran from the place, and from Pietro Salvini. She tore the scarf from her head and her golden hair floated in the wind.

PERE FRANCE'S wine-shop, a snuff-colored, two-storied, crumbling brick house, stood facing the Pare—that interesting street of lovers that was held back from the laughing sea by the grim town wall.

Very good food was to be got at Pere France's shop, and good wine, too, if anyone cared to pay for the real treasure that lay maturing in casks with wooden spigots. But in Nice sols were sols, and good wine rarely ran from the taps. The three comrades, Henri Seine, the fat avocat, stuttering Jules Lanchard, the dealer in anchovies, and Paul Vidor, who had bought lettres de noblesse from the Duke of Savoy for a handful of Louis d'or and was now Monsieur le Comte, all agreed upon the excellence of the food. Yes, the food was the best and the most plentiful in Nice—beef in season from Piedmont, mutton and lamb and rich pork. From Piedmont came also fat capons and turkeys as well as hares, partridges, pigeons, snipe, beccaficos, and ortolans. On occasions wild boar from the mountains graced the board, and never was a meal made without rock oysters, red and grey mullet, delicious cuttle-fish for the famous France ragout, and that prince of fish, the dory. Truly, if one had the sols and the time, as Henri and Jules and Paul had, one could, with discrimination, do very well at Pere France's shop.

The selection and preparation of the food were done by Andre, Pere France's graceful and youthful son. Andre's dark eyes could at times be seen gazing through a grille in the wall that separated the tables from the busy, hot kitchen. Sometimes they heard him playing his fiddle, and all would stop eating, stop talking, even stop drinking; for Andre played and sang like a master.

HIS dreams were of moonlight on a silver sea, of clouds resting a while at the mountain peaks, of color, and light, and shadow, and of nymphs dancing on grass that sparkled with dew.

Consider then the horror of that kitchen for him, consider then the bitterness of his song; then consider the rage and venom of Pere France when at last the youth rebelled and said he would cook no more. Imagine the scene! There was the defiant Andre, his eyes flashing with the fires of rebellion, his shirt and breeches oil-spotted and torn, his beloved fiddle under his arm, facing his raving father. There was Pere France, hunched and spitting, calling down all the curses he could remember or invent upon the stiff head of the ungrateful one. There were the grinning patrons who had just listened for the last time to his song, staring at Andre to see whether he would flinch and return cowed to the kitchen.

But no! Not he, Andre France—sut, no! He was going to be free, and he was going now!

He had nowhere to go; all he knew was that he was free. After several hours' weary wandering through the black streets he realised that to be a great artist one would have to make sacrifices. He comforted himself with the thought that the great Leonardo de Vinci's celebrated Mona Lisa, which was purchased by Francis I for four thousand gold florins, took four years to complete. What were a few hours of loniliness compared with that? Bah, it was nothing. Andre trapped on, walked out of the town gate, and lay in a ditch that night.

As the days went by Andre grew hungrier and leaner. It was astonishing, he told himself, how one could have a rich father and yet be so hungry, but he knew that not all the blood in his veins was as precious to Pere France as one of his Louis d'or. It was terrible, this hunger. He had even played the fiddle to the fishermen. His reward had been a contemptuous copper piccalon, the sixth part of a sol.

He was given a garret to himself under the roof on the third floor of Madame Vauban's establishment, a rendezvous of foreigners.

For weeks Andre climbed steep stairs to the bed beneath the sloping roof. But how

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hungry he was, and how thin. His features had a pinched look that told of gradual starvation, and his fine dark eyes were beginning to burn with the unnatural light of hunger.

Pere France's selfish silence infuriated him. An unnatural father, that. But he would have to be the first to speak. In the meantime he was fortunate to be under Madame Vauban's roof, for the weather had taken another chill turn and the summer days were departing. He knew there was a man in the room next to his; he had heard him cough; and in the third room a young woman evidently lived. He had heard her sobbing, but he had never seen her and did not wish to.

Anyone entering Madame Vauban's house by the front door could be seen plainly by the travellers warming themselves at the fire in the room where they ate. The creaking stairs, coldly wainscoted for the first flight, were across the vestibule from the door of this common room, and when one came to the bottom step one could look into that room and see them sitting in stiff, leather-covered chairs. It was the knowledge of this fact, doubtless, that caused young Andre France to sneak in and creep up the complaining stairs as quietly as he could. Want is always doubly cruel to the sensitive, and he was now acutely sensitive. For the first time in twenty-four hours he had some food hidden in his shirt. He almost ran to the stairs without casting a glance into the lighted dining-room where soup and game were smoking on the plates.

To-day, out of the blue, had come two sols. They lay at his feet as he played. He mumbled his thanks. A sol deserves thanks, for it means food. Then he hurried to the poulterer's shop where they sold all kinds of food from bread to boars' heads. A man plays for food, not for the fun of the thing, although the Nissards did not seem to think that. He took time in selecting his food, for a sol, under such circumstances, can be spent very unwisely.

ANDRE'S candle did not even flicker when he tore off one end of the loaf with thin, trembling fingers, then a piece of the cheese, and then crammed the mass into his mouth. Candles witness many such scenes.

The knock sounded on his door as he was sipping water. A starving mouth is dry. He turned from the feast with fury in his dark eyes. For a moment he did not speak, then, moving so that his slender frame hid the food from sight, he called:

"Enter. . . ."

He knew it would be Madame Vauban. Doubtless she thought it was time she had some money. He was a little astonished to see, then, that his visitor was not Madame Vauban. It was the man from the next room who stood there, an old man whose hair, long and unkempt, was snow-white.

"Monsieur . . . forgive me. I cannot stand it alone in my room any longer. It is beginning to rain, and the rain can mock pitilessly. It can thunder . . . and laugh, and then dance a merry rigadoon, but when the slow drops come . . . it is . . . desolate. Did you know that?"

Andre stared with low-lidded eyes at the old man. Was he to be prevented from eating because this old idiot feared the rain? His reply was ungracious and cold.

"No."

The old man's voice seemed to plead.

"For Heaven's sake, Monsieur, allow me to come in and talk . . . will you? My name is Augustin Arnaud. The name is forgotten now, I fear, for once I displeased my king. But at one time . . . will you allow me to come in?"

Andre found himself scowling at Monsieur Arnaud.

But he said, quite without warmth:

"Come in, of course. . . ."

The old man came into the room. He shut the door behind him and sank down on the bed. He said, looking up suddenly:

"Thank you. It is strange that men can live in rooms side by side for months and not know each other. I am afraid, monsieur, I do not know your name."

Andre did not move.

"My name is . . . Andre France. Now you are here, what are we going to talk about?"

Perhaps the question was put just a little brutally. It seemed so to Andre the moment he caught a look that flickered in Monsieur Arnaud's old eyes; a look of shame, of apology, of utter futility. The young man caught his breath, and silently called himself a swine. He seated himself beside the old man and so revealed the bread and cheese.

"I ask your pardon, Monsieur Arnaud," he said. "I fear it is no use my pretending. I am poor, and for the moment my pride, such as it now is, insisted on shielding the bread and cheese. You see it?"

For a brief moment there was no reply. Augustin Arnaud's eyes were staring at the food. Then he said very quietly:

"Yes, I see it. It is no use my pretending, either. I knew it was here. I . . . smelt the cheese . . . and forced myself upon you."

Andre was shocked. Here was an aristocrat who had smelt the cheese . . . and followed it like a rat. He said, gently:

"You are hungry . . . Monsieur Arnaud?"

The old man's voice was not quite steady. His eyes seemed to be shot with frosty little lights as he stared at the food.

"My dear young man . . . would you be hungry if you had not eaten since the day before yesterday?"

The day before yesterday? Andre looked at him. The day before yesterday, and his hair was white. Something seemed to rise up within the young man and take him by the throat.

"Ah, monsieur . . ." he muttered. Then he smiled. "I am so glad you came in. I wonder if you will accept some of this bread and cheese? It seems a shame to have to throw it out."

Throw it out? Horror leapt into Augustin Arnaud's eyes. Throw that food . . . out? His voice shook as he said:

"I would thank God . . . and you . . . for it, monsieur. I also have no pride now . . . only hunger . . . and patience. You see . . . I find everything becoming increasingly difficult. Ah! I do wish that rain would cease. Rain for me means . . . memories. It rained the day . . . I was married. Memories. The resurrection of a life almost lived . . . of fame . . . of fortune, a long time ago . . . of beauty . . . of a love that grew cold and died. It . . . died. I saw her with the king, and then I fled. I hate the rain, monsieur, I hate it. But it will pass . . . and there is always . . . to-morrow."

Andre stared. His visitor's hands were trembling, long, thin, shapely white hands. And that phrase . . . always to-morrow.

"That is strange," he muttered. "But often I tell myself there is always to-morrow."

Andre tore off a third of the loaf for himself and handed the remaining two-thirds to Monsieur Arnaud. The same with the cheese.

"But you have given me most of your food——"

Andre laughed a little.

"I was thinking, Monsieur Arnaud, that there is always to-morrow . . ."

Monsieur Arnaud beamed as he stood up with the food in his hands.

"Yes, yes, of course," he muttered. "Just look at my foolish old hands. Trembling. The cold, of course. Thank you . . . Monsieur France . . ."

The white head of Monsieur Arnaud was bent as she left the room. At the door he paused and looked back. And then Andre was glad he had given the food.

"There is always to-morrow," said Monsieur Arnaud.

Andre closed the door. He stood for a moment in serious thought.

Monsieur Arnaud went along the narrow passage on tiptoe. He paused at his own door but did not enter. Indeed, he merely opened it again and then closed it so that the sound would be heard. Then he walked, still on tiptoe, to the door of the third room. Here he bent his head and listened. He heard the soft shuffling of bare feet. Satisfied, he knocked gently. Instantly there was no sound. He spoke quickly in a reassuring whisper.

"IT is Augustin Arnaud . . Marie. May I come in?"

Within the room Marie Vernet's beautiful face lost its haunting look of fear. She dreaded a knock on her door. She unbarred the door and managed to smile at Monsieur Arnaud as he walked in, but it was a wry smile, quite without warmth or life.

Augustin Arnaud liked Marie Vernet. They had often talked together. She had told him of the tragedy of her family, and how she had fled from the grave of her mother so that Paolo should never find her. Ah, that night! Sheltering in the corners of the dark streets! Then running on and on and on . . . until she collapsed in the doorway of Madame Vauban's.

The old man had listened to her story, and they had become firm friends.

To-night she had come up the stairs very slowly, and he had heard her feet go dragging into her room. That told a tale to the ears of experience. There was weakness in that hesitant walk, and the hint of a young mind almost beaten. But he smiled at her as she spoke, for he was quick to sense the unusual in her tone and words.

"You have found employment?" he asked.

Marie turned from him and put the candle down on the box. Her dark eyes were timid.

"No . . . I have no employment," she whispered.

Augustin Arnaud just got a glimpse of her face. He sighed very softly as he seated himself on her bed.

From his pocket he fished out an onion. He had been guarding that onion all day. Several times in his own room he had looked at it, and then put it away. It had been hard, but he had put it away. So he tore the loaf and broke the cheese. There was a smile in his eyes as he held up the onion.

"My little one . . . there is nothing like an onion for the stomach," he said. "It does not improve the breath, but—sut! There is life in an onion, I know."

Marie leaned back against the box. The room was spinning before her eyes.

"Is there . . . monsieur?" she whispered.

"Yes. You shall try it, Marie," he said gently. "Come and sit here beside me . . ."

He slipped a little of the bread and a small piece of the cheese into his pocket. It

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CONFLICT

was done very stealthily. Marie saw the action and her eyes widened.

"But . . . monsieur!" she panted. "You will stay and eat with me?"

He shook his head and rose to his feet. He seemed to be thinking of something.

"My dear . . . you are tired. When you have eaten . . . you will go to bed . . . and sleep. I will talk with you to-morrow. There is always to-morrow, you know."

She nodded again. Her eyes were bright with quiet tears now.

"Always to-morrow, monsieur . . . and for that we should thank the Holy Mother. But you are leaving me all the food . . ."

He was well aware of it. He sighed.

"But yes. That is for to-morrow . . . your to-morrow."

He opened the door.

"In any case, I could not possibly eat it all. It seems a shame to have to throw it away . . . yes?"

"Ah, thank you . . . Monsieur Arnaud," she whispered. "I will not forget. There is always . . . to-morrow. Yes, I will remember that."

"That is good," he said, nodding his white head. "I heard old Julie Durant say she required help at her market stall. You might ask her, Marie."

The door closed.

But Monsieur Arnaud was not the one to greet Marie the next morning. He slept late. As she came to the top of the stairs she and Andre France came face to face for the first time. The ragged young man bowed gravely to the tattered, bare-legged girl as he stood aside to allow her to pass. Her eyes thanked him. His eyes followed her down, and at the bottom of the stairs she looked back and up, and she smiled. Never before had she seen such wonder in a young man's eyes. And Andre whispered to himself, not knowing that he was already fast in the invisible, irresistible net that every woman has the power to cast.

"But . . . she is beautiful," he told himself. "But . . . she is . . . wonderful . . . that one . . ."

And then he leapt down the narrow stairs.

ANDRE FRANCE ran through the streets looking for the girl with the white hair. People stared at him, so eager and so rapid were his questions. Had they seen a young girl with wonderful white hair, and with dark eyebrows and lashes and large dark eyes? Her hair was partly covered with a white scarf? No? Zut! But that was strange! Surely someone had seen her? The ground could not have opened and swallowed her. No? And he ran on again. Curious how she had disappeared. Then his pace slackened. He saw her. There she was, the girl with the marvellous hair, standing talking to old Julie Durant. Andre felt himself grow hot and cold by turns as he slowly approached the stall. It was not decent, following a girl like this. He noticed as he came close that the girl was speaking earnestly to old Julie. Presently he was almost beside her. Her voice was sweet, and soft, and there was a world of appeal in it as she talked. Julie, of course, stood with her fat red arms akimbo on her bulging hips as she looked the girl up and down. Andre heard her say:

"By the mass, little one! You are young, surely, for all that white hair. And you wish to work for me, eh?"

Marie's eyes glanced from the shrewd, black little eyes of Madame Julie to the piled-up vegetables and salads.

"But, yes . . . madame. If madame will permit . . ."

"Bah!" laughed Julie. "Do not be afraid of me, whitehead!"

Marie trembled.

"Oh, no, no, no, madame . . ." she faltered.

Julie Durant laughed loudly. Her arm was almost as thick as Marie's waist, and she was tall, with a red skin, wide flat face, and tousled black hair.

"Tiens!" and Julie burst out laughing again. "Now what is it you really want, my dear?"

"I would work for you . . . I would work hard and faithfully for you, Madame Julie."

Julie Durant laughed.

"That is good. But where do you live girl?"

"At Madame Vauban's——"

"Ah! I know her. And your name?"

Marie hesitated. When she spoke her voice betrayed her fear.

"It is Marie Vernet, Madame Julie——"

Julie Durant's tone deepened. The twinkle left her eyes.

"Marie Vernet, you say? Oh, ho! And you wish to work for me?"

Marie nodded. Andre saw that she was trembling again. Julie Durant slowly shook her head.

"I am sorry, Marie Vernet, but you will not do——"

Marie's cry was pitiful.

"Oh, please, madame! Do not turn me away. I will work so hard——"

"I have no work——"

"I do not want money . . . just give me food. Food! Do not send me away . . ."

Madame Julie frowned. It would be better to have done quickly.

"Zut! I do not want you . . ."

Marie came a step forward. Her hand went out and rested on Julie Durant's huge red arm.

"Madame . . . all are turning against me . . . and I am hungry and alone . . ."

Madame Julie's expression softened. But she shook her head.

"The truth is, little one, that I dare not employ you," she said. "I know you are the daughter of Jean Vernet, and the sister of Sebastien. Your father and brother were outlawed by the Senate for stealing Paolo Vizari's boat instead of paying for it. They are banned forever from Nice. And with them . . . their people. You see? You are frowned upon. You are unwanted."

Marie spoke quickly, hotly.

"But that is a lie! They are not thieves . . . they are dead. Dead! And my good mother. She is dead. Does Nice wish to kill me also? Have I stolen? Am I an outlaw? Must I perish because of Paolo's lies? Ah, be merciful, Madame Julie . . . I will work so hard for you . . ."

Julie Durant sighed. What power had she? None. She shrugged again. It was the devil, this.

"It must not be done, Marie Vernet. You must go," she said.

Marie's hand fell to her side. Andre breathed quickly as he listened. His eyes never left the sad, beautiful face of the girl. He saw her shrink back, trembling. She hung her head, turned, and walked slowly away. As he walked past Julie Durant he heard her say:

Ah, bah! That was *too* cruel. But I dare not, I dare not."

Andre was seized with the desire to throw one of Julie Durant's cabbages at her stupid head. But time would not permit. He did not want to lose sight of Marie Vernet, and she was now walking quickly again. He contented himself with flinging a verbal missile at Julie's head as he passed by.

"There are two kinds of people who are honest, madame. Those who wish to be, and those who have to be. You are not one of the former, Julie Durant."

He turned and ran after Marie. Madame Julie's thick lips opened and shut, and then she roared after him:

"Zut! Must I bare my back to the punishment-canes of the Senate to please the Vernets?"

But Andre was out of earshot. Julie turned to her stall, grumbling.

"By the mass, I am sorry for the child."

Madame Julie hastily crossed herself and then spat between her bare feet. The sudden clatter of feet on the cobbles made her turn her head. Her black eyes lit up when she saw Henri Seine, Jules Lanchard, and Paul Vidor approaching her, on their way to Pere France's for breakfast. Henri's fat face was a shade redder this morning. His doublet, breeches, and hose were stretched to bursting point, and looked as though they had been out on the grass all night. None of the three men smiled. Their eyes were sombre, their mouths tight and grim like the mouths of those who will not allow the wine within to conquer them. They came to a halt in front of Julie, and little Jules Lanchard opened the conversation with a stuttering broadside.

"IT is th-th-the d-devil, Julie," he complained. "All the way f-from S-S-Salvini's Henri has b-b-been f-f-flopping down on his knees to p-p-p-pray."

"What's wrong with him?" growled Julie. "Has his last moment come?"

She turned from them impatiently. She could see they did not intend buying her fruit.

Henri Seine glared at her. His eyes were red with crying.

Madame Julie snapped at him:

"You're drunk again, Henri Seine. Where you get the money from goodness only knows. Are you not ashamed?"

Paul Vidor spoke solemnly.

"Madame, we come to you for salads, not sermons. My friend's money is his own concern. What we drink is our concern. I do not like the color of your face this morning, madame. It hurts the eyes."

Julie drew herself erect like one preparing for battle.

"Get away from here," she hissed.

But Henri Seine was at that moment seized with spasms of remorse and giddiness. He fell to his fat knees and raised his clasped hands to the sky. Again the tears trickled down his bulging cheeks. His lips twitched as he moaned prayers and promises.

"Ah, I am a bad one. Heaven, have pity on me and curse Salvini for his vile wine. Ah, my head, my head! . . . give me strength to resist all brandy, all wine. I promise by the gridiron of St. Lawrence to ——"

Jules and Paul jerked him to his feet.

"P-P-Pere France will take the s-s-sting out of y-y-your b-b-b-blood," stammered Jules. "He has a c-c-cure."

Paul glanced at Julie's stock of fruit. Julie looked hopeful again.

"The fruit would be best," she barked.

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"Here are peaches, plums, melons, apples, pomegranates, pears, lemons, and oranges."

Paul turned on her coldly.

"I see them, woman," he told her haughtily.

He selected a melon with a fine, green skin, broke it, and commenced to devour the reddish-purple pulp with relish, spitting out the flat, black seeds as he swallowed the sweet juice. He silenced Henri's prayers by thrusting a wedge of melon pulp into the fat one's burning mouth. Henri collapsed again and munched.

Jules and Paul selected melons, peaches, and oranges and then squatted down on the cobbles beside Henri. Each time Henri gulped down his fruit Paul fed him some more.

"Ah, Heaven is good," sighed Henri.

Jules ate a dozen peaches and then clutched at his throat.

"I d-d-d-don't feel happy," he complained.

Paul munched solemnly at an apple. He had made a tremendous meal of fruit, and the cobbles were littered with stones, pips, and skins. Madame Julie spoke suggestively.

"And who will pay me for the fruit?" she demanded.

Paul shrugged and threw the core of the apple away.

"Jules will," he said calmly. "He won all my money last night, so he will pay this morning."

Jules forgot his uneasy stomach.

"M-m-m-me p-p-pay?" he stammered protestingly. "I always p-p-pay. Let that f-f-fat worm p-p-p-pay."

Julie glared at Henri Seine. Henri blinked up at her.

"Madame," he murmured. "It begins to look as though the good Lord will pay. I am merely the guest of my friends . . ."

Madame Julie's face went nearly white. A fine game, this.

"You had better pay before these idiots ruin you . . . and me," she snapped.

"I will pray for you," said Henri.

Madame Julie began to quiver. Jules was beginning to throw peaches at the passers-by. Paul Vidor was gravely selecting melon after melon and breaking them on the cobbles. After inspecting each ruined melon he would shake his head as though profoundly disappointed.

"I have never found one containing red pips," he muttered. "But there must be red pips . . . somewhere . . ."

"Red pips . . . eh?" snarled Madame Julie. "Red pips . . . eh?"

A CROWD began to gather round the stall, staring curiously and grinning. Julie Durant's eyes were glittering.

"So!" she shrilled. "I shall be paid by the good Lord, eh? Bah! It is too . . . Heavens!"

The pious ejaculation was the result of a well-aimed peach. Jules chuckled and spluttered gleefully.

"T-t-t-that was a g-g-g-good one," he told himself.

The crowd roared as Julie, blinded by the dripping peach, fell backwards against the stall, sat on the wooden edge, tipped the wooden frame up with her ponderous weight, and then slithered to the cobbles with the fruit rattling and raining down upon her.

Paul Vidor broke the last melon.

"There are no red pips," he said gravely. "It is astonishing. Let us go to Pere France."

But little Jules had not finished with the peaches. He turned his unerring aim at the crowd. Right and left he scattered them while Madame Julie struggled under the weight of the wooden stall. Henri Seine staggered to his feet.

"I feel better," he announced. "It was the brandy that upset me . . . I think."

Through the milling, laughing mob came Paolo Visari, attracted by the noise and the excitement. To Jules he was just a target, and a ripe peach burst on his doublet and then dropped to the ground. Instantly there came the glint of steel. Paolo was known for a hot-head, and now he gripped a poniard. The crowd fell back. Paul Vidor and Henri Seine also saw the steel; they grasped the yelling Jules, but before Paolo could step towards them a hand fell on his arm. He whirled, and then shrank back, staring into the crazy eyes of Annette Dubois. All except Jules, Henri, and Paul stood like statues. None had seen her come. It seemed to them as though she had just risen from the stones before them. Annette the witch. Annette spoke quietly to Paolo.

"I have news of Marie Vernet for you," she said. "Come with me."

Jules, Henri, and Paul slunk through the staring crowd and ran down the street. Madame Julie still sat, moaning and helpless, in the ruins of her fruit-stall.

Paolo breathed quickly. Here was his opportunity to seize Annette and secure her. But she had spoken of Marie Vernet. That might be worth the hearing. Paolo nodded.

"If you are sensible, Annette," he told her. "I may see what can be done for you."

Annette's lips thinned. She knew Paolo, now.

"I am sensible," she retorted. "Come with me."

Paolo threw a quick glance at the crowd, turned, and followed her. As he disappeared the crowd threw themselves upon the fruit and scattered vegetables, and presently Julie Durant was left to moan the loss of her stock.

"Dear Lord . . ." she sobbed. "I am ruined. The devils . . . but they will get the galleys . . . for this . . ."

Still prayerful, grave, and hilarious, Henri, Paul, and Jules hurried on towards Pere France's. He, they knew, would defend them with a barrier of lies so long as they paid him to do so. If the soldiers of the Commandant came asking awkward questions concerning Julie Durant's stall, Pere France would swear, even on the cross, that they had been in his wine-shop. So they hurried to the Parc, the fumes of Salvini's cognac gradually rising from their clouded minds and leaving them filled with a secret misgiving as to the future. It came to each as they walked along arm in arm that at last they had qualified for a seat in the Commandant's galleys.

Andre ran over the cobbles in pursuit of Marie. He had seen her go up the Stairs of the Dog, pause for a moment between the narrow-fronted brick houses on each side of the twisting, narrow street, and then go on. He bounded up the worn stone stairs and raced along until he came upon her sitting in the doorway of a house that stood back a little from its neighbors. Her head was buried in her hands with that suggestion of hopelessness that is to be seen only in the attitudes of those who no longer care. Andre walked slowly towards her, and when he paused beside her she looked up. For a moment they just stared at each other, then Marie spoke.

"Ah, it is the one who smiled at me," she murmured.

Andre sat down beside her. It was he, now, who trembled.

"You are in trouble, Marie Vernet. Yes; I heard what you said to the stupid Julie. I am in trouble, too . . ."

She looked at him again. She decided without being conscious of the fact, that she liked this young man.

Andre glanced at her. How beautiful she was.

"I wanted to help you . . ." he said. "Last night I, also, was starving. And I bought some bread and cheese. Had I not given some to old Monsieur Arnaud I would have had some for you . . ."

Marie's eyes widened.

"You gave bread and cheese to Monsieur Arnaud?" she asked sharply.

Andre was surprised at her tone.

"But, yes, Marie Vernet . . ."

HER laughter interrupted him. She leaned back against the door and laughed and laughed. But there was no merriment in the sound. Rather was it like the crying of a distracted heart.

"Oh . . . but I see it," she said, presently. "But, how queer life can be. I have to thank you, also, monsieur."

"Thank me? But I have done nothing for you . . ."

She rose slowly to her feet.

"I must be going. If I am seen talking to you like this . . . they will whip me. I am Marie Vernet . . . and they will whip me."

"Will you tell me how I am to live, Monsieur?"

"There is the convent . . ."

"I said to live, not to die, monsieur. I do not wish to be shut in a cold stone cell to pray, and in time to cough out my lungs and life."

He was silent, looking at her. Then he said:

"You think there is no one who cares?"

"No one, monsieur."

"That is not true," he said gently.

She looked at him quickly. Her eyes were now narrowed and hard.

"You are privileged to doubt, of course," she retorted.

"It is not that," he said quickly. "But you are mistaken. I care for you . . . and I want you . . . for my wife."

Marie stared at him dumbfounded. Several times her lips moved without speech, then she said quietly:

"You? You would marry me? But you cannot know what you are saying! I am Marie Vernet. And you have only seen me once before this . . ."

Andre flushed.

"Truly I want you for my wife, Marie Vernet. Have I to gaze at you for a year to know that? I knew it when I saw you on the stairs at Madame Vauban's. I knew then that . . . I loved you. Ah, you laugh. Well, you may laugh. It is the truth."

"Love me?" she mocked. "Are you a fool, monsieur? Or do you love every woman you chance to meet?"

Andre's eyes regarded her steadily. He knew he must make allowances for her distrust. He said softly:

"It is true that I love you. If I took you to the priest and married you . . . would not that prove it?"

Then she smiled a little. "But forgive me if I laughed at you. You see, monsieur, I do not even know your name. Who are you?"

Andre bowed, and his bare legs and feet,

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and his tattered coat and breeches did not rob the gesture of dignity.

"I am Andre France, son of Pere France who owns the wineshop in the Parc. But I have left my father. For him I could cook and cook for ever. Bah! I have not the soul of a cook. And he is a miser, my father. Never a sol has he given me all these years. But enough of him. Let us talk about ourselves. I am in earnest, Marie Vernet. If you will agree . . . I will get money . . . and we will leave Nice and go far away. To Rome, eh? Ah, there is a thought. As Madame France, in Rome, you could live your life in peace. What do you say, Marie Vernet?"

Marie sat down again. Her eyes were dreamy with thought. Rome. Peace. And this young man said he loved her. Andre could not endure her silence.

Then she said:

"You would marry me . . . at once?"

"Not in Nice, Marie Vernet. I have to get money . . . from my father. He will not be pleased, but I shall get the money. Then we will go to Rome, and there I will marry you. What do you say?"

She held out her hand and he helped her to her feet again.

"You are not a murderer?" she demanded sharply.

His eyes widened.

"Of course not," he gasped.

"You have not already a wife?"

"No, no!"

"You are not a thief fleeing from Nice?"

"Before God, no!"

"And the priest has not cursed you?"

"Never! Never!" he shouted.

She was silent, watching him. She saw, now, that he was sincere.

"Then I thank you, Andre France . . . and I will go to Rome with you . . . to be your wife . . . but wait! Do not put your hands upon me!"

He drew back, his dark eyes looking into hers. Andre stood silent. Marie was trembling.

"We will go back to Madame Vauban's," said Andre quietly. "A galley leaves for Rome to-night. Before it goes . . . I must see my father. Come . . ."

Side by side they walked along the crooked street. They did not speak. To each it seemed as though a long road, its end out of sight, suddenly appeared at their feet. Along that road they had started, silent, wondering. In silence they came to Madame Vauban's house.

"I will go into my room," said Marie hurriedly.

Andre nodded, giving voice to his thought.

"Ah, already you are frightened of me . . ."

SHE considered him with level eyes, eyes still timid yet alight with the swift turn of her destiny.

"I think you are very kind, monsieur," she whispered. "I am not frightened of you. I trust you, now. I will go into my room and wait for you to come to me."

"That is good," he said delightedly. "The moment I have the money . . . I will come for you. Then we will send two candles to the shrine of St. Lawrence—one for you and one for me. And speak to none whilst I am away."

"I shall wait," she whispered. "And none shall know."

She went into the house. Andre stood gazing after her until she disappeared, then he turned and ran towards the Parc. Unconsciously Marie spoke aloud as she opened the door of her room:

"Ah, God is good . . ."

Her door closed behind her. Within his room Monsieur Arnaud heard the words. He was lying on his bed, carefully dressed in his black clothes. Again there was nothing to eat, anywhere, and one of his blood could not beg . . . for himself. His thin lips echoed the girl's words.

"Ah, God is good . . . yes, God is good . . ."

He rocked a little from side to side, panting. He half raised himself and fell back again, panting.

When Andre and Marie, at the close of that long day, crept away through the dark, narrow streets of the town, down to where the Rome galley lay, they did not know that Augustin Arnaud, although he still lay upon his bed in the high room, was also gone from the house of Madame Vauban. Never more would he tell of the dawns and the sunsets of his yesterdays; never again would he tell the hopeless that there is always to-morrow; he himself was now in the eternity of the great To-morrow.

ANNETTE was not normal. Because of the awful shadow that day and night surrounded her—the red shadow of the flaming doom of a witch—and because of the long, solitary periods of brooding, her bitter mind had mapped under the terrible tension, transforming her into a creature of silent and terrible cunning. Creeping about in the gloom of the catacombs, she was indeed the embodiment of a witch.

She was very thin, and was bent a little, and she moved very slowly. Her clothing was mostly rags, and her once lustrous black hair was lank and lifeless, hanging in black strings over her skinny shoulders. Annette Dubois, the witch! Even her thin hands, with nails grown long and sharp, proclaimed her. It would almost seem that a belief has the power to shape people to a pattern. To everyone she was a witch; a witch she became.

She grew accustomed to the rats that infested the catacombs. At night she and they went forth for food, the rats and the woman together, to the groves, the beaches, and the heaps where scraps of food were thrown. By day she and they slept deep down in the silent gloom. Her eyes grew so that they could see very well in the dim light. The bright light of day hurt them. Sometimes, of course, she could not sleep during the day; then torturing memories would set her rocking from side to side. She would recall things, and places, and people, and the time, so long ago now it seemed, when she was a woman among women, moving about in the daylight, laughing under the stars. So long ago. Now she was of the dead, and lived with them in their silent city. Sometimes Rene Scarron would come and stand beside her, and she would shrink as his heavy fist was uplifted to strike.

Deep down in the catacombs she had cut Paolo's name upon a stone. Paolo. Slowly her fingers would trace each letter, and each letter had been washed with her tears, and caressed by her lips.

The fear of capture haunted her. Again and again she had watched herself die. Her flesh had shrieked as the flames touched it. The smoke of the burning faggots choked her nostrils. And all around her stood or sat the solemn Senate, the shaven priests, the staring noblesse and the goggling bourgeoisie, watching her, watching the priest hold up the crucifix for her adoration even in that torment.

Heaven, have pity! She was no witch, but what could she do? If they caught her they would test her, first by water, then by fire. If she drowned she was innocent; if she lived through the water she was guilty and a witch, and she was taken to be burnt.

There was only cunning left to her, and cunning she employed.

From the fishermen's boats she had stolen torches, from their cabins some flint and steel.

It was in the dark streets of Nice that she heard of Paolo's infatuation. Urged by a compelling impulse to mingle again with the living, to hear the sound of laughter and of speech, she had chosen a night bright with starlight. And she had heard of Paolo's madness, of his determination to win Marie Vernet. They said he was in love with the girl, but the unseen Annette scoffed silently at that. Paolo was incapable of love. Yet there might be truth in it, and jealousy and hatred surged in her heart. Paolo. He was hers. Marie Vernet? Annette spat on the ground. Slowly she walked back to the distant catacombs, a shadow mingling with shadows. For days and nights she brooded over what she had heard, and at last made her decision. Again she went forth, but this time in the bright light of day, the day that Andre found Marie Vernet. When Paolo had followed her a little way she paused and turned to him.

"Paolo," she whispered, her strained dark eyes upon him.

He drew back. He would not allow even the cloak he wore to touch her. When he spoke his voice was a snarl.

"Bo! You have nothing to tell me! It is the witch come to plague me, eh? But I will soon end that . . ."

She spoke quietly.

"Paolo, be still. I can read your thoughts. Who better? Even now you think to call aloud and betray me. But, wait! I will make a bargain with you . . ."

He drew himself up.

"I do not bargain with a witch . . . accursed one!"

She thought he would strike her, so fierce was the sudden light in his dark eyes.

She grinned at him, marvelling that she had ever loved this man.

"Listen, Paolo. It is you I have to thank for being proclaimed a witch. Oh, I know it. You fear I shall talk. Paolo, only you can convince the Senate and the Commandant that I am not accursed——"

"Why should I?" he snarled at her.

"Because you love the girl Vernet——"

Quickly he bent forward and struck her on the mouth.

"Keep her name off your lips," he growled.

Annette was panting. The blow stung, and the pain reached deeper than her lips. "Even if I could tell you where she is?" she muttered.

He stood very still. Then he said:

"You lie."

"I do not lie. I know where she is. She fears you and lies hidden from you. Like myself, she is outcast. Is she not the daughter of an outlaw? But only I know where you can come upon her . . . with none to thwart your love. None, Paolo."

She had him right. His quick breathing showed it. Her cunning hand had struck the right string at last. Fool. She wanted to laugh.

"So," she continued, "I will make a bargain with you. Release me from this curse . . . and I will take you to her, and none shall see you come . . . or go."

He was silent. She went on:

"You will agree? You will give me your word?"

He spoke slowly, watching her intently.

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"You have no love for me, Annette Dubois. You plotted with Rene Scarron to drown me in that net——"

She interrupted him quickly.

"No, no, Paolo. I swear it!——"

"What a liar you are, Annette," he said contemptuously. "But never mind all that now. Why do you wish this girl to come to me? You!"

"Is it pleasant to be thought a witch? Is it pleasant to shrink, and shiver, and think of fire?"

He laughed. She was amusing.

"So you taste the flames before the fire is lit, eh? I am glad, Annette. I would like to see you burn in Hades for your little trick."

She answered sullenly.

"I played you no trick, Paolo. But that is my bargain. If you do not agree you will never find her. She is going away——"

"Where?" he rapped out.

"I will not tell."

"Where?"

"I will not tell!" she repeated quietly.

He was silent in thought. Then he said:

"I agree."

"You will not betray me?"

"No."

SHE knew he lied. Ah, yes. She knew Paolo now. He would delight in destroying her.

"I must trust you," she whispered; "even as you must trust me. Now, listen. Do not be afraid of where I lead you. The girl you seek, and Annette the witch, have a sure refuge."

"I will follow you," he said gruffly. "And if you think to trick me again . . ."

She interrupted him impatiently.

"Trick you? How can I do that? Is there a man who would strike a blow for a witch? They would rather strike me."

"I will follow you," he repeated. "Where do you take me?"

"That you shall see," she murmured.

She knew he was laughing silently as he followed her.

He grew impatient at the long walk. When she got down on her hands and knees and crept into the tangled brush at the base of the ruined tower he said:

"But what is this?"

"It is the path that leads to . . . sanctuary. A little way and we descend."

"Descend?"

"She is hiding from you, is she not?"

"Go on," he muttered. "But if this be treachery . . . I'll drive my poinard through your back, Annette Dubois."

So. He would knife her in the back. He who had once held her in his arms would stab her. There was Paolo Visari for you! How she wanted to laugh!

"We are alone," she flung at him. "And here is the first step that leads down. Wait!"

He looked past her and down.

"I live down there, Paolo," she told him. "It is a refuge for those who flee from death . . . or love."

He pointed down.

"She is down there?" he asked.

She sneered at him.

"Is there a better place to hide? And assuredly you will lose her again if you do not trust me to lead you to her."

"Go on," he said huskily.

He did not like the place, and she was quick to see apprehension and doubt in his eyes.

"You are foolish, Paolo. Put away your knife. You will not need it."

They went down. He gave a little cry as a bat swished past his head. Annette shook with suppressed laughter.

She stood between him and a great stone. She thrust the torch into his hand.

"Go down, Paolo," she whispered.

He walked down a few steps and then paused and looked up at Annette. Her black eyes were staring down at him with an awful intensity. They ringed underneath. Her thin, livid face was framed momentarily in her straggling black hair.

"Where is Marie Vernet?" he demanded.

Annette pointed to the shadows across the chamber. There was a short recess where the original channel of escape had been.

"She is there. Make haste or she will escape you . . ."

His head went down below the stone. She suddenly laughed wildly and began to follow him down.

"Go back, you fool," he snarled, turning "I would see her alone . . ."

Annette's laughter now pealed out crazily. With all her might she pushed against the stone. It rocked, and slipped, and she threw herself down the steps as the great boulder crashed into its appointed place. The torch fell from Paolo's hand and went out. She heard him gasp as she fell against him.

"Annette . . . Annette! What have you done?" he gasped.

But she could not stop laughing. She sat down on the black step and rocked from side to side. Dust fell upon them both.

"Annette . . . Annette!" he snarled, his hand groping for her. "What does this mean?"

She slipped away from him, went to the opposite wall of the chamber, and pressed her back against it, raising her thin arms out wide.

"Try the stone above, Paolo Visari . . . and see for yourself what it means. But you need not do that; I will tell you. It means that you . . . and your Annette . . . are together for all time . . . until the end of time . . . Paolo. Until life, and death, and time are no more. That is what it means, Paolo."

Her voice died away. The only sound in the impenetrable darkness was the soft patter-patter of searching feet, retreating feet, creeping feet, and the choked breathing of Paolo Visari.

SEBASTIEN was still chained to the great oar beside Rene Scarron. It was the third oar, the other two, of supple mountain ash, having been smashed as the Moslem galleass ground its way into the quivering sides of its prey. None would now recognize Sebastien and Rene as the Sebastien and Rene who went out into the great storm a year earlier. Then they had been young; now they were old. Old and blood-matted and calloused. Their black hair hung down over their shoulders; their eyes were narrowed, and fierce; and shot with blood. On their backs, chests, and shoulders were livid weals, the result of countless, vicious whip-strokes.

The galleass had twenty-five oars a side with three men to each oar. The oar-banks on which the slaves sat were immediately under the flat gun-deck that ran almost level from poop to beak. Separating the slaves was a raised gangway along which the slave-master walked and plied his tongue and his whip. Steps at both ends of the gangway led up to the deck above. Naturally, the slaves could see nothing of any battle. They rowed and ceased rowing according to the slave-master's sharp command, and listened to the sharp crying of triumph or despair that drifted down to them.

Sometimes, when the wind was up, the huge lateen sails on the three masts above allowed the slaves to rest. The oars were let go, and they swung into the sides of the sailing vessel. Those were the sweet moments indeed. The slaves slipped down off the oar-banks and sprawled as best they could in the space between. Then they slept, or whispered, or wept, or cursed according to their fortitude and the time of their captivity. They soon got accustomed to the swarming vermin and brushed them off their limbs with careless hands. And they got used to their chains. These allowed them just sufficient movement to lie down between the banks or rise up again to the seats. At the outer end of each resting-space a slot, cut in the side of the vessel, permitted the flushing out of all filth, and allowed the sweet sea air to rush into gulping and tired lungs. This was done every few hours, for even the hardened slave-masters could not endure the stench. The flushing was done from leather buckets carried by slaves unchained for the purpose. They were released for this work in turns. This system kept the ship reasonably clean, and at the same time allowed the wretched slaves a few brief moments of sunlight on the deck above. Moments of ecstasy, these. Their eyes would lift and sweep the wide horizon and then leap to the sky above. White clouds drifting above were like winged messengers of hope, of a hope never realised. And if land should be close to the ship during these brief periods of release their hearts would beat madly but futilely in the longing for freedom. But none escaped.

For a year since the great storm the galleass had sailed victoriously. There had been many fights and many deaths, but never had they lost. There had been times when the vessel had waited idly on the sea, and the slaves below knew that the ruthless corsairs were ashore somewhere killing, burning, looting, and ravishing. Once the fight had gone badly with the raiders, and they came racing back to their ship. Then, indeed, had the bare backs of the slaves suffered under the slave-master's whip. But they got away. The slaves never knew where they were. They might be near Spain, or Venice, or Genoa, or Egypt, or Cyprus. They could not tell. They ate, and rowed, and slept, and rowed again. In the shock of battle many of them were mown down by the very oars they handled. These, slashing back under the giant pressure of collision, crushed them like insects against the oar-banks. That was how Rene Scarron lost some of his teeth. Sebastien had flung himself back and down with the speed of a striking snake. The third man had died. It had been close for Rene. The dead man beside Rene and Sebastien was unchained, taken above, and then thrown overboard. Sebastien whispered to his companion:

"Are you badly hurt, Rene?"

Rene's hoarse whisper came back.

"The flogging was nothing, but I'll miss my teeth. The Pope's curse on these dogs. Some day . . . I'll have that slave-master in my hands. Zut! How he will die! And you, my friend?"

Sebastien laughed softly.

"It could have been worse . . . but not much."

Rene nodded.

"Your laugh, I think, stung deeper than the whip. But if I live . . ."

And Sebastien whispered:

"And if I live . . ."

Then, because of the pattering of approaching bare feet on the gang-plank, they were silent. Neither mentioned the dead man. He was the fourth who had

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CONFLICT

lived and died beside them. What was the use of talking about it? He was gone, and soon another would take his place, and they would have to listen to his cries, his curses, and his sobs until death took him, or, like themselves, he became silent and hardened.

Ali Zeid, the slave-master, had all the cruelty of the ages in his thin, brown, aquiline features. He was a slightly built man of medium height, tireless with the strength of countless generations bred in the deserts. His were the feet that came pattering along the gang-plank. He was dressed in the conventional Arab garb, but his head and feet were bare. His thin lips curved in a cruel, snarling grin as he glared down at Sebastien and Rene. He raised his whip but they did not flinch. But he could not allow the gesture to go so challenged and down came the whip again, once on Sebastien and once on Rene.

"To the oars, you dogs," snarled Ali Zeid. "There is need of your stubborn strength."

THE slaves were surprised. This was the first time they had been forced to labor whilst the vessel was under sail. And there was a good wind.

"There is fear on the face of Ali Zeid," growled Rene.

"And the whips are flying," grunted Sebastien as he strained at the oar. "Surely the dogs must see death in the white water behind the galleass."

"They have had a long day," replied Rene. "But this oar is no lighter because of the young Englishman's death. Fool! Why didn't he watch the oar . . .?"

Sebastien set himself and pulled. The muscles of his arms and legs, his chest and trunk, were far stronger than they were a year ago. He had great strength, now, because of the cruel labor, but even his strength was as a child's compared to that of Rene. Slavery had made Rene a lean Hercules whose bare hands could have torn such as Ali Zeid in two. Sebastien was thinking of the Englishman. He tossed the matted black hair from his eyes. The blood was drying on his swollen face.

"I think . . . he wanted to die," he gasped. "It is better for him."

Rene nodded, and there was silence, for Ali Zeid was dancing towards them again. The Moslem glanced down. Sebastien looked up at him, and the devil laughed from his eyes at the Arab.

"Well, thou woman," he jeered in Arabic. "It seems there is a man behind thee this time . . ."

Ali Zeid paused. His sharp features were drawn. He snarled soundlessly and struck again. Rene spat blood on the Moslem's garments. Ali Zeid screamed with rage and horror at the outrage, and doubtless would have beaten the two insensible had not Ali Ben Jyub come down the stairs from the poop. Ali Ben Jyub, a brave man, was now commander of the galleass. Abu Amrou was with Allah, sent there by the kiss of a Toledo blade. Ali Ben Jyub's black eyes grew wrathful as he stood and watched his slave-master. His dark brows came down and met at the crease above his sharp, curving nose. His strong, metallic voice rapped out curtly:

"Enough, thou fool! That oar must swing, not stop!"

Ali Zeid cringed as his master walked forward. He folded the whip in his hand. Ali Ben Jyub paused and stared down at Sebastien and Rene. His helmet was of thick brass; a chain of gold was about his strong neck, and reached down to the belt of silver and leather that held poniard and scimitar. His keen black eyes noticed the weals on the two slaves, and the fresh, bloody marks across their faces. He turned to Ali Zeid.

"How long have these men been here?" he asked.

"They are the two we took from the great storm a year ago, O my master," said Ali Zeid.

Ali Ben Jyub was surprised.

"They have been at the oar a year? By the Prophet . . . they are men. What is that foul mess on thy garment, Ali Zeid?"

"The filth spat upon me, O master," whined Ali Zeid.

Ali Ben Jyub gave him a glance, and the soul of Ali Zeid trembled.

"What else was done by them to draw forth thy wrath?"

"The other laughed . . . he always laughs, O master," chattered Ali Zeid.

Ali Ben Jyub looked down at Sebastien and Rene.

"At the oars for a year," he muttered. "And one laughs and the other spits. By Allah! There is a tale! A tale that few of the Faithful could equal." He turned to Ali Zeid. "See that they labor . . . but ease the spite of thy whip!"

Ali Zeid cringed again, and with a final quick glance of mingled curiosity and admiration Ali Ben Jyub stalked down the gang-plank and ascended the stairs that led to the deck. Ali Zeid also walked quickly away. He did not care to look down into the mocking eyes of Sebastien and Rene. They watched him.

"Truly there goes a cur," said Rene presently.

"What do you think of the other?" asked Sebastien.

Rene pondered. The heavy oar went to and fro before he replied.

"He will die as a man should die," he said at last. "But Ali Zeid . . . will choke with his own tears . . . and deafen our ears with his screams . . . if we live to hear them."

"Did you hear him say we have been here a year?"

"I did, Sebastien."

Sebastien looked steadily at the swaying heads of the slaves before him.

"A year," he muttered. "Nay; a lifetime."

But it was a greater torture to think. Rene spoke.

"It was Paolo Visari who sent us both . . . to this . . . and your father into the sea. You have never spoken once of your mother . . . or the little one, Sebastien . . ."

Sebastien's cry was sharp.

"Have done . . . have done, Rene . . ."

Rene grunted, and used up more of his strength to save his friend's.

"I was always a blockhead," he grunted. He took a quick look at the oar-port. "It is growing darker."

Sebastien nodded.

"A cloud across the sun, I suppose. Not that it matters to us."

A moment later Rene spoke again.

"No; it is fog. I can taste it," he growled.

"Fog? A curse on the fog, then! These devils will crawl away safe through it."

"That is so. Ouf! But I am sick of this stinking oar."

"I am sick of life itself . . . of what use is it to us?"

"I do not know. None here has lived so long as we have. We shall row, and rattle our chains for ever I think."

"I think so," snarled Sebastien.

He glanced at Ali Zeid, and licked the dried blood from his lips. Rene turned and regarded him. Sebastien was panting.

"But you must continue to laugh, Sebastien. You must laugh . . . or we are dead . . ."

The light faded until it was dim. The fog was now thick and swirling within the vessel. From the poop there came a soft whistle, and at its call Ali Zeid ordered the slaves to let go the oars. A sigh like a moan rose from the oar-banks. Some were asleep almost before their exhausted bodies hit the floor where their feet had been. But not all. There were some who groaned, and up near the back oar-bank a man called wildly to his God. But he, of course, was dying. His heart had burst.

Sebastien gulped the foul air into his lungs. That last long spurt had been terrible. Then came a sound that chilled Sebastien's blood, that set the seal of a stony silence on the sweating lips of the staring slaves. A sound more poignant than any cry of battle. A woman had screamed. A woman. Rene raised his great shaggy head and stared. The blood from his broken teeth was running very slowly now. He spat the mess on the gang-plank again. Sebastien heard him whisper:

"A woman! Gentle Mother of Heaven! Ah, why did you not kill her . . . why?"

Sebastien nodded.

Some slaves were driven down from the poop to the gang-plank. One hung back, fearful. He was a young man, slender and graceful, and Ali Zeid laughed as he lashed him with the whip, for the breaking of a new spirit delighted him. The man came along the plank. His arms were up and shielding his head. He could not face the blinding whip. Sebastien and Rene stared up but drew back as he was flung down on their oar-bank and locked with chains. Beside the hairy, matted Rene the young man looked white like a woman. His naked skin was soft and almost without hair. He had small hands, and both men knew that a week at the oar would kill him. He sank, sobbing, to the plank seat. Rene was brutal as Ali Zeid turned and left them.

The man shrank. Sebastien sighed. Then he found himself staring at the newcomer. He raised himself a little.

"Your name, monsieur?" Rene asked quickly.

"Andre France," was the timid reply.

"Of Nice?" Sebastien shot at him.

Andre nodded. Sebastien nodded slowly.

"I REMEMBER you. Do you know us? Look at me . . . and at my friend. Can you remember us?"

Andre looked first at Sebastien and then at Rene. He shook his head.

"No. I do not know you. I have never seen you before."

Sebastien laughed. So bitter was the laugh that Andre drew away a little. Sebastien spoke quietly.

"I am Sebastien Vernet . . . and my friend is Rene Scarron."

Andre's eyes stared at the two men in amazement.

"You . . . you are Sebastien Vernet . . . you?" he gasped.

Sebastien answered grimly.

"Well . . . I was," he said. "A long time ago. Your father kept a wine-shop in the Parc. I have spoken to him and to you many times."

"Heavens," whispered Andre, his eyes staring and horrified. He looked at Rene, who shrugged and said:

"It is too bad, my friend. But you will look like us in time. Do they ever ask of us in Nice?"

"Ask of you?" Andre echoed. "Then you do not know?"

Rene rattled his chains.

"Can we know anything . . . here?" he asked.

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"What is there to know?" said Sebastien quickly.

"That you have both been outlawed . . ."

They glared at him.

"Outlawed?" they cried together. "By the Senate?"

Andre nodded.

"But, yes. It is so. Rene Scarron for attempting to murder Paolo Viscari . . . and both Jean and Sebastien Vernet for stealing his property. Your mother petitioned the French King on your behalf, but he would not take up the matter with the Duke of Savoy."

There was a silence. Then Sebastien said:

"So! Paolo has done that to us. And the King we loved . . . cares not if we live . . . or die. But what matters it! My father is dead . . . we are all dead. For what term was the decree?"

"For life, Sebastien Vernet," replied Andre.

"Yes, it would be for life," said Sebastien softly. Then, after a pause, he asked quietly: "And do you know aught of my mother . . . and my sister?"

ANDRE FRANCE looked away. He lifted the chains and seemed to feel the weight of them. Then he shuddered, and the chains fell on the plank with a metallic rattle.

"Your mother . . . is dead," he said faintly. Then he gasped a little. "Holy Mother . . . this place is foul . . ."

Sebastien was silent.

"Ah," said Rene in his deep, heavy voice. "Perhaps God is kind, Sebastien."

Sebastien spoke again, his dark eyes peering up through his hanging, matted hair.

"And my sister?"

Andre's voice was a whisper. He would not look at Sebastien.

"I do . . . not know . . . other than that . . . she were better dead."

Rene cried aloud at the look that came upon Sebastien's face.

"Sebastien . . . Sebastien! Ah, my friend . . . my only friend. We must endure, brave one . . . we must endure . . ."

Sebastien's teeth were chattering as though he were struck by a fever. His body trembled. Then, with a convulsive movement he flung himself down and lay writhing in the narrow space between the oar-banks.

Here was havoc! Here at last was the fight of the brave spirit. Andre shrank back shivering.

"I would not have spoken . . ." he began.

Rene, turned on him in a dreadful, cold fury.

"Ah, fool!" he rasped, and struck the young man on the mouth, sending him reeling back against the bank. "Fool! Fool! Fool!"

Poor Andre's dark eyes clouded with terror. His slender form cringed and shook.

"I did not think . . . I did not think," he whispered.

Rene turned from him and knelt by Sebastien's side. His great hands were tender as they stroked the matted hair of his friend. Andre collapsed and vomited and sobbed through his sickness. He was done. His strength was gone, his nerves broken to pieces. Down in the narrow space Sebastien lay still. Rene squatted beside him, his huge hand steady now and resting on his friend's shoulder.

Presently the two lanthorns were lit for the night, one at each end of the gangway.

To the slaves sleep was release. Their spirits leapt away from the chains that still held their bodies, and carried them back on the free paths of old, back to the sun, to the mountain, the river, and the plain. In their dreams they came face to face with their loved ones. They laughed, and sang, and drank, and loved. In their dreams. Exhaustion finally claimed Sebastien, and he slept like one dead. Rene climbed slowly back on to the plank seat and sat beside Andre, holding his chains so that they would not rattle.

"Monsieur," he whispered. "It was cruel of me to strike you. Ali Zeid will do enough of that . . . Heaven knows. But you should not have spoken of Paolo Visari and my friend's sister . . . so. A great love was there . . . between Sebastien and his sister."

Andre moved wearily. His sigh was still a sob. Then he whispered to Rene.

"Could I have told him that his sister is . . . here?" he said. "And that it was her cry that came down from above? Could I do that?"

Rene's huge hands went to his head, and his curving fingers tore at his wild hair. Deep under his shaggy brows his black eyes were like the glinting surfaces of half-hidden pools.

Then fell a long silence. Those who were awake heard Ali Zeid laugh in his sleep. Then Rene asked softly:

"But how came she here?"

"It came about that she and I . . . came to love each other," muttered Andre. "But because her father and brother were outlawed she could no longer live in Nice. None would have her . . . they dared not. We sailed upon the galley these devils took and burned. We were . . . for Rome . . . with the bag of livres I stole from my father. And I did right to steal the money. It was for happiness . . . for her . . . for me. In Rome we would have been married . . . but now . . ."

Rene spoke slowly.

"I wondered that you, a man, should sob," he said. "Yes; truly am I sorry I struck you . . . monsieur . . ."

RENE'S brow was creased as he stared down, at Sebastien. He thought of the girl, his friend's sister, up in the cabin under the low poop. An Arab sentry came gliding towards him. There was a dog! He sat very still as the man passed by, not turning his head but thinking, thinking. Often he had tried to break the chains, but they were proof against even his giant strength. In the past other strong men had broken them, and they had been strengthened until no human strength could snap them or tear the staples from the wood. Unbreakable. What then?

Sebastien stirred and muttered his thoughts, and the rattling of his chains caused the sentry to pause and peer at him. Sebastien's eyes were open now, and staring at the oar-bank. Rene whispered:

"Sebastien . . ."

Sebastien nodded and raised himself slowly to the plank seat.

"I am all right."

Andre France breathed heavily. Above his head was the great oar, flattened in against the stout timbers of the vessel. Rene was frowning again. When the sentry went past he muttered:

"Sebastien, it is better to die . . . than to endure more."

Sebastien nodded.

"Yes," he said. "I, too, have been thinking."

Rene's eyes gleamed. He respected his friend's keen intelligence.

"Tell me," he whispered. "I have thought, and thought. But what is the use? God gave me strength, not wit. What do you suggest?"

Sebastien turned to Andre.

"Who came with you as slaves from the galley?" he asked.

Andre thought for a moment.

"Three men well-known in Nice, who fled on the galley for Rome to escape the wrath of the Commandant. They destroyed Julie Durant's stall. They are Henri Seine, Jules Lanchard, and Paul Vidor who is called Monsieur le Comte sometimes. With them are Cecco Villani, an Italian, and Don Juan de Ruiz, a Spaniard. There is another man whose name I do not know."

"Think you they are men of courage?"

"They would at least be desperate."

"There is no doubt as to that," said Sebastien grimly. He turned to Rene. "My friend, I agree that it is better to die than to endure more. Well . . . I shall die now."

Rene caught his friend's arm in a crushing grip.

"Sebastien . . ." he said hoarsely.

Sebastien smiled, but there was no mirth in the smile.

"For the benefit of Ali Zeid," he continued. "He has the key. You know the moment a man dies he is liberated. They have no use for the dead. He goes to the fishes the next moment. It is night, and the shadows are thick. If I play my part . . ."

Rene Scarron trembled. He understood. He sucked the air in through his broken teeth.

"Ah," he said softly. "But you know how they test the dead."

There was a little silence. Then Sebastien nodded.

"Yes. That must be endured. When the sentry turns . . . I will fall. When he comes . . . tell him I am dead. He will bring Ali Zeid . . ."

"And then?" grunted Rene.

"It must be done silently."

"Yes," said Rene. "Fall now . . . and may the Holy Mother aid us against these curs."

Sebastien's groan brought the sentry up rigid. The chains of the prisoner crashed as he fell, and the thud of his body sounded loudly in the murmuring silence. Rene's lament was bitter.

"Sebastien . . . Sebastien!" he cried wildly as he shook the still form at his feet. Then he turned and looked up to find the fierce dark face of the Arab staring down. "Ah, he is dead . . . my friend. Do not tell Ali Zeid. That dog will take the chains off my good friend and throw him to sea . . ."

The Moslem grunted, spat at Rene, and ran quickly to where Ali Zeid lay. The slave-master rose with a snarl. Who was the dog disturbing his dreams?

"The one named Sebastien, the one who came to us from the storm . . ."

The snarl in Ali Zeid's throat changed to a chuckle. He pattered swiftly down the gangway. So! The one who laughed was dead. And the other, the giant, wept like a woman, eh? By the wings of Al Borak, the dead one would go over the side with haste.

Ali Zeid's whip sent Rene cringing back on the bank. The Moslem looked down at the still form and touched it with his foot. Rene's breath was coming jerkily. Ali Zeid laughed softly as he drew his knife for the test. Swiftly he bent and plunged it through the thick muscle of Sebastien's arm. Andre France moaned, and his stomach writhed again. Rene was trembling, trembling so that his chains rattled like noisy dry bones. Ali Zeid sneered.

"He does not move. He is dead . . . at last. He is in the bottomless pit, this

. . . and Margaret Vyner does know fashion! men's hosiery. They will tell you that

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accursed one, deep down under the foot of Allah. He will laugh no more."

Rene gave thanks to God that the darkness prevented Ali Zeid from seeing Sebastien's blood flowing from the wound. The blood does not run from the wounds of the dead. He marvelled at his friend's fortitude. Who but a man of steel could have taken that thrust without flinching? On the bench behind them Henri Seine, fat, and praying now as he had never prayed before; Cecco Villani, the padrone of the galley that had been captured; and Don Juan de Ruiz, a Spaniard on a pilgrimage of homage and remorse to Rome, all exchanged wondering glances. But they did not speak.

Ali Zeid took the key from his girdle and unlocked Sebastien's chains. They fell from the unmoving man with a sardonic clatter. And Ali Zeid, crouching, turned and beckoned to his assistant.

"Bend down, Othman," he commanded irritably. "Am I to take all the weight of this dead filth?"

Othman the Moslem bent down, and Rene sprang upon him even as the hands of Sebastien, flashing up with incredible speed, fastened like bands of steel upon the lean throat of Ali Zeid. The breath of Andre France was sobbing in his throat, yet he could not take his horrified eyes from the grim, silent killing. It was noiseless, implacable, brutally savage. Not only a hundred floggings were being revenged in those red moments, but a bid was being made for life itself. Ali Zeid and the man Othman died.

Rene straightened himself. He was panting a little. Ali Zeid was dead with his neck broken. Othman was dead with his neck broken. Those avenging hands had toiled terribly at the great oar for a year, tugging, straining, pulling. The necks of the Moslems were like soft silk compared with that tough wood. A simple matter.

"Sebastien . . . you are a man," croaked Rene. "The key, the key, for the love of Heaven . . ."

BUT Sebastien was already unlocking the chains of his friend. In a moment Rene stood unchained. He stretched up his mighty arms in a gesture of wild freedom. His wrists were unfettered for the first time in a year. Then:

"Sebastien . . . your arm?"

Sebastien panted:

"Bind it, Rene . . . with a strip torn from Othman's kuffeih . . . else shall I lose too much blood. Already it spurts like a fountain . . ."

Rene quickly tore a long strip from the dead Moslem's head-dress and tightly bound the wound.

"Now strip them both," commanded Sebastien. "I shall wear the clothes of Ali Zeid. But first . . ."

He turned and freed Andre France. Then he pressed the key into the trembling young man's hand.

"Move fast," he hissed. "Free all, and command that all remain silent and on the oar-banks. It is not yet time to move. Haste. And above all . . . silence!"

Andre stumbled over the bodies and went to the opposite oar-bank. His head was spinning with the pressure of blood from his madly-racing heart. Rene and Sebastien heard his whisper of warning and the fierce, choked gasps of unbelief followed by the soft rattling of chains. From bench to bench Andre hurried. None moved from the banks. Their very lives, they knew, depended upon blind obedience to a leader as yet unknown to them. The chains at their feet convinced them it was no dream. So, quivering, almost crazed with anxiety and wonder, they waited. Then Sebastien and Rene, dressed in the Moslems' clothes, stepped out on to the gangway.

"Selah sleeps at the foot of the steps," whispered Sebastien. "You have Ali Zeid's knife . . ."

Rene nodded and glided away on silent, bare feet. Sebastien hurried to the other steps. He crouched in his walk as Ali Zeid used to crouch. Up the steps he went, cautiously, and those watching with such breathless interest saw him beckon to someone and then turn and walk back along the gangway. A Moslem came down the steps, wondering what devil of restlessness had driven Ali Zeid from his sleep at this hour. He was an easy victim. The faint light shone momentarily on Sebastien's face as the man fell dead. The features were drawn and hard, like graven features wrought in stone.

"It is Sebastien Vernet," many whispered. "In the clothes of Ali Zeid."

And they were silent again, watching, watching this noiseless drama of liberation remorselessly played before them. At Rene's end there had been no sound. Rene went up the steps and beckoned, and the man who came down also died without sound. The freed slaves were shaking with excitement they could hardly control. What a game! What courage! Then Sebastien beckoned to Paul Vidor and a man named Gaspard. They went to him as hounds to a master.

"Put on the clothes of these men. You will fight?" came harshly.

Gaspard laughed softly. His dark eyes flashed.

"You will see," he whispered. "I can throw a knife so that it will pin a man ten yards away. And through the throat."

Paul Vidor said nothing. He was tearing off the flowing white robes with feverish hands.

"Make haste," snarled Rene. "There are but three men awake above us. They must be silenced and their clothes taken. Then shall we arm ourselves from the racks where the scimitars are. And then . . ."

Sebastien turned to Rene.

"Rene, do you pick a dozen men and be ready to rush for the steel. Make no noise. Do not drop a blade. I will go up now with these two."

Rene grunted softly, and his fierce eyes swept the staring, distorted faces of those who watched. Several had half-risen from their seats. Rene's arm shot out and his pointing finger moved. The first man he selected was a huge, grinning negro.

"You, Randu," he whispered; as the black sprang towards him he whispered again: "Pierre de Volpin, Saramard, Vladimir Gogol, Dino Pulci, Ugo Pellico, Silvio Verga, Orso Zini and you, and you, and you . . ."

Sebastien, Paul Vidor, and Gaspard were turning away when Don Juan de Ruiz came softly to them and in tones soft and slurring said:

"Messieurs . . . I am a swordsman of Spain. It is no boast."

Sebastien smiled.

"With Rene then. He needs such as you, monsieur . . ."

The Spaniard bowed.

"Don Juan de Ruiz, at your service, monsieur," he murmured.

Rene turned to his men as Sebastien led the others away.

"Quiet," he hissed. "Else will I cut the tongues from your clacking heads. You, Andre France, go to the dead man behind the steps there, and put on his clothes, and then walk up and down this gangway. If a Moslem should look down and call, do not answer him. Should he come down . . . there are a dozen of you to leap upon him and squeeze the wind from his throat. The rest of you come with me."

Many of the released men had been months at the oars. None had been chained so long as Rene and Sebastien; nevertheless it was with feelings of exultation that they looked up and saw the stars above the swaying mast-tops. It is good to step from the Pit to Paradise. They had come silently up the steps near the poop, and now stared down through the shadows at creaking gun-carriages and the dim, sprawling forms of the Moslems huddled round them. High and wide stretched the three huge lateen sails, each shivering sail leaving a black triangular gap against the glowing stars. There were no lights. At the beak there would be a keen-eyed corsair staring forward into the night; and on the flat poop, at the great steering-oar, would be two men keeping the ship on its course by the aid of the stars.

Close to Rene's silent band was the wall of Ali Ben Jyub's cabin. At each end of the wall steps led up to the poop. In the centre was the door leading into the cabin, and between door and steps were racks holding the razor-edged scimitars.

ALI BEN JYUB reigned alone in the large cabin in solitary magnificence. His two lieutenants, Mahomet Aba Auran and Abdullah Saud, slept in a narrow compartment close to the beak.

They were snoring there now. The remainder of the Moslem pirates slept in gun-companies under the low bulwarks, on both sides of the long deck, ready to spring into instant action at the call. There were twenty sakers on the deck, ten a side; two long brass cannon pointing out over the beak; and two iron cannon and several culverins placed on the poop above the great cabin. Beside each gun that thrust its questing muzzle through the slotted bulwarks was a pile of round shot and langrel, a bursting shell filled with scraps of iron and lead. Everything, although so quiet now, was in instant readiness for battle, for flight and pursuit, for life and for death.

Rene's abba and kuffeih were a white, dim blur in the shadows. The naked bodies of the liberated slaves were one with the darkness. A sleepy eye, opening curiously, would at first glimpse the familiar garments of the Moslem. It would need to stare hard before seeing the others. The breathing of the stealthy raiders could not be heard because of the creaking of timber, cordage, and gun-carriages.

Quickly the naked men seized the curved blades. Very soon all the weapons were taken. The men stood tense and silent. Presently Sebastien Vernet came gliding back from the beak, and as the vessel still kept on its course, all knew that he had been on the poop as well. There was no need for speech. His agal, the thick woollen cord that fastened the kuffeih to his head, was broken, showing that somewhere he had encountered fierce resistance. Gaspard and Paul Vidor now gripped the steering oar. Sebastien whispered to Rene.

"Arm all below. Divide, and have each half ascend the steps so that we can sweep down on them from the beak and from the poop. When I see you come up . . . I have business with Ali Ben Jyub. Haste!"

Sebastien touched Henri Seine and Jules Lanchard as they were turning away.

"Remain with me," he muttered.

Rene came to Sebastien's side.

"Rene," whispered Sebastien. "Disarm them if possible. Kill as few as is neces-

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sary. We shall need our late masters for the oars."

In spite of himself Rene chuckled, and at a nod from Sebastien led his creeping men to the attack. From the other end came a sudden shout of alarm in wild Arabic. The cry ended on a sobbing note. Henri and Jules had a glimpse of white-clad forms springing from sleep, and then falling as they were struck senseless again to the deck.

"Come," said Sebastien. "A few will die, but we have surprised them. They are ours. . . ."

"I s-s-saw the big man s-s-stab and s-s-stab . . ." chattered Jules as he turned. "And then I-lift a m-m-man and throw him into the s-s-sea . . ."

Andre France came running to Sebastien.

"Monsieur Vernet," he panted. "Let me come with you. . . ."

"Get you back," snarled Sebastien.

Andre almost sobbed.

"Sebastien . . . the woman in the cabin . . . is my promised wife . . ."

"Ah," said Sebastien. "Come with me, then, but hold me blameless for what you may see. . . ."

"Dear Heaven," whispered Andre. "I cannot tell him. . . ."

Sebastien turned and thundered on the brass-studded door with the hilt of his scimitar. But it was already opening. Framed in the light thrown from behind stood Ali Ben Jyub. He stood erect, unarmed, his fierce dark eyes earching those of Sebastien Vernet. From the darkness of the deck came Rene's long-drawn, exultant cry. It was echoed and re-echoed by the victory-maddened slaves. Ali Ben Jyub's stern features grew composed. Knowing that the Arab could speak French, Sebastien said:

"You hear?"

But for a brief tightening of the lips the Moslem made no move. Well he realised the vessel was no longer his. Then he nodded.

"I hear," he said calmly. "Infidel, it was bravely done. I should have left you to the judgment of Ali Zeid. My forbearance has cost me my honor, my life, and my ship."

"Go back into the cabin, Ali Ben Jyub," commanded Sebastien curtly. Then he turned to Andre France. "Monsieur, find the woman whose voice we heard."

"I will find her, I will find her," Andre panted, running past Ali Ben Jyub into the cabin.

The Moslem turned and walked slowly before Sebastien Vernet. He paused beside the table of polished Spanish mahogany. The cabin was richly furnished. The craftsmen of the world had left some of their treasures in the wide room. Beneath their feet was a carpet deep and soft and quiet, a life's work from the hand-looms of Persia. Priceless was the tapestry of the Gobelins behind which Marie Vernet lay on a couch, carved, and ornamented with fretted ivory and ebony. Rare was the Venetian glass that winked on the long sideboard of walnut, a piece of furniture inlaid after the fashion of Louis XIV with filigreed gold and silver.

And the ceiling of the cabin was a mosaic of the heavens, the blue of lapis lazuli, the stars of silver. Sebastien smiled grimly.

"It is a little different here . . . to below," he said to Ali Ben Jyub. "But, of course, you already know that."

Ali Ben Jyub did not reply. He merely glanced at Sebastien with cold hauteur. From behind the swaying tapestries came a woman's voice exclaiming in shrill delight.

"Andre . . . Andre . . . Have they let you come to me? . . . Oh, Andre. . . ."

Andre's choked voice replied.

"Marie . . . do not weep. . . ."

Sebastien pointed to Ali Ben Jyub.

"Watch him," he said to Henri and Jules.

Then he sprang to the curtain and tore it aside. For a long moment he stood staring at the girl seated beside Andre France, but they were in each other's arms and did not see him. Then Andre rose to his feet, Marie still clinging to him. Impossible to describe the look in Sebastien's eyes or the expression on his features. At the sight of his sister he stood like a statue. Defiantly she faced her brother, not knowing him because of his lacerated features, not recognising him in the hated Arab clothes. Indeed, her dark eyes stared at him in hate and fear. Sebastien, voiceless, stepped back as she came forward. He turned and spoke to Ali Ben Jyub.

"Moslem, how fared this girl? The woman is my sister . . ."

Ali Ben Jyub lifted his head. His dark eyes widened.

"Then Allah has truly willed this thing," he said slowly.

Sebastien turned to Marie. Uncomprehending, she shrank from him. He spoke very gently.

"Marie . . . Marie . . . I am . . . Sebastien."

But Marie clung to Andre.

"No, no! My brother is dead," she panted. "You cannot be Sebastien. My brother was young . . . you are old . . . and your face is cruel. . . ."

Sebastien passed a hand over his eyes. It was as though she had dealt him a blow.

"Look at me," he sighed. "Look at me, little one. . . ."

But she turned away her eyes. Rene came into the cabin. Sebastien said slowly.

"Rene, my sister does not know me. What has this accursed year done to me that I look like myself no more?"

Andre spoke as Rene stood dumb, staring from Sebastien to Marie.

"Marie," said Andre, "he is indeed Sebastien, your brother. He did not die in the storm. As a slave he has toiled at the cruel oar in this ship for a year. Slavery and cruelty have left those deep lines on his face. He is Sebastien, your brother."

Sebastien caught her as she went limp. Gently he strained her to him, the tears from his bloodshot eyes running slowly down his face.

"Ah, Marie . . ." was all he could say.

Ali Ben Jyub nodded his head three times. It is a privilege, to a man about to die, to witness the working of Allah's inscrutable will. The proud Moslem saw that the attention of all was upon Sebastien and his sister. With a sudden, wild leap, he bounded through the open doorway. Rene whirled and lunged, but his great hands fell short. Ali Ben Jyub was upon the bulwark before any could stop him. All the pride of his fierce race was lighting his features as he stood poised for a moment. Then, with a scornful laugh, he hurled himself down into the sea. His voice came up:

"La ilaha Allah wa Mohammed ar rasul Allah." (There is but one God—Allah! And Mohammed is his Prophet.)

Rene could not see him because of the darkness. The giant shook his shaggy head.

"A man has died," he muttered.

THE red sun lifted itself out of the rim of the sea ere those in the cabin ceased their talk. Sebastien, seated on the fretted couch beside Marie, listened unmoving while his sister told what had passed. Rene also sat very still, and Andre said no word. Sebastien heard in grim silence the story of Paolo Visari's perfidy, of the death of Louise Vernet and of the indifference of Louis XIV. Bitterness, and hatred of Louis, entered his heart. Twice he crossed himself, and Rene awkwardly followed his example. When Marie finished speaking, he told all that had befallen Rene and himself, and Marie wept softly when he told how Jean Vernet had died. Locked again in each other's arms, they sat silent for a long time.

Sebastien placed a hand on the young man's shoulder.

"Andre . . . we shall be great friends . . . you and I."

Rene brought a great, paw crashing down on Andre's shoulder.

"And so shall we, eh, monsieur? You cannot be the friend of my friend without being my friend. No. But, by the mass, it is day."

To Marie he said: "But what made your hair so white, little one. I remember it when it shone in the sun like gold."

Marie did not speak for a moment, then she said:

"Hunger . . . and fear . . . my friend."

"Ah, poor little one," said Rene gently. "But you will never hunger or fear again. You have Sebastien, and your Andre, and there . . . is even me."

"YES," said Marie softly. "I have Sebastien, and Andre, and you, my friend."

Sebastien sighed and stood up.

"It was sometimes hard to believe . . . yet Heaven is good, my sister," he said. "And now we must be about and doing. You will rest, little sister. But we have work to do in taming these wild fellows outside. It will not be easy, but it will be done."

Rene brought his heavy hand thudding down on Andre's shoulder again with a hearty force that almost knocked the wind out of the young fellow.

"It is marvellous," he roared. "And now to whip these dogs outside. They will need a master now they are free."

Sebastien's lips thinned.

"They shall find one . . . in me," he said.

Rene nodded. His eyes were glowing.

"That is right, Sebastien. You have the brains, and the courage, my friend. You are master here, and if Rene Scarron says you are his master . . . what more is there for any man to say?"

"Let us find that out," replied Sebastien. He turned to the smiling Marie. His tough hand went out and stroked her soft white hair. "Sleep, my sister. Andre here will see to it that you do not go hungry. When matters are settled I shall return."

Impulsively the girl again flung her arms round his neck.

"Sebastien . . . my dear brother," she cried. "Now I can sleep with a peaceful mind. Ah, how sweet . . . to have you again . . . my Sebastien . . ."

He kissed her and gently carried her in his arms to the couch.

"We will all leave you, even your Andre," he said gently. "Later, when you are rested, you shall talk alone with him."

Quietly they left the cabin. Sebastien's eyes were gleaming.

Andre darted away to discover the galley and its possibilities as Sebastien mounted to the poop. Rene gave a quick glance at the closed door of the cabin and smiled grimly as he strode along the deck. His bellowing voice soon had them all on their feet. He glanced around him.

"Ah, I had forgotten. De Volpin now wields the whip below," he muttered. Then he raised his voice again. "Listen . . . all!" he shouted. He pointed to the solitary figure

. . . and Margaret Vyner does know fashion! ment hosiery They will tell

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on the poop. Sebastien had stripped himself of all clothing ready for any who cared to come against him. The eyes of all followed Rene's pointing finger. Sebastien's cold voice came clearly down to them.

"I bid you listen," he said. "I stand here to claim the leadership of this ship. I have led you from slavery and given you your freedom. I am now master here. If any man disputes my word and claim, let him speak now."

For a moment there was silence, then a wild shout went up from the lips of the men, a gale of sound that caused Andre, in the galley, to start and drop several pots.

"Sebastien . . . Sebastien Vernet!" they howled.

Sebastien nodded at the full-throated roar. He spoke again.

"Rene Scarron . . . I name you next to me in command."

Rene's vast chest swelled as he gazed about him. But none challenged his glance. He was disappointed.

There was no reply. Hard, tough, desperate, without soul many of them, none cared to match his strength against that of the mighty Rene. Even Randa, the massive Nubian, stood silent. Strong as an ox though he was, he sensed the terrible power in Rene's giant limbs. Shrugging a little, Rene walked up on to the poop and stood beside Sebastien, who spoke again.

"I need a sailing-master . . . one who can read the stars and set these sails to any wind. Is there such a man?"

The arm of Pierre shot up. Pierre was almost a hunchback, and his grinning mouth seemed sunk in his chest. Sebastien nodded.

"Now a gunner to train men," he said.

Slowly Randa's black arm went up.

"A swordsman," snapped Sebastien.

The lean figure of Don Juan de Ruiz bowed courteously.

Sebastien nodded again.

"The other matters I shall leave in the hands of Rene Scarron, but there is one thing more. No man shall be forced to remain on this ship with me. Those who have homes and wish to return to them shall do so, and for those who will remain I say this!"

"I have been outlawed. My family has been scattered, persecuted, and driven to the grave . . . for the pleasure of one man. I shall remain an outlaw. I shall in time ring the Mediterranean with red ships, fast ships, brave ships under brave men whose name, after that of Sebastien Vernet, shall be hated and feared wherever ships sail. I vow to drive the Moslem dogs back to their African kennels. I vow to be revenged on Louis of France for ignoring the humble petition of my beloved mother. We shall fight and take from the world what it would take from us, and what is taken shall be divided fairly and without favor. Now what say you?"

Rene grinned widely at the roar that followed.

The chorus of approval came instantly. Red ships, fast ships, brave ships and brave men. What a man was this Sebastien Vernet! Sebastien Vernet had a mind. Fast ran their thoughts and their tongues. Red ships, fast ships, brave ships, battle, treasure, and a place in the sun. One day slaves on the oarbank, the next men with a purpose, men to be feared. Sebastien Vernet had gripped the very roots of their fierce hearts. Then he set them laughing.

"You had better fashion clothes for yourselves from the garments of the Moslem. You, Gaspard, you Ugo Pellico, you Cecco Villani, are no fit sight for a woman. Zut!"

Shrill above the laughter came the mirth of Saranard, the eunuch. Sebastien pointed to him.

"You . . . Saranard! You are servant to the cabin. See that you serve faithfully . . . and in silence."

Andre France came along the swaying deck towards the poop. He confidently started to step up the poop ladder, but Sebastien gently waved him back.

"My friend, none but myself, and Rene Scarron, and Pierre the navigator, and those concerned with the conduct and course of the ship shall stand on this poop. What do you require?"

Andre hesitated in some confusion, but Sebastien's smile set him at ease.

"I came but to say that the food is plentiful and good. It would seem that the Moslem, for all their love of rice and dates, were not averse to flesh and fish. If you will give me help I will serve a banquet."

This cheerful news was received with cries of joy. Sebastien nodded and pointed to Silva Verga and Ugo Pellico. Andre nodded to them and walked quickly towards the galley again. Silva Verga and Ugo Pellico grinned with pleasure. To serve the galley was always better than to serve the guns.

IT was very cold in Paris, very cold beside the bronze equestrian statue of Henry the Great on the Pont Neuf, and the first snow of a December afternoon lay thick on the roofs of passing coaches and on the heads of pedestrians and begging mountebanks.

The deep-set blue eyes of Monsieur le Rat stared intently at each coach as it crossed the Pont Neuf. He blew upon his cold fingers and sometimes held them under his armpits for warmth. He was very poorly clad and shivered miserably. His bare feet kept stamping to send the blood flowing warmly through his chilled veins.

Then his keen eyes saw a coach, drawn by six black horses, come on to the bridge from the south end. In a moment he was down on the traffic-choked roadway, his eyes intent upon the coach with the black horses. As it came opposite to him he leapt upon the step, thrust his dirty head in through the window, and whined loudly for money. The whip of the coachman came curling back and bit at his bare legs. Back on the footpath the tumbler craned his neck.

"So," he muttered, his eyes narrowing. "The coach of the English Resident, no less. Doubtless Monsieur Segaert will desire to hear of this . . ."

But the vivid blue eyes of Monsieur le Rat were twinkling as he stared at the richly dressed man within the coach. The Rat's voice dropped to a whisper.

"Number Seventy-seven," he murmured in English.

"For you, then," came the quick reply, also in English.

Monsieur le Rat took the paper and stuffed it up the sleeve of his torn doublet. The fashionably dressed man spoke quietly.

"Have a care, Seventy-seven. Colbert is suspicious. Segaert is watching. And the young Louis has more wit than either. He half suspects that Rowley is using Cromwell's system of numbered spies."

The Rat laughed. There was a gleam in his eyes that set the lips of the other smiling.

"You're the devil himself, Peter," said the well-dressed man.

Monsieur le Rat grinned.

"Life is very interesting," he retorted. "You will be at Notre Dame to-morrow. It is the Feast of the Conception. I also will be there. I have the King's report for you . . ."

Alarm flickered in the Resident's eyes.

". . . not there!" he exclaimed softly. "Not in Notre Dame . . ."

"I thought I would startle you, m'lord," the Rat chuckled. "Well, then, by the pews of the clerks of the advocates in the Exchange, or in the shop called the Noah's Ark . . ."

"Noah's Ark," came quickly. "Now go . . . for Heaven's sake."

"Segaert must be very wide awake," said the Rat with a grin.

"He is, you had better realise," said the Resident grimly.

He threw a gold coin through the window, and Monsieur le Rat leapt down after it. The coach went on, the coachman turning and shaking his fist at the scowling Monsieur le Rat.

The streets were white, the Seine slow and stiff with flakes of floating ice, and the blood of men was almost still. So cold. Yet Monsieur le Rat knew that although the shadows seemed empty, each street, each alleyway, each window and door had eyes upon him as he limped along. He knew that many stiff lips whispered: "It is the Rat—it is Monsieur le Rat again."

So he limped slowly along, watching everything out of the corners of his alert eyes, the booming of the bell echoing in his ears.

"Segaert, Segaert," he muttered. Then he said in English: "Split me! But Monsieur Segaert has the nose of a hound."

He went on, turning the corners of streets with an assurance that told of familiarity with the southern side of Paris. He muttered again.

"And there is the girl Jacqueline. 'Tis plaguy difficult, yet must I stand beside her. Bah! These French aristocrats . . . and their plaguy honor . . ."

Still murmuring he limped along.

"An' to-morrow is the Feast of the Conception. An' the sewers beneath the city are glutted with those who starve, an' shiver, an' die unwanted. An uncomfortable legacy to the young King from Richelieu an' Mazarin. But he has risen above the power of any red cardinal . . . an' may right these matters."

He turned a corner and went through a gateway to his dwelling. The grizzled concierge waved to him from behind his smoking brazier.

"AH, you are returned, monsieur," said the concierge.

The Rat paused and stared. Why had the man said that?

"I have returned," he replied. "Does it surprise you, my friend?"

The man shook his grey head.

"But, no, Monsieur le Rat. It is merely that mademoiselle has been desolate."

Monsieur le Rat's mouth thinned.

"She is well?"

The man nodded. Then he grinned.

"She is well. But each day she would stand at the gate and watch for you."

"I hope there is meat for supper," said Monsieur le Rat.

He went into a passage-way and knocked on a door. Out in his lodge the porter shrugged.

"Tiens!" he grunted. "Monsieur le Rat is no gossip."

A girl opened the door in response to the

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Rat's knock. She was young, and thin, with wide dark eyes and black hair. A very pretty girl, dressed in white satin that suggested a caste high above that of the immediate neighborhood. Her expressive eyes lit up when she saw the Rat smiling down at her.

"Ah, Pierre . . . you have come back . . ." she whispered.

He patted her on the cheek and went into the room. She closed the door.

"Have I been away so long . . . Jacqueline?" he asked gently.

She nodded. Anxiety lurked deep in her dark eyes as they looked up at him. Her full lips quivered a little.

"Pierre . . . what of my father?"

"I have seen him," he said slowly. "But, first, may we eat?"

Jacqueline walked quickly to the table.

"Forgive me, Pierre. I had forgotten you must be hungry. Oh, I thought you would never come."

He nodded slowly, regarding her steadily. "Some day, perhaps, I shall not return . . ."

She caught her breath.

"Ah, my friend . . . do not say that . . ." she whispered. "But I have hot meat for your supper, and you must eat . . ."

HE watched her in silence while she placed the steaming meat on the plates, wondering how he could tell her of Francois de Brenac's inflexible pride.

The Rat ate in silence until she said:

"What of the Marquis, my father, Pierre?"

He looked at her steadily.

"It is a good thing you have the courage of the de Brenacs, Jacqueline," he said. "Your father is deeply hurt in his pride . . . and remains obstinate. I must tell you the truth. He does not wish to see you again, little one. Your running away from the Chateau d'Or to marry . . ."

"My cousin, poor Guy de Sevier," she interposed bitterly.

"Your cousin," he said softly. "The Marquis, your father, is very bitter. He does not desire you to . . . return."

"Then . . . I have no father?"

"He said that."

She stared in front of her, her eyes hard, and shining, and dry.

"So . . . he will not forgive," she muttered. "He is implacable. Perhaps Louis knows, and laughed at my father."

"The King knows."

The girl's lips quivered and she turned away. The Rat's face was grim, and a little sad. He spoke to the girl as she rose and walked towards the door of the room.

"Jacqueline. . . ."

She paused and turned, leaning against the wall beside the door.

"Pierre . . .?"

He rose and limped towards her. He had taken off his broad-brimmed hat now, and his hair fell down his back in a greasy queue. He looked dirty and dishevelled and travel-stained compared with the dainty elegance of Jacqueline.

"Jacqueline, have courage . . . . and patience. Your father is now with Louis at the Palais Cardinal. They left the Chateau d'Or yesterday."

She replied coldly.

"Monsieur, I ran away with my cousin for love. Had he not died, as you saw him die, we should have been married. But it was a mistake. I fled from my home because of his pleading. At the inn beyond Paris I was happy with him for . . . an hour. But he was no swordsman, and he died in the quarrel he provoked. And you saw it all, and brought me here. Monsieur . . . you have been very kind to me . . ."

"But, little one . . ."

"I am Jacqueline de Brenac, and I have the courage of my blood. All have turned against me because I fled with a poor cadet of a house my father hated. But it does not matter. I am outcast. I will live on."

"Life is like that, Jacqueline," the Rat said gently. "Hate, love, sorrow, joy, are but the weapons used. Sometimes we triumph, often we are crushed. But thus we are fashioned and tempered, and we shall be judged some day by our courage and bearing. In your veins is the courage of a long, proud line of brave men and women. I do not think that Jacqueline de Brenac will fail them."

She gave him a strange glance. For a long moment her dark eyes studied him. Then she said:

"Pierre . . . I do not understand you . . . sometimes. Sometimes you are merry and foolish, at other times you say and do such unexpected things. Who are you, Pierre?"

He smiled at her.

"I am Monsieur le Rat, little one," he said quietly. "And I shall be honored to give you shelter and protection until this matter between your father and yourself adjusts itself . . ."

"You wish to remain just . . . Pierre the Rat?"

He looked intently at her.

"I must remain . . . what I am, Jacqueline."

She turned away.

"Strange man," she murmured. "Yet so kind. I will go now. If you need me, Pierre, you will call?"

He nodded.

"If you need me, Jacqueline . . . you will call?" he echoed softly.

"That I need you . . . you know, my friend. Good night."

"Good night."

Monsieur le Rat stood staring at the door after it had closed behind the girl.

He went to the door and carefully shut it. Then, returning to the table, he swept aside the dishes. He looked at the shutters of the window, and saw that they were tightly closed. Satisfied, he bent down and lifted several bricks from the floor beneath the table. From the cavity thus revealed he took pen, ink, and paper. Then he replaced the bricks. Sitting down at the table he spread the paper before him, took from the sleeve of his doublet the paper the English Resident had handed to him, and laid it beside the paper to be written on. For a long time he studied the written document, then rose and placed it in the flames of the fire. Staring, he watched until it was all consumed.

"It will not be easy," he muttered in English. "To get a letter from the French Queen to Whitehall . . . will be the devil. But now to write to Rowley. I have news that will set his careless ears buzzing. . . ."

MONSIEUR LE RAT'S quill flew over the paper without hesitation. The letter began:

"Report of Number Seventy-Seven.

"The name of Sebastien Vernet, of whom Your Majesty desired information, is whispered in the tunnels of Paris with a malicious glee, and Lewis is at pains to hang the fellow. He is undeniably a growing power on the sea, as Morgan was in the Caribbean Sea. So far he has not gone beyond the Mediterranean, but, should he e'er sail the English Channel, then will our seamen have trouble. This Vernet learned his trade from the Moslem, and has uncommon ability to command. To-day, e'en Lewis is perplexed, for there seems to be none to lay the fellow by the heels. The Duke of Savoy is impotent against the red ships.

"Only one red ship came to Nice when the Commandant was hanged in the room of the Senate. That was a year ago. Later, three red ships attacked the French galleon, the Ville de Versailles, and sank her at night in the Gulf of Genoa. And before morning the red ships were gone. Lewis received the intelligence coldly, and curtly commanded that Sebastien Vernet, together with his red ships, be swept from the seas. The nine avenging frigates made rendezvous at Marseilles, and from that seaport sailed out in line.

"Two months later Versailles was informed that the skeletons of some French ships had been discovered on the sands some miles west of Tunis, charred by fire. Later again Lewis heard that Sebastien Vernet had twenty red ships, fast, small, red as blood, and skilfully sailed. He was at the Chateau d'Or when this news was brought to him. I was crouched upon a wall just without the window and could with care look into the room. Lewis was pale with anger, but the real cause of his concern was a letter that lay open before him—a letter from Vernet.

"Henri Sevigne, bishop and personal chaplain to the King, was given the task of reading the letter aloud. Doubtless, Lewis had not suspected its contents. Twice he raised his brows as he first scanned the missive, and as the King became impatient read it. It said:

"'Monsieur—I pray you respectfully not to interfere in matters over which you have no control. Once you were asked to interfere, but you refused. My mother asked you. If I am inconvenienced by you further I shall be forced to read you a lesson. Meddle with me, monsieur, and I shall cut the threads you are already spinning round England and the dull Charles who reigns there. Will you remember? Monsieur, I am no longer your slave. Sebastien Vernet.'

"Lewis had been sipping wine as the Bishop commenced reading the letter. When it was read those watching saw him crush the glass in his hand like an eggshell. The glass cut his hand but he did not seem to know. He did not speak. He sat staring down the long table. His large nose seemed curved with scorn and hate, and his body was hunched sideways in his chair. His clean-shaven mouth alone betrayed his emotions. The lips were writhing, a thing that boded ill for someone. Those who sat with him must have guessed that his mind was afire. Such a letter from such a villain!

"With the King and the Bishop were the young cavalier, Francois Michel le Tellier, whose father is now chancellor to Lewis; Jean Baptiste Colbert, who is now hastily becoming a power in France; and Francois de Brenac, Marquis d'Evreux, a favorite with Lewis because of his knowledge of men and women. A stern, deep-sighted man is this d'Evreux, and ready to be concerned in any matter that might turn against England.

"Presently Lewis moved, looked coldly at the others, and his voice was scornful.

"'Is there none who will rid me of Sebastien Vernet? Is there no man in all France who can sweep this filth from my path? Is there no courage, no cunning left in France? What have you to say, Monseigneur?'

"Outwardly Henri Sevigne was calm; he nodded.

"'My liege, if you will permit me, I will rid you of this Sebastien Vernet and his red ships.'

"Lewis moved restlessly again. Some blood stained the lace at his wrist.

"'Others have said that, Sevigne. Yet there is that letter.'

. . . and Margaret Vyner does know fashion! men' hosiery . . . they will tell you that

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CONFLICT

"The others, I could see, were breathing more freely, and awaited his reply with interest.

"'Sire, I have followed closely the history of the Vernets, and I find that there is a sure and certain way to deliver him into your hands.'

"The brooding eyes of Lewis were alight with interest and pleasure. Sevigne was going the right way for his red hat. The Bishop went on:

"'Sebastien Vernet has a sister . . . whom he loves, it is said, with a great love . . .'

"The Bishop paused. He was conscious of a swift dampness of brow and cheek, for he wiped them both with his kerchief. Perhaps his quick eye had caught the contempt mirrored in the eyes of d'Evreux, Colbert, and le Tellier. He must have known their thoughts as well as though they had spoken them.

"But Sevigne faced it. He is ambitious, and would allow nothing, I feel sure, to stand between him and his red hat. The features of Lewis expressed his delight.

"'Good, Sevigne. I believe you have it. I leave it to you. I have more important matters claiming me, but from this moment you are free to prosecute this affair. I will be King! And to those who serve me with faith and intelligence I will be a generous King.'

"'I will take the memory of that letter with me.'

"He rose to his feet, the others following and standing silent like statues. Like one man they inclined their heads and bowed low as Lewis nodded and turned away. He threw a verbal dart at the Bishop. He said:

'Monseigneur, I shall watch with interest your disposal of this pirate. I suggest that you do not fail me.'

"The Bishop, like the others, remained bowed as Lewis walked from the room, and when the King was gone d'Evreux seated himself and poured himself some wine.

JACQUELINE drew back a pace when Monsieur le Rat pointed down the dark, wet, stone stairs. Across the Rat's back was a sack filled with bread, and in one hand he carried a torch that hissed in the cold wind. Overhead the stars were shining now, bright, burning, brilliant. At the girl's feet gaped the Stairs of the Sad, stairs worn by countless forgotten feet that had tramped up and down and then walked on behind the veil of unremembered things. The stairs went down to the catacombs and old galleries of quarries from which much of the stone that had built Paris had been taken. The feet of outcasts and fierce refugees from justice had worn the steps thin.

It seemed to the trembling girl that Monsieur le Rat led her on for miles. Time after time he turned. Here and there other galleries cut across their path and led away into unknown and unimaginable dark places. Far away voices seemed to come rushing along the tunnels. Once a laugh, once a shout, once a scream that brought Jacqueline up motionless. For the first time she spoke.

"Pierre . . . someone called . . . in terror," she gasped.

He nodded.

"I heard," he said simply. "It is a long way off, and whatever it is . . . it is done. We go this way."

They came to the cavern. They turned a corner and came upon it suddenly. It was several hundred feet across, and in the centre lay a black pool of water. Round this pool ran a narrow, dry strip of rock like a circular beach, and here, under many flaring torches, little Deschamps was haranguing the dwellers of the tunnels. Jacqueline gasped at the unexpected sight.

"The stone . . . is yellow . . . like the stone of the Chateau d'Or," she whispered.

The Rat nodded, smiling a little grimly.

"Your home was built with the stone taken from here, little one. It shines like gold in the sunlight, eh? What think you of this chateau, and of these notables?"

The girl shivered.

"But . . . it is terrible. I had not thought such a world existed. What do they do?"

"Just live, and hope, and die like everyone else, only not so comfortably. Come closer and listen to Deschamps. I see he is excited about something."

"What is he talking about?"

"Deschamps talks about many things. His solitary eye sees all Paris at a glance. And remember what I told you before we left the house! Should any question you—you are merely Jacqueline. You are with Monsieur le Rat. Let them but think you are an aristocrat . . . but Heaven forbid that! They have strange memories of the chateaux, some of them, and many of the women have not forgotten. If they take you for my woman . . . let it go at that. That they will understand and accept. But they may not speak to you. They are interested in Deschamps."

Jacqueline was very pale in the torchlight. Her dark eyes darted glances all around her. She listened as in a dream to the fiery, one-eyed Deschamps. Those who sat and listened to him were dressed in rags. Deschamps was the most ragged of all, and his one eye shone like a beacon as he shouted and gesticulated and stamped his bare feet.

"Bread! Bread! Bread!" Deschamps was thundering. "The torches of the people will light red the Tuileries this night . . . and the King shall hear us . . ."

The cry of a child silenced the orator. He pointed to where a savage-eyed, ragged woman crouched back against the yellow rock wall. Very sunken were the woman's eyes. Her bare arms and legs were but skin and bone, and her long, black hair fell down over naked shoulders that had been withering slowly for many a month. Three children in rags clung to her. It was the youngest that had cried.

"Look there!" cried Deschamps, dancing about on his bare little bowed legs. "And remember that to-morrow is the Feast of Our Lady. And look there at Pere Lavelle. For twenty years he has not moved from those stones, has never seen the sun, or the stars, or the trees. He cannot be moved. And he, too, is hungry. Ha! Ha! Ha! They stretched him on a rack in the Chastelet, and tore his spine. He never moves, does Pere Lavelle . . . Ha! Ha! Ha!"

Jacqueline said in a whisper:

"But why does he laugh at that?"

Monsieur le Rat shook his head.

"That is no laugh. He coughs like a beast with his anger. Quiet, now . . ."

Deschamps waved a clenched fist in a wide circle.

"They cut for the stone in la Charite, and close by Notre Dame, l'Hotel Dieu nurses men and women back to health and strength. But who will nurse us? Who will feed us who cannot feed ourselves? Those hospitals, that bread, are for the bourgeoisie. We can eat . . . rock. Nay! We must have bread! Bread! Bread! Bread!"

Those listening slowly took up the cry, "Bread. Bread. Bread. Bread. Bread." The starving women pressed weakly back against the stone. Bread? There was not even a dog or cat since the corn had failed. Why did that fool Deschamps talk of bread! Why did not someone choke him or pluck out his remaining eye and make him scream! Bread! Bread! Bread! But there was no bread, there was no bread.

"Dear Heaven," whispered Jacqueline. She turned to Monsieur le Rat. "Pierre . . . give them the bread . . ."

He nodded.

"And then take me away. They make me sick . . ."

He nodded again. Once they had made him feel like that.

"I wanted you to see these . . . people," he said gently. "You have seen Versailles, you have lived in the Chateau d'Or. Now your eyes have witnessed the nadir of human life. These are all but back to the beasts. They are as ruthless and as savage. And to-night they demonstrate before the King—these, and many more."

"To-night?"

"Yes. What think you of these people—these criminals, these cut-throats, these cripples, and these children, little children of the shadows whose young teeth flash like a dog's in the gloom? What think you of the lost, the damned, and the unwanted, Jacqueline?"

The girl drew close to him.

"THEY are . . . pitiful . . . in their distress," she whispered. "But what can be done? What could anyone do?"

"That is what they mean to find out," was the reply.

The swelling chorus led by Deschamps rose to a roar.

"Bread Bread! Bread! Bread! Bread! Bread! Bread!" it throbbed.

Jacqueline clutched at the Rat's arm.

"Give them the bread—give them the bread," she panted.

The dying woman was on her knees shaking her fist at Deschamps.

Monsieur le Rat opened his sack.

"I have some bread . . . here," he said.

He looked from Deschamps to the dying woman. The mob was silent. The woman and her three children looked at the sack. Jacqueline looked at their eyes and then turned away. It was too pitiful. The woman was struggling to her feet. She stood swaying in her rag skirt, the three children still clutching at her. Then, with a choked little cry she fell and crashed to the stones. Monsieur le Rat, still holding the sack, limped to her side. With the sleeve of his torn doublet he wiped away her poor tears. For a moment there was complete silence. The woman looked up at him.

"Monsieur . . . Monsieur le Rat . . . you are kind," she whispered. "You are kind . . . but, ah, Heaven! I cannot wait."

Monsieur le Rat shook his head.

"Come now, here is the bread," he said gently. "You must not talk like that . . ."

He took a long loaf from the sack and broke it in two. A man made a move towards him, but retreated at the baleful stare in Monsieur le Rat's eyes. Not a man to fool with, was Monsieur le Rat. But when he looked down at the woman he saw she was dead. She had died as she wept. He rose to his feet and turned to Jacqueline.

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"The hunger has killed her," he said. "She starved so that her children might eat and live. It is an old tale . . . and sad . . . and unending."

"Is there no priest?" whispered Jacqueline.

Several women came and lifted the body and took it away. They carried it beyond the light of the torches. The Rat shook his head.

"There is no money here, there is no priest. Once there was a priest, one who cared only for these poor ones. A man killed him because his hate had turned against his God."

Jacqueline was aghast. She was very young.

"And what . . . will become of the woman?"

The Rat looked away. He picked up the sack of bread and threw it to those who watched them hungrily.

Instantly there was a scramble, and the sack and the bread were torn to pieces.

"The Seine," said Monsieur le Rat quietly, "will sing her requiem. By morning it will be snowing again, and the snow will be white upon her as she floats for a little while, white, like the lilies of Our Lady's Altar. Then she will vanish, and be forgotten, and her children will remember her no more. They will turn to others for bread."

Without a word Jacqueline turned away. The Rat heard the sobs in her throat as he walked beside her.

"Where are you going, Jacqueline?" he asked gently.

"To humble myself before my father, the Marquis," she whispered. "Dear Heaven . . . in the years ahead . . . I could be as that woman. To have children, to starve so for them, and then be remembered by them no more . . ."

Monsieur le Rat spoke softly.

"Child, think well. The Marquis is as cold as the stars."

"He is still my father."

Monsieur le Rat was silent as he limped along beside her. Then he said:

"I will come with you, Jacqueline. First we will see Monseigneur the Bishop. Henri Sevigne is a friend of your father."

"Yes," she whispered. "Monseigneur will plead for me."

HENRI SEVIGNE paced to and fro in the library of his splendid apartments, in the Palais Cardinal. He was sombrely dressed in black satin cassock and breeches, black silk stockings and shoes. Upon his head was the purple biretta. His eyes were downcast, and his hands clasped behind his back.

The mind of Monseigneur was a furnace, heated by thoughts of a man whose name seemed to stand before him in letters of fire. Sebastien Vernet! Well the Bishop knew that upon the successful fulfilment of his promise his future depend:d—perhaps his very life. Louis never forgot failure, and never forgave it. And this audacious pirate had roused the devil in the King.

Henri Sevigne paused in his stride and inhaled a pinch of rappee. It might help to clear his mind. He remembered that he had boasted to Louis that the fellow could be tamed through his sister.

The Bishop's train of thought was shattered by a distinct knocking on the door. He turned and stared at it.

"Who is there?" he demanded irritably.

A muffled voice replied:

"Your humble servant, Monseigneur."

The Bishop was not pleased.

"Enter," he said.

Monsieur Sarlat, the Bishop's secretary, came into the room. Monsieur Sarlat was no longer young. He was wizened, and bald, with very piercing black eyes under grew brows. The peculiar, penetrating quality of his eyes was due, no doubt, to the paper-white skin of his clean-shaven face. He, also, was dressed in black, but the material was broadcloth, not satin; and the stockings on his thin legs were of kersey-cloth. His black shoes were of leather. He closed the door quietly behind him and faced his master.

"Monseigneur, there are two persons who wish to speak with you," he said, bowing respectfully.

The Bishop frowned.

"Who are they?" he asked shortly.

A faint smile flickered round Monsieur Sarlat's thin lips.

"Monsieur le Rat . . . and a woman, Monseigneur," he replied.

Henri Sevigne stared at his secretary. Sarlat was the last man in the world to jest, surely.

"Monsieur le Rat . . . and a woman? To see me?" he echoed. "Who is Monsieur le Rat?"

Sarlat shrugged.

"But I do not know, Monseigneur. He said it was a matter concerning the Marquis d'Evreux . . . and Sebastien Vernet."

In spite of himself the Bishop started.

"Bring them to me here, Sarlat. And see we are not disturbed."

The secretary bowed and walked quickly from the room. The Bishop looked around him. He was awake again in his mind.

Monsieur Sarlat's knock sounded on the door again. The Bishop's voice was eager as he called:

"Enter!"

Sarlat opened the door and stood with his bald head slightly bowed while Jacqueline and Monsieur le Rat walked past him into the sumptuous room. The door closed quietly. Henri Sevigne looked at his visitors critically. A strange pair, surely—at least a very strange man, this Monsieur le Rat. He said quietly:

"You wish to speak with me, my children?"

Both the Rat and Jacqueline stood very still. The Rat asked:

"You are Monseigneur the Bishop?"

Henri Sevigne smiled. He loved his title and his authority.

"I am the Bishop, my son."

Monsieur le Rat bowed.

"This is His Eminence, Jacqueline," he said to the girl.

Jacqueline curtsied. The Bishop smiled at her.

"I am not a Cardinal, my children . . . merely a Bishop. Now what is troubling your minds? Is it of Sebastien Vernet you wish to speak?"

"Presently, Monseigneur," said Monsieur le Rat, smiling a little. "But first I would speak of mademoiselle here . . ."

The Bishop nodded. He looked again at Jacqueline.

"You have not told me the name of mademoiselle," he murmured.

Monsieur le Rat's lips twitched with some hidden humor.

"Monseigneur, this lady is Mademoiselle Jacqueline de Brenac, daughter of the Marquis d'Evreux," he said slowly.

For a moment there was silence. The Bishop was apparently dumbfounded. His eyes turned on the ragged Monsieur le Rat as though he were asking himself by what freak of fate the daughter of d'Evreux came to be in company with such a scarecrow. But he recovered himself quickly and said:

"My child, you are welcome. I give you peace, and the blessing of Our Lady. Please be seated."

He did not invite Monsieur le Rat to be seated. Presently, after Jacqueline had seated herself, he asked bluntly:

"Now, why have you come to me?"

The Rat answered quickly.

"Monseigneur, mademoiselle, alas, is not in favor with her father."

Henri Sevigne spoke a little coldly.

"Monsieur le Rat, you seem well acquainted with the affairs of the de Brenacs . . ."

Jacqueline interposed gently.

"Monseigneur, Monsieur le Rat has proved himself a good friend to at least one of the de Brenacs. I refer to myself, Monseigneur. But for him . . . but there! I have said he is a good friend."

The Bishop's face was a mask now. He spoke rather sternly to Jacqueline.

"ALL France knows of your . . . adventure, my child. I plainly see you have come to me to intercede on your behalf with your father. Is that not so?"

"It is so, Monseigneur," whispered Jacqueline.

The Bishop looked away. D'Evreux, he knew, was a cold devil where his pride was concerned. It was a barrier that not even this beautiful girl, his daughter, could penetrate. He shook his head slowly.

"Mademoiselle, I leave Paris to-night—almost at once."

It was a refusal. Monsieur le Rat spoke coldly.

"To seek Sebastien Vernet . . . and a cardinal's hat, Monseigneur?"

The Bishop stood rigid. His dark eyes blazed with anger; his voice was hard and metallic.

"Monsieur le Rat? You will explain, please?"

The Rat stared back at him with icy blue eyes.

"I will not explain, Monseigneur . . . but I will bargain."

"Bargain?" echoed Henri Sevigne in amazement.

The Rat nodded.

"But, yes. You are a close friend of de Brenac. Break down his pride. Restore mademoiselle to her heritage . . . and I will not warn Sebastien Vernet of your mission."

"Mother of Heaven," said the Bishop again.

He stood staring, white with rage. Who was this Monsieur le Rat, this grimy devil, this reader of minds? Who was the fellow?

"It seems, monsieur, that they named you well when they named you rat. But we will finish with mademoiselle first, if you please. But," turning to Jacqueline, "I can say to you, my daughter, that it is your duty to return and confront your father. It is you, and you alone, who can recall his former deep love for you."

Jacqueline rose to her feet.

"Monseigneur, you mean well. You would do what you could—if you could. My father is powerful. He is not a man from whom to chance a rebuff."

Monsieur le Rat spoke before the Bishop could reply.

"Remember, Monseigneur, the terms of my bargain."

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Henri Sevigne was coldly furious, but he smiled.

"Monsieur, I shall send for the Marquis d'Evreux. Please pull that cord whilst I write."

The Rat limped to the wall and seized the silken cord. He pulled it sharply. Then he returned to Jacqueline's side. Henri Sevigne seated himself at his escritoire and dipped a quill in the ink. Hastily he scribbled a few lines and added his signature with an angry flourish. Monsieur Sarlat came into the room.

"Deliver this letter," said the Bishop sharply. "And with speed, Sarlat."

Monsieur Sarlat took the letter and hurried from the room. He gave Jacqueline and the Rat an oblique glance as he went out. The Bishop remained seated.

"Monsieur le Rat, I shall ask a favor," he said softly. "Will you tell me how you knew of my mission to Sebastien Vernet?"

MONSIEUR LE RAT laughed. His vivid blue eyes regarded the Bishop steadily.

"In the same manner, Monseigneur, that I know you are at this moment congratulating yourself on my stupidity."

Henri Sevigne's eyes flickered.

Monsieur le Rat grinned.

"You do not quite do me justice, either, Monseigneur," he said. "Has it not occurred to you that perhaps others as well as myself know of your . . . plan? And if I do not return, perhaps I should pity you if ever you come face to face with Sebastien Vernet. And should you fail? What then, Monseigneur the Bishop?"

The Bishop flushed hotly. This fellow spoke the simple truth. He dare not fail. Perhaps he had moved his pawns clumsily. It would be well to look clearly again at the game.

"Monsieur," he said gently. "I fear you credit me with unworthy and unscrupulous motives. . ."

Monsieur le Rat was equally gentle.

"Perhaps I have imagined I am but a rung in the long ladder of your ambition, Monseigneur," he murmured.

Henri Sevigne looked surprised.

"Your imagination weaves strange patterns, my son. You will not be harmed. I merely desired to unmask you, to know you."

"That could have been accomplished by the giving of your promise to help mademoiselle," was the dry retort.

The Bishop smiled. He was beginning to respect the mind of this extraordinary fellow.

"Did I say I would not do that? I said the matter was a delicate one, and that mademoiselle herself should first confront her father. But that I shall do my utmost to restore her to her father you may rest assured."

Jacqueline sighed. She was young, but no fool. She knew the promise had been forced from the Bishop's lips by the strategy of Monsieur le Rat. But she said politely:

"I thank you, Monseigneur."

Henri Sevigne inclined his head. His manner now was gentle and urbane.

"I shall be happy to see you restored to your father, my child," he murmured.

Monsieur le Rat laughed soundlessly.

There came a knocking at the door. Monsieur le Rat smiled at Jacqueline.

The key turned in the lock and Sarlat entered followed by Monsieur Segaert. The Bishop rose to his feet, Monsieur Segaert bowed to the Bishop.

"My lord, I am at your service," he said as he bowed.

Henri Sevigne felt that the presence of Segaert gave him confidence. Segaert, for all his seeming mildness, was a shrewd and clever man, a man of courage and ability, and one who carried terror into the hearts of the King's enemies. And he was accounted the second swordsman of France. Only de Brenac himself was his superior with the weapon. The Bishop nodded and pointed to the Rat.

"Do you know this man, Monsieur Segaert?" he asked.

Monsieur Segaert spoke slowly and softly.

"But, of course, monseigneur. Monsieur le Rat is a personage . . . of the sewers. He is often to be seen carrying bread and other trifles to the depths. Oh, yes. I recognise Monsieur le Rat." He turned and bowed to Jacqueline. "And the charming Mademoiselle de Brenac. I am your humble servant, Mademoiselle."

Monsieur le Rat measured Segaert with level eyes. What control and cunning this man had. As smooth as silk and as charming, yet underneath his gentle manner a heart of steel and a purpose as ruthless as death. The Rat's deep-set blue eyes looked steadily into the dark ones of Monsieur Segaert. Both men bowed. The Bishop was nonplussed.

"Is that all you know about him, Segaert?" he demanded. "Monsieur le Rat has a name, I assume?"

"Yes, yes, Monseigneur," said Segaert with a gentle laugh. "And something else besides a name. But this is not the time and place to speak of that. That time and place will come."

Monsieur le Rat laughed.

"Monsieur Segaert is a philosopher, Monseigneur," he said to the Bishop. "Even a ferret cannot strike at a rat until in a position to do so—eh, Monsieur Segaert?"

Monsieur Segaert drew a silver snuff-box from the pocket of his doublet. He first proffered it to the Bishop who declined, and then to the Rat. But Monsieur le Rat also declined.

"My thanks, Monsieur Segaert, but I rarely touch the rappee," he said.

"It is a pity to see a brave man refuse the rappee and court the rack," said Monsieur Segaert slowly. "Monsieur le Rat, on the Pont Neuf, this afternoon, you were observed."

"Naturally," was the dry retort. "I gave your man a coin for his trouble. He was quite a clever tumbler, too."

Monsieur Segaert's eyes narrowed a little.

"I will merely repeat that you were observed," he murmured.

"But a thousand people observe me every day, monsieur. The thing is to overhear me. If you will come with me yourself, I will teach how how to beg. It may come in handy some day."

Monsieur Segaert was not annoyed. At least he, if no one else, knew the man with whom he had to deal.

"I am warning you, Monsieur le Rat," he said evenly. "If you disregard that warning . . ."

The Rat spoke very softly.

"Against what are you warning me, monsieur? Against begging? But then, one must live."

"And sometimes . . . one must die, monsieur. Be advised."

Henri Sevigne could see that these two men were enemies. He was also aware, now, that the agent was in possession of information he could not, or dared not, disclose at the moment. The Bishop felt a sense of irritation. He spoke sharply.

"But, Segaert, what is the fellow's name?"

The Ferret shook his head.

"Monseigneur, I regret it, but it must not be spoken . . . yet. Unless Monsieur le Rat himself cares to tell you."

"I am in the hands of my friend, Monsieur Segaert," said the Rat with a smile. "That is . . . he hopes I am in his hands."

"And that we shall see," said Monsieur Segaert. He turned again to the Bishop. "But your Grace is not pleased with Monsieur le Rat. Is it that you desire him arrested?"

The Bishop hesitated. Sorely was he tempted. He caught Jacqueline's dark eyes staring at him.

"No," he said at last. "I merely wanted information."

"I have told all I may tell," said Monsieur Segaert. "And if there is nothing more perhaps Monseigneur will excuse me?"

"There is nothing more," said the Bishop curtly.

Monsieur Segaert bowed to Jacqueline, to the Bishop, and to Monsieur le Rat. There was a fine irony in the last gesture.

"Then I will go," he said.

In silence they watched him walk from the room. And as he went out, Francois de Brenac, Marquis d'Evreux, came walking slowly into the room. Monsieur Segaert bowed very low.

"My lord," they heard him murmur.

De Brenac ignored him and came into the room. When he saw Jacqueline he paused and stood very still. His pale blue eyes were fixed upon the silent girl who stood straight and without movement, gazing at him. Slowly the hot blood sent a narrow stain into his pale cheeks. He deliberately looked at the Bishop, and his glance was very cold.

"So," he said quietly. "Your message is explained."

There was a silence.

THE Marquis d'Evreux, like Monsieur Segaert, carried a cane. But his cane had a gold head. Very richly dressed was de Brenac.

With an icy stare at Henri Sevigne he murmured:

"Sevigne, your humor is in bad taste. I will return . . . another time."

The Bishop walked quickly forward.

"De Brenac, the will of Heaven has done this thing—not the hand of Henri Sevigne. I assure you, my friend, I do not meddle."

"And you are?" he asked contemptuously, looking at the Rat.

"Monsieur le Rat, at your service, my lord," murmured the Rat, bowing.

The Marquis would not look again at Jacqueline, but her wide, staring dark eyes never left his face. They were filled with a deep entreaty and yearning as she looked at her father. Her lips were trembling, as were her limbs, and presently, even as de Brenac stared coldly at the Rat, she began to walk slowly towards him. A pace away she paused. One little hand went out slowly. When she spoke her voice was a dry, gasping whisper.

"My . . . father," she said.

The Marquis drew back from her. Clear and distinct were his words.

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"Do not touch me. I do not know you."

Monsieur le Rat smiled. A sardonic light flickered in his deep eyes.

"A greater and purer than Bayard," he snarled.

He took the sudden slash of de Brenac's cane without flinching. It left a red mark across temple, cheek, and chin.

"Dog," came softly from the Marquis.

Jacqueline gave a choked little cry. The Rat's lip lifted and bared white teeth.

"Perhaps your lordship is as quick with the steel as you are with a stick," he said quietly.

De Brenac betrayed his astonishment.

"Meet you?" came in utter contempt.

Monsieur le Rat shrugged.

"I think not," was his cold retort. "It would require courage."

Again the cane swung up, but this time the Rat caught it, wrenched it from de Brenac's hand, snapped it, and threw the two pieces aside.

UPON each white cheek of de Brenac a red spot glowed. But with a shrug of his satin-clad shoulders he turned on his heel. His silver periwig gleamed in the bright candlelight.

"Sevigne," he murmured, "it was a sorry jest."

The Bishop was breathing hard.

"But . . . de Brenac," he stammered. "Will you not even listen to your daughter? Have you forgotten, my friend, that a day will come when each and every one of us will have to plead? De Brenac . . . I implore your patience . . . and your forgiveness for the little one."

The Marquis bowed icily to Jacqueline.

"My daughter?" he said, as though amused. "But, mademoiselle is mistaken. I have no daughter."

With that he shrugged again and left the room.

The Rat spoke quietly to Henri Sevigne.

"Monseigneur . . . it would seem that you have made another enemy to-night," he said.

The Bishop paused. His eyes were dark and hot.

"Why did you come to me . . . to-night?" he asked.

Monsieur le Rat walked to Jacqueline and stood looking down at the girl.

"Observe, Monseigneur," he murmured.

"I have seen," the Bishop retorted. "But what can I do? You cannot even understand the pride of such as de Brenac. He would rather . . . die. He would prefer the rack to reconciliation. The King would laugh; his friends would laugh; and, worse still, the women of Paris are laughing. But you cannot understand."

Monsieur de Rat's voice came slowly.

"Are you still determined to trap Sebastien Vernet . . . through his sister?"

Henri Sevigne stood very still. Gone, now, was the heat in his dark eyes. They were narrowed, and gleaming, and very cold.

"Monsieur le Rat . . . there is but one conclusion. Somehow you managed to spy upon me . . . and upon the King. That means your death. What have you to say?"

The Rat's smile was mocking.

"A mistake, Monseigneur. There are other conclusion. What if others spied? What if others are laughing at your rash vow? What if all Paris is by now amused by your assurance and vanity? Could it not happen?"

The Bishop was silent. Quickly he strode to where a huge brass gong, supported by massive silver rods, stood in a corner of the room. Grasping the hammer he struck with it three times. It was like putting one's head inside a great bell. The sonorous clanging brought Jacqueline to her feet, brought her back to the realities of the moment. Through walls, down along corridors and galleries went the throbbing sound. Monsieur le Rat nodded at each stroke.

"A pity," he snarled, when the last note had sounded. "For now will I match you wit against wit. But you shall not pin the Rat this night, Monseigneur. Look through your windows! And mark well what you see! It may teach you, Monseigneur, that loyalty is easy for a full stomach. To-night shall teach you many things. Even Judas was loyal . . . to his thirty pieces of silver."

Jacqueline, like one awakened from a dream, stepped to the Rat's side as Henri Sevigne strode to the window. The Rat saw that the Bishop's back was towards them. He had seen the torches and was staring at them. The soft carpet made no sound as Jacqueline, with the Rat's arm round her shoulders, was hurried to a door half hidden by the motionless tapestry. When Henri Sevigne turned, the room, except for himself, was empty. He gasped and stared at the place where his unwelcome guests had stood.

"Monsieur le Rat?" he called. "Mademoiselle de Brenac?"

With anger and fear alive in his eyes he crossed the room. He met Monsieur Segaert as the large door opened.

"The door . . . was it locked?" he asked jerkily.

Monsieur Segaert looked past him into the room.

"But yes, Monseigneur," was the soft reply.

"Ah," said the Bishop, turning and staring at the almost hidden door. "Ah!" he said again. "An observant fellow, is Monsieur le Rat."

MONSIEUR LE RAT bolted the door behind him. The barred door would give them respite until they looked about them. If they were caught Jacqueline, of course, would merely be turned away into the streets, but with Monsieur le Rat it would be a different story.

The Rat saw that they were in the Bishop's bedroom, a long room, furnished with a draped and canopied bed, a long carpet that almost covered the polished parquetry, a writing-table, several chests of drawers and stiff formal chairs, and, at the end opposite the bed, a private altar where Monseigneur blessed himself, and made his peace with God.

Monsieur le Rat was watching Jacqueline.

"We have no time to lose, Jacqueline," he whispered.

She shrugged.

"My friend . . . we have come to the parting of our paths," she murmured. Her dark eyes considered him. "You must go your way. I must go mine. Monsieur le Rat, I will not detain you. From the Bishop's manner it is plain you had better go quickly. I remain here . . ."

"Here?" he murmured, astonished.

"Here. I will play my own game as they are playing theirs. They have forgotten I am a de Brenac. They shall be reminded of it . . . especially Monseigneur and my father."

For a moment he could only stare at her. This was not the timid, frightened Jacqueline speaking, the girl who had crept into Henri Sevigne's presence as though the whip awaited her. This was not the Jacqueline who had stood dumbly while the insults of father and priest touched her.

"Jacqueline . . ."

She seized his hand, lifted it to her lips, and kissed it.

"Pierre . . . you have been so kind. Go now. I will remain."

"But what will you do?" he asked gravely, his blue eyes troubled as they gazed at her.

"In an hour this palace will buzz like a hive of wasps. But it will not be Jacqueline de Brenac who is stung with the rage, the laughter, and the ridicule. I will have my revenge. Please go . . . Pierre."

He smiled grimly.

"I think you will . . . succeed. Otherwise I would carry you down the wall under my arm. But if trouble comes . . . remember Monsieur le Rat. He can creep over roofs and through cellars, up stairs and down, and can walk through walls and men unseen. Remember it, Jacqueline . . ."

Slowly her lips curved in a smile.

"I shall never forget . . . Monsieur le Rat. I know not where I go now, or how, but Monseigneur the Bishop and my father the Marquis shall not laugh at Jacqueline de Brenac so lightly. Bah! The one with his ambition . . . the other with his pride! We shall see. Good-bye, Pierre."

"A thousand pities I cannot wait to see Monseigneur's face," he told her as his toes felt the ledge. "But some day you shall tell me."

With that he was gone. For a moment the absence of Monsieur le Rat seemed to bring swift panic.

The echoes of the gong had undoubtedly roused the palace. The first to arrive were the Captain of the Palace Guard, and with him six foot soldiers. Then came the Lord Steward, his wand borne before him by an agitated footman; then the Lord Chamberlain, followed quickly by the curious Master of the Horse. Before many minutes had passed messengers, chaplains, trumpeters, gentlemen of the bed chamber, gentlemen of the privy chamber, master of the robes, treasurer of the chamber, gentlemen harbingers, two physicians and one chirurgeon, a fencing-master, several foreign courtiers, a few heralds, a comb-maker in company with a staring apothecary, and as many of the King's household as could with safety leave their duties. And gradually a woman crept here and there into the press of onlookers. By the time the wide corridors outside the library and bedroom had been filled, the soldiers had forced the doors between library and bedroom, bedroom and corridor. In a moment the curious were hard on the heels of Monseigneur the Bishop and Monsieur Segaert. Then came a silence. Staring at them all from the Bishop's room was a dark-haired, dark-eyed girl.

It is no exaggeration to say that the Bishop rocked on his heels. For the first time in his life Monsieur Segaert allowed himself to be surprised. The Captain of the Guard shook his head unbelievingly and stood rooted to the floor. The Bishop stepped back a pace and crossed himself when Jacqueline sat slowly up in the chair. Still he could not speak. No one could speak. Only in the corridors was a soft whispering beginning. Jacqueline's expression conveyed to all that she was surprised, hurt, and indignant.

Henri Sevigne's voice was husky with the rage of humiliation and shame. He strode to her side, his biretta slowly slipping farther to one side. White-faced, he glared at her form.

"Mademoiselle . . . Mademoiselle!" he spluttered. "Get out of my apartment . . ."

Monsieur Segaert stood carefully controlling his twitching lips. What a revenge

. . . and Margaret Vyner does know fashion! ment" hosiery

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the girl was taking. He felt like bowing and murmuring his congratulations. The Bishop was writhing like a crab in hot water. He was horrified.

Jacqueline's quick eyes saw a movement near the crowded door. The crowd became strangely quiet, and then drew apart as each man and woman in the close throng bowed and curtsied. Henri Sevigne saw only the girl in his apartment. The wide-eyed Jacqueline watched two men walk into the room. One was her father. Francois de Brenac was as white as death. His pale blue eyes were like points of flame. But he made no move and said no word. His companion, a young man of medium height, dressed magnificently in wine-colored doublet and breeches of satin brocade, came slowly into Monseigneur's bedroom. Behind him the crowd melted away. On the young man's head was a monstrous periwig that reached far below his shoulders, and his hose were of black silk. Like the Marquis he wore satin shoes that flashed with gems. His expression was one of utter astonishment.

"My liege . . . you cannot believe . . . oh, Sire . . . this woman . . ." began Henri Sevigne.

Louis laughed. It was an unusual sight to see the confident Sevigne reduced almost to tears. And he was as exhausted as though he had just run a long race. He stood panting and limp. The man, or the woman, who could tame this cunning and imperious priest was one to be considered. The keen eyes of Louis XIV had swiftly appraised Jacqueline de Brenac and had approved of what they saw. He replied to Henri Sevigne a little coldly.

"Monseigneur, you are somewhat discourteous to your guest, it would seem."

Henri Sevigne gulped. The King was laughing at him.

"But, Sire, the woman is not my guest——"

"Ah! said Louis contemptuously. It is a fortunate thing for mademoiselle that she is not your guest, Sevigne. She shall be my guest."

The Bishop could only bow slightly.

Louis turned to Francois de Brenac.

"My dear Marquis, I leave my guest in your hands. An apartment, under your skilful direction, shall be made ready for her."

D'Evreux bowed. He did not speak. But he and Henri Sevigne exchanged looks of deadly hatred as he followed the King from the room.

WITH a soundless chuckle Monsieur le Rat crept a little away from the window, pressing himself flat against the cold, wet wall, and half closing his eyes so that the icy wind should not start the tears and so blind him. A few paces and he paused. The Bishop's apartments were on the top floor of the right wing of the palace, and below Monsieur le Rat was a black gulf that gaped like a starving mouth.

He pressed his way along with infinite care and courage until he came to the tall window of the library. Here he paused again and drew from his sleeve a long, thin blade of fine steel. Thrusting the knife into the crack between wood and jamb, he slowly raised the brass bar-catch. Slowly, silently, the window swung inward.

For a moment he remained on the sill, poised and listening, and peering in. The room was now empty, the crowd having gone round to the wider corridor to catch a plainer view of Monseigneur's bedroom. Hearing only the tumult in the next room, he was satisfied. He walked on soundless bare feet to the Bishop's escritoire. Here again the thin knife was of service.

He examined the neat bundles of letters, each bundle carefully tied with a broad, red satin ribbon. The work of the methodical Sarlat, no doubt. Several signatures interested him, one being that of the King of Spain, who signed himself "Yo El Rey" in imitation of the mighty Philip II. The letter was not important, however, but the "Yo El Rey" made Monsieur le Rat chuckle.

He threw the bundles back in their holes. Nothing there. Then the sudden pressure of his knuckles sent a secret drawer sliding out. He stared at it, looked into it, and found a partly written letter in the handwriting of Monseigneur the Bishop. This was addressed to one Benedetto Odescalchi, an eminent prelate at Rome. Monsieur le Rat read the text rapidly, a grim smile curving his lips as he read:

". . . So you will see, Your Eminence, that I have faith in you, and I believe that the triple crown will leave the brow of Innocent X for your own. Because I know that you zealously preserve the rights and privileges of the Holy Church, I feel it is my duty to inform Your Eminence—and a whisper of this would ruin me—that the young Louis is already hinting that he will keep many Sees vacant in order to appropriate their revenues. I feel that Your Eminence should know this, but if the King knew I had hinted of it to you . . . but you understand. Louis gives evidence already of power and headstrong determination. Spain, rotten shell that it is, and Austria, so busy cutting off its arms and legs, had better beware. It matters nothing that Louis has married the Infanta of Spain. As he tires of her so shall his enmity for her country increase.

Here the letter ended. Monsieur le Rat's eyes gleamed. So! The Bishop was intriguing dangerously, it seemed. Fatally, if Louis ever saw that letter. The Rat put the letter in his pocket and closed the secret drawer. Then the sudden silence in the adjoining room made him lift his head. What had happened there? He listened intently, and then heard the voice of Louis himself. Also, faintly, he heard the throb, throb, throb of distant chanting voices.

"Bread! Bread! Bread! Bread! Bread! Bread!"

Monsieur le Rat, the Bishop's letter secure in his pocket, turned to go. Then he stood very still again. Facing him, and smiling, Monsieur Segaert stood just inside the large door that opened from the library to the corridor. Monsieur Segaert spoke first. His tone was one of gentle banter.

"Monsieur le Rat . . . a thousand apologies for this intrusion. But how was I to know you were rifling the Bishop's desk? That you were once again stealing secrets?"

The Rat grinned. His blue eyes twinkled deep in their depths. They were just two tiny points of light as they gazed at Monsieur Segaert. His reply was as silky as Segaert's.

"Monsieur, you were not to know. But how was I to know that you were coming to rifle the Bishop's desk, and to steal secrets?"

Monsieur Segaert bowed. Monsieur le Rat's smile vanished, leaving his features hard and drawn. He saw that Segaert was armed with a rapier. He had nothing but the long keen knife, a poor thing against such a blade.

"You flatter me, monsieur," said Segaert, advancing slowly.

"You amuse me, monsieur," drawled the Rat, his eyes never leaving the other's.

He moved as Segaert moved. The latter smiled with understanding.

"The Rat is uneasy, eh?" he murmured. "He knows how sharp are the teeth of the Ferret, eh? But I shall ease your mind. Give me the letter you took from the Bishop's desk . . . and you shall walk free and unharmed from this room. If not . . ."

Monsieur le Rat grinned impudently. Then his eyes drooped and stared at Segaert's shoes.

"Monsieur," he said wearily, "you win! Here is the letter. Take it . . . take it!"

Monsieur Segaert laughed softly and stretched out his hand to take the letter, and then the Rat leapt. Like a panther he sprang, one clawing hand grasping the blade of the rapier as Segaert, too late, thrust hard. The other hand of Monsieur le Rat with the letter still grasped in it, had clenched itself into a fist of iron, and it smashed a terrible blow on Monsieur Segaert's chin. The rapier fell from the Ferret's hand as the light died in his eyes. He crumpled to the carpet, groaning a little, not wholly unconscious, but unable to move or speak. Panting a little, for the point had been very near his heart, Monsieur le Rat bowed ironically.

"An Englishman taught me the trick of the fist, monsieur. A great thing for the senses, eh, Monsieur le Furet? I fear, my friend, for all your ready smile, you are a man with a cruel mind, a treacherous fellow; well fitted to the trade you follow."

A little blood was oozing from the corners of Segaert's lips. His black periwig had fallen off. The Rat picked it up on the point of his rapier and laid it across Segaert's body. Then he limped to the window.

"A thousand thanks for the rapier, monsieur," he murmured. "The rubies gleam like the torches of the hungry. Good night, monsieur . . ."

When Monsieur Segaert sat up and wearily adjusted his periwig, Monsieur le Rat was gone. Segaert slowly got to his feet. He glared at the open window.

"The devil . . ." he croaked.

THE church-bells of Paris had ceased their ringing. Across the sky clouds had gathered again, blotting out the winking stars and sending down soft, lazy flakes of snow. But nothing, it seemed, could stifle the cry of the hungry.

"Bread! Bread! Bread! Bread! Bread! Bread!"

The cry seemed to echo now in the ears of all Paris. It brought all within Notre Dame to the square outside. From the Archbishop himself, preparing for the ball at the Tuileries, to the humblest priest who stood in the shadows of the mighty nave, watching the suppliants who knelt beneath the paintings on the cold pillars, all assembled in the Place du Parvis Notre Dame to listen to the cry and watch the glare of torches on the clouds. Here they stood, whispering, forgetting for the moment the morrow's ceremony. They listened to the cry of a people, forgetting the snow, forgetting the night, remembering one thing only—that in this demonstration was a direct challenge to the King.

All classes were afoot and awheel tonight. The jawless and the lost were gathering in the space between the Louvre and the Tuileries, these sad ones whom the corn shortage and the indifference of those in high places had reduced to a diet of grass and vermin. To see these plead, and to see the King's procession as it passed from

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the Palais Cardinal to the Tuileries was enough to make even a cripple dance along the flambeau-lit streets.

At the Palais Cardinal Louis XIV was preparing for the ball to be held in the Tuileries. An army of attendants and courtiers fawned upon him as he went to his coach, and many remarked that it was strange that the Marquis d'Evreux was not among their number. He invariably stood close to the King.

But Francois de Brenac was pacing the corridor outside the Bishop's bedroom. Monseigneur was sulking in his library. When Jacqueline stepped out into the corridor the Marquis bowed frigidly and murmured:

"Mademoiselle will come with me . . . ."

In silence she followed him. De Brenac walked stiffly, periwigged head erect. Jacqueline followed him down one broad, carpeted flight of stairs, then down another. They came in silence to a door at the back of the palace. It stood open. Bowing again, Francois de Brenac extended his arm and pointed with a beringed hand to the darkness without.

"Mademoiselle," he murmured bitterly. "There is the apartment I have chosen for you. Its roof, as you may see, is ancient and lofty. It is draped with white curtains that fall gently down. It is yours, mademoiselle."

HE turned and left her. Jacqueline stood looking after him for a moment, then she turned and went out into the night.

"Unnatural man," she said quietly. "Unnatural man."

For over an hour she stood motionless, staring. Where was Monsieur le Rat, she wondered dully. But she could not go to him. She looked about her.

"My apartment," she murmured bitterly. "The roof is ancient and lofty. Unnatural man. It is draped with white, and the curtains fall gently down. Cruel man. Yes, it has these things. Also there is a cathedral for my private altar, and a river for my toilet. It is a wide apartment . . . as wide as the world."

She left the doorway and walked towards the Tuileries. There was no room on the footpath, so she, like many others, risked a crushing by the coaches. But she did not care. She felt exhausted. Once she closed her eyes, so tired and hot were they. She was pushed and thrust this way and that without realising it until, as she lurched against a moving coach, the door of the vehicle was flung open and an arm, incredibly strong, coiled itself round her waist and lifted her without effort into the lamp-lit interior of the vehicle. Her dark eyes stared in amazement at the exquisite who had saved her from being thrown down and crushed. Then she sat down on the leather-padded seat opposite the man and laughed. She laughed hysterically, the tears gathering in her dark eyes and glittering on the long lashes. Chokingly her voice came between the gusts of laughter.

"Why . . . Monsieur le Rat . . . . and dressed like . . . an aristocrat," she cried.

She threw back her head again and went on laughing.

The man to whom she had spoken remained silent while she laughed. Presently, she became quiet, staring at him. He inclined his head courteously, and the powdered periwig he wore glittered like burnished silver. His doublet and breeches were of fine brocade, flowered and of a delicate blue. The gems on his fingers and satin shoes were worth a fortune.

"I am afraid," he said slowly in halting French, "that mademoiselle is mistaken. It has pleased her to call me Monsieur le Rat . . . but I have never been called a rat before. My name, mademoiselle, is Peter Kenelm—Sir Peter Kenelm, of Kenelm Hall, England . . . I am English, mademoiselle, but entirely at your service, nevertheless. I saw that you were at the point of collapse. I lifted you into my coach. Perhaps you will forgive me, mademoiselle?"

Dumbfounded, Jacqueline stared at him. Then she said:

"You are not Pierre? Not Monsieur le Rat?"

Again came that courteous inclination of the man's head.

"Mademoiselle, with all deference, my name is still Peter Kenelm. I am on my way to attend the ball at the Tuileries, by the King's kind command. But to be mistaken for Monsieur le Rat is doubtless a compliment."

Jacqueline shrank back, staring.

"Oh . . ." she gasped. "Oh . . . then I am mistaken. But it is incredible! Your eyes, your lips and chin . . . you are the counterpart . . . of my friend." Then her eyes flashed. "And yes, Monsieur Englishman! It is a great compliment to be mistaken for my good friend . . . Monsieur le Rat."

Sir Peter Kenelm smiled slowly. Certainly the smile was not quite the twisted grin of Monsieur le Rat.

"But, of course, mademoiselle," he murmured. "My coach is at your disposal. Where shall it drive you?"

Jacqueline's eyes fell.

"Monsieur . . . it cannot drive me . . . anywhere. I have nowhere to go."

Sir Peter's deep blue eyes were quite steady and serious.

"But, pardon me . . . this Pierre? This Monsieur le Rat?"

Jacqueline shook her head.

"You would not understand. I cannot go to him. Ah, but he was kind. He was . . . just kind."

Sir Peter's coach stopped before the western door of the Tuileries. Gendarmes and mounted guards pressed the crowds back. The torches were gathering in the gardens.

"Mademoiselle," he said whimsically, "In my apartments, which lie close to the Hotel de Cluny, you will be safe . . . at least until my return. I shall send you there. There is an old woman there who will give you wine, and food. If you care to wait until my return from here . . . you shall tell me about your wonderful friend . . . Monsieur le Rat. Do you agree?"

Jacqueline's dark eyes considered him. How like Pierre he was, and yet there was a difference. Her smile thanked him. Yes; she would wait, and tell of her friend, Monsieur le Rat.

Sir Peter bowed to her and instructed his coachman as he turned and walked into the Tuileries. There was no trace of a limp in his walk.

Jacqueline whispered to herself as the coach started.

"But . . . it is incredible."

"BREAD! Bread! Bread! Bread! Bread! Bread!"

The cry had swelled to a roar. Those who advanced with the column of torch-bearers caught up the chant and flung it to the sky. The words swept across with the rushing hiss of a tidal wave, and were flung back, echoing, from the proud facade of the Tuileries. And there was another cry that rose from the lips of the crowd. "The King! The King!"

The King was on his way to the greater palace of the Tuileries. Preceded by a regiment of glittering guards, whose polished steel capelins and breast-plates shone brightly in the torch-light; Louis and his Queen, Maria Theresa of Spain, sat side by side in the golden coach of state.

"The King! The King! The King!" roared the crowd, waving and pushing and stamping and shrieking.

The barriers groaned under the heavy assault. What magnificence! What power, and pomp, and pride! What a promise of the future greatness and might of France!

Yet the loudest of loyal exclamation could not smother that sullen:

"Bread! Bread! Bread! Bread! Bread! Bread!"

In the procession the Archbishop of Paris, dressed in glowing scarlet, blessed the crowds as he passed by. The Lord Steward was in black-and-white velvet; the Lord Chamberlain in wine-shored brocade; the Chancellor in grey satin faced with silver. All the Court followed the coach of the King, rolling along on gilded wheels drawn by plumed and prancing horses, black and grey.

"The King!"

The roaring of acclaim echoed in the ears of Jacqueline de Brenac as Sir Peter Kenelm's coach left the crowd. Monseigneur the Bishop, preparing to leave the palace with the silent Sarlat, heard it. The Marquis d'Evreux heard it as his coach rolled on towards distant St Cloud. Jacqueline sat very still. The Bishop stood very still. But Francois de Brenac was smiling as his coach rumbled along.

North and south, east to west, each long arm of the cross measured some twenty persons wide. The crimson glare lighted the gardens and the proud facade of the Tuileries. There, still now, stood the glowing symbol of Christendom, more powerful than the crescent of the heathen, more potent than the lilies of France.

At the foot of the cross stood three persons. One was a student whose hunger had expelled him from the Sorbonne. Another was a girl of ten years of age, her dress but thin rags, her young face a memorial to the cruelty of man. The living flesh of this child's face had been carved by keen knives until the lips were set in a perpetual grin, a hideous smile that could never fade. The third was a young woman of perhaps twenty years, bareheaded, barefooted, ragged, in whose thin arms there lay a child. The child was dead. It had died in the morning.

Behind the staring student stood little Deschamps, feeling very important, craning his neck impatiently. Word had gone to the King, but nothing could be heard but the undying chant:

"Bread! Bread! Bread! Bread! Bread! Bread!"

Rhythmical, imperative, challenging, unceasing. The word at last rose above the momentary acclaim of those who saluted the King.

"Bread!"

All eyes strained upwards towards the balcony above the heads of those at the foot of the cross. And not until the doors were opened, and Louis himself, accompanied by Jean Baptise Colbert and the aged Marquis de Louvois, Chancellor and

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Secretary of State, stepped out and faced the people, did the ringing cry cease.

"Bread!"

The King looked down. It seemed as though the reflection from the cross burned his eyes. The student, the girl, and the young woman each raised an arm. Then the student spoke. So still were the people now that the torches were heard to hiss in the wind.

"Sire," said the student. "Hear us, we pray. To none but the King would we come, to none but the King will we trust. Hear us, Sire, is the prayer of those before you."

Louis gave a fleeting glance, first at the grim face of Colbert, then at the haughty features of Louvois. Then he stepped one pace forward.

"What would you?" he asked calmly.

Sharp and clear, with a note like a bugle, the voice of the student rang on the air.

"Sire, we are all of France! Yet we starve. We are the children of France, the sons and daughters of her King. Here and now we lift up a voice, praying it will reach the heart of the one in whose hands lies the destiny of our country and of our race. I was a student. I could not eat. I am no longer a student. This woman," pointing at the young woman whose sunken eyes shone as they stared up at the King, "has had her dead child in her arms all this day so that France's King might see it. It died of hunger. It is dead. We all pray you, Sire, to help us. Help us, feed us, and France will gain the sons and daughters she is allowing to die."

The voice ceased. There was not a sound. The King stood like a statue of gold. His head had sunk, but his keen eyes were staring down at the youth, the girl, and the woman. Impelled by the silence, the woman took the child in her two hands and held it up for the King to see.

"Sire . . ." she faltered. "It is dead."

The face of Louis was white. Even to his proud heart and mind it seemed like the warning of judgment to come. To have the woman hold up her dead to him like that. To him. And behind her, glowing and tremendous, the red cross stood out in the blackness. Unequivocal, commanding, appealing, a vast cross with the hurt and suffering of his people in the shadows of its arms. Louis stared down at the young woman. The vision of Hagar rose in his mind. Clearly rang those echoing, ancient words of the outcast: "Let me not see the death of the child." This Hagar below him had seen the death of her child. The face of the King was very still and white. Then slowly he lifted up an arm. The woman below lowered her babe and clasped it to her. The voice of Louis went out to the farthest listener.

"You are my people, and I bid you go in peace. I promise France that I will sweep away the dirt and poverty of the present. I, the King, will see to it that your hunger shall cease. With the light of morning there shall be bread-waggons on the streets. And those who are hungry may eat freely. France shall be greater still because of the faith of her sons and daughters in their King, and because of the faith of the King in his people. It shall be done!"

Abruptly Louis dropped his hand and just for a moment his eyes stared again at the mighty cross. Then he turned to Colbert.

"Attend to it," he said curtly.

He looked at Louvois.

"Attend to it," he said.

Then he walked from the balcony and the doors closed behind him. Colbert and Louvois, clearly seen in the torch-light bent low as the King left them, but before they could leave the balcony the storm below burst in all its joyous fury. It started like a sigh, and mounted, until at last a shrieking gale of joy and acclaim went up to the red sky.

In an hour the gardens were deserted. Nay; not deserted! In a dark corner crouched a young woman with a dead child in her arms. She was weeping softly. She would have to part with it now.

THE doors at one end of the long ballroom in the palace of the Tuileries, high, wide doors of white and gold, were thrown open. The packed floor became still. The heralds sent a clear note ringing. The Master of Ceremonies advanced and called loudly as the gleaming instruments were lowered.

"Attend! His Most Excellent Majesty, the King! Her Most Excellent Majesty, the Queen!"

Louis XIV, with Marie Therese resting her fingers lightly on his arm, walked slowly between the bowing, curtsying ranks of his nobility and notables. The principal dignitaries of his person and household followed a few paces behind. When their majesties came to the far end of the great hall, Louis himself, with a gracious bow, placed the Queen on her throne. Standing erect for a moment, and allowing his keen eyes to sweep the silent, brilliant assembly, he bowed to them and seated himself on his throne. Once again the men bowed and the women curtsied.

The musicians of the Court, at a nod from the Master of Ceremonies, began to play on their flutes, harps, and German violins. The first measure was a lively rigadoon designed to put life into the feet of the guests and laughter upon their lips. Presently a thousand men and women, attired in all the rich colors of the rainbow, were stepping vivaciously to the melody.

The dance ended. Marvellous fans of carved ivory and ebony, of jade and fine beaten gold, of jet and gemmed silver began to play. Dark eyes, brown eyes, blue eyes peered over the swinging fringes of the fans; red lips, hidden lips, began to smile and curve unseen. Then the King nodded. The presentations would be made, and those who were late admitted.

In an ante-room hung with the tapestries of Arras those yet to be announced to their majesties waited with whatever composure they could command. Of the twenty who were in the room, only two, it seemed, were entirely at ease. The first was a young woman whose name it was announced later was Francoise Athenais, daughter of the Duc de Mortemart. Who could have told then that this beautiful girl would later be known to the world as Madame de Montespan, that because of the infatuation of Louis for her, the Marquis de Montespan, her husband, would be thrown into the Bastille merely to get him conveniently out of the way?

The second person, who seemed calmly indifferent to the coming ordeal, was obviously a foreigner, an Englishman. Sir Peter Keneim walked to and fro with a smile on his lips. Apart from the others, he awaited the coming of the English Resident. Once, his vivid deep-set blue eyes caught and held those of Francoise Athenais. She also had eyes of sparkling blue. Then each looked away from the other.

It chanced, as he walked, that he as well as the others came directly under the scrutiny of one who was placed in a position to see and yet remain unseen—a precautionary measure, as the sacred person of the King was by no means beyond the fanatical ambitions of a possible assassin. Monsieur Segaert gazed through a hidden slit. For a long time he had stared at the Englishman, a puzzled expression twisting his features each time Sir Peter's face turned towards him. So familiar were the stranger's features, especially his eyes, that Monsieur Segaert cursed himself for not placing him. At that moment those piercing eyes seemed to look right into his own. With a stifled exclamation of amazement, he started back.

"Monsieur le Rat!" he whispered incredulously. "Monsieur . . . le Rat!"

He left his place and ran round to the door of the ante-room. Sir Peter looked up as he entered, then, quite calmly, ignored him. Monsieur Segaert gasped again. The effrontery of the fellow was colossal! He started forward, and, grasping Sir Peter's arm, brought him to a pause. Segaert's baleful eyes glared up into those of the tall Englishman.

"Dog!" choked the King's agent. "But you will taste the water for this . . . Monsieur le Rat!"

The startled onlookers caught their breaths. They did not know what "for this" might mean, but one and all they understood the dreadful threat of the water. One would expect any man to flinch under such a promised penalty, but this tall man whom the King's agent had seized looked calmly into Monsieur Segaert's eyes and said in creaking French:

"Pardon, monsieur, but it is the second time to-night I have been called Monsieur le Rat. But a little while ago a pretty woman called me by the name. I have been told it is a compliment. So who, I pray you tell me, is Monsieur le Rat?"

Monsieur Segaert was not to be fooled again. He answered quickly.

"Do not pretend. I know you, Monsieur le Rat, and I have you."

Again Sir Peter spoke quietly.

"Monsieur, you had better hear my name," he said quietly.

"Your name, rat?" laughed Segaert. "Ah, but it is amusing."

"I AGREE," said Sir Peter coldly. "But my name is Sir Peter Keneim, and I have a personal message from His Majesty, Charles the Second, of England. It is for your King. Did you know that, monsieur?"

Monsieur Segaert stood like a statue. Then he whispered:

"Sir Peter Keneim . . . you?"

Sir Peter bowed. The smile on his lips was one of faint irony. Monsieur Segaert seemed almost petrified at his name.

"But, yes, monsieur. I am Sir Peter Keneim."

The three officers of the guards sheathed their swords as Segaert waved them away. They glanced quickly at one another and then bowed to Sir Peter.

"Monsieur . . ." they murmured.

Sir Peter bowed.

"Gentlemen," he said in English.

"The devil," whispered Segaert, forgetting himself again, forgetting that the Duc de Mortemart was watching him with resentful eyes, forgetting that the ladies were cold and haughty and staring at him in disdain. "The devil," he whispered as he turned away.

"Monsieur," said Sir Peter gently.

Segaert paused.

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"I am waiting, monsieur," said Sir Peter.

"For what, monsieur?" demanded Segaert irritably.

"For your apology, monsieur."

Monsieur Segaert went purple. His voice was husky as he stammered out:

"But, of course, monsieur. My apologies. I was mistaken."

Sir Peter smiled lazily. From the pocket of his doublet he drew out a gold snuff-box. He pressed the spring and the lid flew open.

"Monsieur," he murmured. "An indication that your apology is accepted. . . ."

Monsieur Segaert quickly inserted a finger and thumb into the gold box. Then before Segaert could step back and prevent it, Sir Peter calmly blew a cloud of snuff into his eyes. Segaert, coughing and spluttering, wheeled like a flash and ran from the room.

The Duc de Mortemart came forward and bowed. He spoke in a manner both courteous and sincere.

"Monsieur," he murmured. "Pray forgive the manners of that fellow. After all . . . he is but a spy. . . ."

Sir Peter stood very still, then he bowed.

"It is forgotten, monsieur," he replied. "A spy, of course, is of the devil and the cursed. A loathsome profession."

"I am the Duc de Mortemart. I trust you will not judge all Frenchmen by that imbecile."

"MONSIEUR LE DUC," and Sir Peter bowed again, "it is an honor that you should trouble to explain the fellow. He is forgotten."

Both men bowed to each other again, and the Duc deturned to his daughter's side. As he did so, the English Resident walked into the ante-room. Sir Peter went to him with a smile, and both men shook hands in the English fashion. Monsieur Segaert was back again at his spy-hole, cursing softly as he wiped the tears from his streaming eyes. The English Resident bowed to the ladies, then to the Duc de Mortemart, and then to the other men. They returned the courtesy. Then he smiled at Sir Peter, who spoke very softly in English.

"I'm plaguy glad you are here, Osborne. Segaert has been playing the devil . . ."

"He is the devil," was the whispered response. "Just walk slowly to the far side of the room, Peter. Now," he said a moment later, "do not forget you are here to-night to allow the Queen a good look at you. When the presentation is over you will go to her apartment. There, by the wicket-gate, Number Ninety-four will await you. From him you will receive her letter. Ride like the wind to Marseille. Do not stop. There are some frigates of ours due to leave Minorca shortly. They will pick you up at the port. Guard that letter with your life. For that letter, if they suspect it be written, they would tear you and her to pieces. Already they watch her. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly," murmured Sir Peter.

"And when you kneel, do not even look at the Queen."

"I understand. And the letter?"

The English Resident hesitated. Then he murmured:

"The designs of Louis on the Spanish Netherlands. She is a Spaniard, and still for Spain. She is also resentful of the King's treatment of her, and of his plan to swallow Spain. Louis is ambitious. England, France, Austria, Spain, and Holland are being drawn towards conflict with him. He would rule the world. He would even crush the Pope. You will find a horse waiting by the statue on the Pont Neuf."

"Ah," said Sir Peter, proffering his gold snuff-box. "I understand your reluctance concerning Notre Dame."

"Yes."

Sir Peter grinned.

"Faith, Osborne, 'tis a plaguy risky office ye hold here."

The two men looked at each other and smiled.

"Risky? Split me! What of yours? But to have you presented was the only way . . ."

Two ushers in black velvet, monstrous black periwigs, white silk stockings, and scarlet shoes, came into the room through the white and gold doors. Each man carried an ivory wand in his hand. They nodded to the Resident, and he and Sir Peter followed them into the great hall.

The heralds had announced the name.

"Sir Peter Kenelm, of Kenelm Hall, England!" they had called.

Sir Peter Kenelm. Ah, an Englishman. The men looked at Sir Peter's clothes. Sir Peter heard Sir Charles Osborne chuckle quietly, although the Resident's face was as solemn as a tombstone.

Ten paces from the dais the Master of Ceremonies stood waiting. The ushers wheeled to right and left, keeping their faces towards the King. The English Resident bowed low, and turned to his left, also keeping his face towards their majesties. Sir Peter continued to advance, the Master of Ceremonies by his side now. Three paces from the King they paused. Sir Peter stood like a statue while the Master of Ceremonies bent low and then straightened himself.

"Sir Peter Kenelm, of Kenelm Hall, England," he announced.

Sir Peter stepped one pace forward and bowed low. He amost touched the ground with the feathers of his hat as it swept in a wide circle. Louis nodded, and smiled, and held out a jewelled hand. Sir Peter advanced, bent, and touched the rings with his lips. Louis smiled again.

"We give you welcome to France, Sir Peter Kenelm," he said.

"Your Excellent Majesty is gracious," Sir Peter murmured. "I bring to Your Majesty the felicitations of your royal cousin, Charles the Second, of England."

The King smiled again, and his eyes wandered to where La Valliere stood smiling. The Master of Ceremonies turned again. Sir Peter stepped back a pace and stood by his side. Before the Queen the same formula was repeated. The Queen slowly inclined her head, and Sir Peter dropped to his knee.

"Your Majesty," he murmured. He did not look at her.

"We give you welcome, Sir Peter Kenelm," said the Queen gently. Her eyes seemed dull and guarded.

"Your Gracious Majesty has honored me," Sir Peter murmured.

A very slight smile curved the lips of Marie Therese. Sir Peter again got to his feet, bowed, and backed away. Sir Charles Osborne joined him and together they mingled with the throng and watched the presentation of Francoise Athenais. When the other presentations were done they watched a minuet by graceful shepherds and shepherdesses. A pretty pastoral. Then they talked with several whom the English Resident introduced, and then they walked slowly towards the tapestries that masked the presence of a gallery. The Resident looked Sir Peter steadily in the eyes.

"The Queen, and others, will pray for you this night," he muttered softly. "Heaven bless you, Kenelm. Number Ninety-four, your good friend, Sir George Lake, will pass the letter to you. Above all—watch Segaert! If they catch you after this . . . even my throat will pay the penalty. Good speed an' bless ye, Peter. . . ."

They drifted apart, and presently Sir Peter was gone behind the tapestries. When Sir Charles Osborne, a few moments later, carelessly looked round, there was no sign of him.

"SIR PETER'S air of well-bred indifference dropped from him the moment he stepped from the ballroom. His mouth became a hard, grim line, his eyes grew hard and stern. Quickly he surveyed the gallery. At intervals were stationed the silent sentinels of the guard. Past these men he went to where high, white Corinthian columns looked down on marble stairs. Quickly he descended, alert and watchful, and was about to pass along the tessellated corridor leading to the Queen's apartments when a pattering of feet behind him made him whirl. His eyes opened very wide when he saw that the person who ran after him was not Segaert or his men, but the beautiful and capricious Francoise Athenais. He quickly stepped behind a pillar, and watched her with narrowed eyes whilst she ran lightly up the stairs, then he turned and walked quickly to where a passage-way led from the tessellated corridor to a courtyard enclosed by a high wall.

He knew there was no hope for him now if he were caught. He was in the Queen's garden. Like a greyhound he bent and ran to where the wall butted against the palace. There was a movement in the shadows by the wicket-gate. A form, wholly enveloped in a cloak, murmured:

"The number?"

Sir Peter's reply was brief.

"Number Seventy-seven," he said. "The number?"

"Number Ninety-four."

A packet of oiled silk was thrust into his hand. He knew it contained the Queen's letter. Then, from somewhere in the palace came the sharp shrilling of a silver whistle. It blew again and again. The man in the cloak laughed.

"That is Segaert, Peter. The hounds have found a scent. Heaven knows what the Ferret has unearthed. Away with you, and remember this! On the river is barge Thirty-four. It can give you sanctuary should you ever be pressed. Heaven guard you, Peter."

"An' you, George. Away with you, also."

Sir Peter leapt away into the darkness, and the wicket-gate was closed and bolted. The dark form of Sir George Lake melted into the shadows and disappeared.

In the deeper shadows a figure on the ground moved a little and moaned. It was bound and gagged. The sentinel of the garden and the gate was recovering his senses.

Flight! It had come. In his pocket was the information for which he had played the grimy role of Monsieur le Rat for almost a year. Monsieur le Rat. But indeed it had served.

Running, pausing, creeping, crouching, cold to the heart, and with hands and feet insensible of feeling, he gradually worked his way to where the Steps of the Sad led down to safety. His old haunt was but a few yards away from the Abbaye St. Victor, but he could not go there. Jacqueline was waiting in the apartments near the Hotel de Cluny, in the shadow of the Sorbonne. There he must go, underground, before Monsieur Segaert arrived.

. . . and Margaret Vyner does know fashion! ment" hosiery. They will sell

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Jacqueline. Unfortunate girl. Besides, there was Henri Sevigne's letter to Rome. He must get that. It might prove to be a powerful weapon for his aid ere he won free of France. And that letter must not fall into Segaert's hands. He ran on.

A few paces from the stairs a dark form leapt upon him. Another followed. Sir Peter, fighting like a devil, heard the snarl of Monsieur Segaert. So, the Ferret had used his brains this time. He had remembered Monsieur le Rat. The sound of that voice gave strength to his tired, cold muscles. His foot took an enemy in the pit of the stomach with a mighty kick and sent the fellow gasping and retching into the shadows. With his left hand he steadied himself against the stone as he gradually forced himself to his feet. Then he heard the rasp of steel. That was a sound he had been listening for, had been dreading. The steel. With a gasp he hurled the second man from him, his clenched fist following the fellow and landing hard on his temple. The man went down like one dead. Segaert snarled again and threw the poniard. It flashed in the gloom and chipped the stone just above Sir Peter's head.

He heard Monsieur Segaert's shoes stamping on the stones.

"A light . . . a light . . . for the love of Heaven," shrilled the Ferret.

When the light flared it showed only the dark, descending shadows of the Stairs of the Sad. There was no sign of Monsieur le Rat.

"Fools," said Monsieur Segaert very bitterly. "But quickly, now . . . to the tall white house near the Sorbonne. He will go there. . . ."

JACQUELINE sat staring into the flames of a fire lit by old Honora, wife of Jacques, the coachman. Very still she sat in the wide deep chair.

The flames danced, the smoke lazily drifted up and away. Right in the red heart of the fire came a face. Jacqueline looked steadily into the deep-set blue eyes.

"Pierre . . ." she murmured. "Jacqueline de Brenac, you love Pierre. Oh, you fool, you fool!"

From behind her chair came a deep, dry voice. She had not heard Monsieur le Rat come into the room.

"Jacqueline, I came back to hear . . . just that."

With a smothered little cry Jacqueline sprang to her feet. She turned. Monsieur le Rat was standing there, a smile in his eyes and on his lips, his arms stretched out to her.

"Pierre . . . you heard," she whispered.

He said gently:

"Jacqueline."

She went to him and his arms closed round her.

"But I knew, Jacqueline. That is why I came back . . . for the last time. But, come. We must go like the wind. Segaert is after me. He means to kill."

"Pierre . . ." she choked, clinging to him. "Take me . . . take me . . . and keep me with you always. I love you, Pierre . . ."

"Brave little heart," he whispered, smiling down at her.

He ran to his desk and took the Bishop's letter from between the leaves of a book. Jacqueline watched him in silence, her eyes staring at the letter. Then he took a bag of money from a drawer, spilling some on the table.

"For Honora and Jacques," he muttered.

He gave a quick look round, strode to where a long rapier lay, picked it up and placed the baldric over his head. Then he nodded.

"Come," he said. "We are for England, you and I."

"England?" she whispered.

He smiled.

"As Lady Kenelm, little one, you will cause England's heart to miss a beat."

She laughed.

"Dear Pierre . . ." she murmured.

There came a loud thundering on the door that faced the street.

"That will be Segaert . . . quick," he snarled.

"But, Pierre, how will you escape . . ."

"Somehow . . ."

"Pierre . . . I have it!"

He stared at her. She continued:

"Monseigneur . . . the Bishop?" she murmured.

He grinned.

"Clever Jacqueline. You have pointed the way. Pierre owes you his life for that . . ."

She cried sharply just once.

"Ah, don't . . ."

MONSEIGNEUR the Bishop found that Monsieur Sarlat, his secretary, had packed everything, and had forgotten nothing. Three large, brass-bound chests were filled and locked.

"Have them lashed on the roof of the coach, Sarlat," he said. "It is time we departed."

When Sarlat and the servants who carried the chests had left the room Henri Sevigne opened the door between the bedroom and the library. His eyes glanced keenly about the room as he walked to his escritoire. He pressed the hidden spring and the secret drawer slid out. And in a moment he was like a demented man. His eyes were staring and wild. His breath came jerkily and with seeming difficulty, and his tongue licked dry lips.

The letter was gone, the drawer was empty.

A chill fear settled in the heart of Henri Sevigne. That vital letter to Rome. Someone had taken it.

Henri Sevigne shivered as he walked quickly from the room. It had seemed but right to him to agree to exterminate Sebastien Vernet. It had been his duty to support the Marquis d'Evreux in his subtle plan to destroy Monsieur le Rat. As a Frenchman who loved his beloved France it was the least he could do, for both these rascals were a menace to France. But that any should spy upon him, should tamper with his secret thoughts and his greater duty to the Holy Father, made him writhe with chagrin and awful fear. That terrible letter to Rome!

He grasped Sarlat fiercely by the arm as he stood ready to enter the coach. The horses were stamping, and their cold nostrils spouting warm steam.

"Sarlat! Have you tampered with a letter . . . in a secret drawer of my desk?"

Monsieur Sarlat was shocked. His hat nearly fell off.

"Heaven forbid, Monseigneur," he replied earnestly. "Is anything amiss?"

"Into the coach, into the coach," whispered the Bishop. To the coachman he said: "I am in great haste. Put ten leagues behind us before dawn and go by way of St. Cloud."

"But, yes, Monseigneur," said the coachman sleepily. "If Monseigneur will step into the coach, it will help."

The Bishop was too perturbed even to curb impudence. He almost jumped into the vehicle, and the whip of the driver curled under the cold bodies of the team, the stamping shoes of the beasts. The wheels rumbled, and the cracking of the whip sounded like pistol shots. They were off.

Across the Pont Neuf at a rapid trot and a turn towards Grenelle. But at the gate by the river the road was blocked. Monseigneur had feared this. He trembled, and Sarlat was shocked again at the pallor and terror on his master's face.

"What is it, Sarlat?" he panted.

Monsieur Sarlat poked his head through the coach-door window.

"A number of men with torches, Monseigneur. Some are holding the horses . . . ah, here they come . . ."

The door was wrenched open. Monsieur Sarlat withdrawing his head just in time. Sharp black eyes under down-turned broad brims stared at Monseigneur the Bishop and Monsieur Sarlat. Then Monseigneur was recognised. A gruff voice said:

"Your pardon, Monseigneur. But Monsieur Segaert's orders are that we inspect every carriage and cart."

"You . . . require someone?" the Bishop forced himself to ask.

"Yes, Monseigneur. We look for Monsieur le Rat, by the orders of Monsieur Segaert. But, your pardon, Monseigneur."

"It is granted, my son, and with my blessing," breathed the Bishop. He could hardly speak, so great was his relief. If he could but win free from Paris . . .

"You may proceed, Monseigneur," said the man respectfully.

The coach went on. Then the roughness of the road, the darkness, and the mud, all combined to retard the progress of the vehicle. For a long way it crawled along at a walk, the coach-lamps showing a flickering light on the black road.

Suddenly from under Monsieur Sarlat's seat the hand of a man protruded. A well-known voice drawled in muffled tones:

"Monseigneur," it said. "If his head is as cold as his feet appear to be he will have need of this," and the hand passed the Bishop a nightcap.

Monsieur Sarlat fell back on the seat. He could not speak. The Bishop gulped several times before he said in what was meant to be a stern tone:

"Come out, Monsieur le Rat!"

There came a laugh as the long form of the Rat squirmed out from under the seat.

"And may my companion join you . . . Monseigneur the Bishop?" he drawled.

The Bishop nearly choked.

"Come out," he faltered. "And bring all the devils that support you . . ."

Monsieur le Rat helped Jacqueline from under the Bishop's seat.

"Come out, little devil," he said dryly. "Monseigneur the Bishop invites you."

They stood up side by side, looking steadily at Henri Sevigne. He glared back at them.

"Why will you not leave me alone?" he demanded sulkily. "Have you not caused me enough humiliation and worry? What are you doing in my carriage?"

"Escaping, Monseigneur—escaping, just as you are," said the Rat pleasantly.

The Bishop winced. That was a sharp thrust.

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Jacqueline sat down beside the shivering secretary. He edged away from the girl. She looked at him a little scornfully.

"Monseigneur," said Monsieur le Rat gently.

The bewildered Bishop's eyes slowly turned to the Rat.

"Ah," he murmured. "Perhaps you can say something that will explain why I should not hand you both to Monsieur Segaert's men?"

Monsieur le Rat laughed.

"But, certainly, Monseigneur . . ."

Then he paused as though deep in thought.

"Well," snapped the Bishop impatiently. "What is it?"

"Only that my fiancee and I will probably travel with Monseigneur as far as Marseille . . ."

The Bishop bounded to his feet.

"Never!" he shouted. "Never! Sarlat, throw them out! Stop the coach! Out with them Sarlat! I refuse to be insulted any longer . . ."

Monsieur Sarlat resigned himself, crossed himself again, and made to rise in an heroic effort to obey his master's commands. Jacqueline stretched out a hand and grasped his shirt. There was an ominous tearing sound.

"Sit down, Monsieur Sarlat," she said icily.

Monsieur Sarlat sat down very quickly, gathering his shirt around him.

"Sarlat!" screamed the Bishop. "Is that woman's word to mean more than mine?"

Monsieur Sarlat blinked, and then rubbed his bald dome with a trembling hand. The whole thing was beyond him.

"Monseigneur, I am unable with decency to move," he whined.

"But I insist . . ." the Bishop bellowed.

He was about to add more when his eyes caught the flutter of a letter as it was gently waved before him. Instantly he was silent. He stared at the letter, fascinated. It was the letter he had partly written and intended for Rome. He whispered:

"The letter . . . dear Heaven . . . the letter."

"The letter," echoed Monsieur le Rat quietly. "But, I interrupted Monseigneur. He was about to say to Monsieur Sarlat?"

There was a silence. The coach rumbled on. No one spoke. After a while, the Bishop stirred. He had been doing some quick and necessary thinking.

"It is all a mistake," he said gently. "We have all been hasty and at cross purposes. My children, let all our misunderstandings be forgotten. You will join me in some refreshment? Yes?"

"On one condition, Monseigneur," said Jacqueline coldly.

"Speak, child," said the Bishop benevolently.

"It is that when this coach reaches St. Cloud you shall marry Monsieur le Rat and myself. He is in great danger, and I shall stand by his side as his wife . . ."

Monsieur le Rat leaned forward quickly and took the girl's hands in his.

"Jacqueline, how sweet you are . . ." he whispered.

The Bishop smiled. Now that he knew his letter was not in Segaert's hands he would agree to anything.

"Mademoiselle, I shall be very happy to do so," he murmured.

Jacqueline and Monsieur le Rat leaned across the coach until their lips met.

"Sarlat," hissed the Bishop. "The food, man—the food!"

ANTON, mine host of the popular Inn of the Mirrors at St. Cloud, knocked gently on the closed door before him.

"Enter," a voice commanded.

The door gave silently, as did all the doors in the Inn of the Mirrors, and Anton passed in, carefully closing the door behind him.

"Monsieur le Marquis," he said, grinning. "A coach has arrived. There is one who calls himself Monseigneur the Bishop, another Monsieur Sarlat, another Monsieur le Rat, and a woman, very young, very pretty, who calls herself . . ."

"Mademoiselle de Brenac," drawled the Marquis.

"Ah," said the host. "You were expecting them?"

Francois de Brenac laughed.

"Yes," he said. "Now listen, Anton! When you go out, tell Monsieur Segaert—I see you do not like the fellow—what you have told me. And tell him this! If he as much as shows his nose to the gaze of Monsieur le Rat . . . I'll have it cut off and thrown to the dogs. I shall expect Monsieur Segaert to come to this room without delay."

"Yes, Monsieur le Marquis."

"Have wine sent here. Monseigneur the Bishop will desire to join me. He knows I am here. Do you understand?"

Anton grinned.

"But certainly, Monsieur le Marquis."

Anton left the room. The Marquis sat smiling and musing.

There came a knock on the door again.

"Enter," said the Marquis.

Segaert came in and closed the door behind him.

"Ah, Segaert," said de Brenac. "You may sit down."

"THANK you, Monsieur le Marquis," said Segaert very respectfully. "You have heard?"

De Brenac nodded. His periwig, as black as jet on this occasion, intensified the pallor of his stern features.

"He has led us a dance, Segaert. But we have him."

"Monsieur le Marquis has been toying with the fellow," said Segaert with a respectful laugh.

"Enough rope, Segaert, enough rope. And a pretty woman," de Brenac murmured.

Anton came in with the wine, and de Brenac invited the Ferret to help himself.

"You have done well, Segaert."

"Ah, but, Monsieur le Marquis, it is you that has been the subtle one. The outraged father—I have never seen it so terribly done, so real, so cruelly done. Mademoiselle, surely, must have trembled."

Again there came a knock on the door.

"It is the Bishop. Admit him, Segaert."

Segaert opened the door and Henri Sevigne walked in. Segaert bowed and shut the door. Sevigne walked to where de Brenac sat. He was wiping his brow with a white kerchief.

"It is done," he murmured. "And thank Heaven for it, de Brenac. What mischief has he done?"

De Brenac's lips thinned.

"It is believed that he carries a letter . . . from the Queen herself."

Sevigne stared.

"So?" he muttered. "Well, he is in your hands, my friend. I am glad the play is ended. Dear Heaven, it has been too exacting. But he never suspected."

"And still does not suspect."

Henri Sevigne nodded.

"I will have some claret. It is such a relief." He filled his glass and held it high. "My friend . . . to Jacqueline de Brenac, your intrepid daughter, my clever friend. I still marvel at her sagacity and courage."

De Brenac stood while Sevigne drained his glass, and then threw it with a crash into the fireplace.

"It was for France," said de Brenac shortly, although a glow of pride faintly touched his cheek. He turned to Segaert. "Segaert, how many men have you?"

"Six, Monsieur le Marquis."

"Then go to them and wait. The Rat is in the green room. Take your men and use them. We will follow. Do not kill the fellow, and watch him well. Mademoiselle will help you."

Segaert grinned, bowed, and left the room. Sevigne and de Brenac looked at each other and laughed.

"The King," said de Brenac, "desired me to congratulate you on your courage. To face such a situation does need courage, in a Bishop, and your shocked manner and natural fury were excellently done. The King commends you."

"His Majesty is gracious," replied the elated Sevigne. "If I am as successful with this Vernet affair I shall be satisfied."

"It will prove, I am afraid, as difficult as the affair of Monsieur le Rat. You go from here to Marseille?"

"Yes, presently," said the Bishop.

In the room known as the green room Jacqueline and Monsieur le Rat stood before the roaring fire of logs. It was a small room. The door was shut. The Rat kept darting anxious glances at the door.

"Jacqueline, Monseigneur takes his time. I am afraid we cannot wait——"

"Ah, Pierre," she whispered. "He will be but a minute."

"A minute is longer than life sometimes," he said, smiling at her. "Dear heart . . . we should have gone on . . ."

She came to him as he walked away from the fire. Near the door she gently wound her arms round his neck, standing tiptoe to do so.

"Pierre . . . all my life I shall look back on this night."

He drew her to him.

"Jacqueline, you are the very breath of life to me," he whispered. "Because of that I consent to wait . . ."

She strained against him.

"Pierre . . . I love you . . . I love you . . ."

Behind him, as he stood, was the door.

"I thank Heaven for it, Jacqueline," he said deeply. "But I must, for both our sakes, rouse that Bishop. Should he attempt to trick me . . ."

She clung to him tightly. The door was slowly opening. It made no sound.

"No, no!" she cried wildly. "He would not do that. You have his letter. He is no fool. Ah, Pierre, do not leave me. I am terrified . . . to be alone . . . here . . ."

Monsieur Segaert crept closer. Jacqueline was almost frantic with fear. Slowly her white arms drew his head down to her. Her eyes were closed.

But his lips did not meet hers. Segaert struck, and struck with terrible force and certainty. Like a dead man Monsieur le Rat crumpled up. Jacqueline de Brenac shrank from him as he fell. For a moment she stood looking down at him, her dark eyes narrowed, her face expressionless. Then she said, touching the prostrate Monsieur le Rat with her little shoe:

. . . and Margaret Vyner does know fashion! ment hosiery. They will tell you that

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"It was for France, monsieur. It is a pity . . . you were such a brave man . . . and so kind. Farewell, Monsieur le Rat."

"Mademoiselle," said Segaert, bowing very low. "Your father, the Marquis, is with Monseigneur the Bishop. I congratulate you, mademoiselle."

Jacqueline gave Segaert a cold, level stare.

"Monsieur . . . you are insolent," she murmured.

Segaert flushed and then shrank a little.

"Mademoiselle," he stammered as she swept out of the room.

MONSIEUR LE RAT staggered along on foot behind the horses of his guards. Monsieur Segaert chuckled to himself as he rode a little behind the prisoner. It had ceased snowing, and here and there in the leaden sky a broad band of limpid blue showed. The bells of Paris were ringing again, for it wanted an hour to noon.

Far on the clear air the sweet tones rang, to be echoed sullenly on this muddy road by the melancholy clanking of Monsieur le Rat's chains. A spy. The most dangerous man in France. No wonder Monsieur Segaert chuckled. Ah, but this was his triumph.

Behind the prisoner the procession of the curious and the cruel increased in numbers. There was soon a hooting, hissing crowd. They had been told he would have betrayed France. How they hated him. Of the howling of those infuriated ones he took no notice.

Monsieur Segaert was evidently a master of the sardonic. By the time the carriages of the aristocrats, were discharging their exquisite freight in front of Notre Dame the chains of Monsieur le Rat were clanking on the southern end of the Pont Neuf. By the statue of the great Henry, Segaert turned. The prisoner was jerked past the ancient palace on the western end of the Ile de la Cite, past the grim Conciergerie, until they turned into the Place du Parvis Notre Dame. Segaert seemed to be biding his time, and presently his eyes narrowed as a carriage, magnificently equipped, rumbled past them towards the great church.

The long chains jerked at the prisoner's arms. He was pulled along at a stumbling run. The carriage of the Marquis d'Evreux had stopped opposite the great central door of the cathedral. Monsieur Segaert's prisoner came along amid the howling of the following mob. Like fire in dry grass the word went hissing round from lip to lip.

"Spy—spy—spy—spy—spy—spy."

The carriage pulled away, and Monsieur le Rat, jerked to a halt, looked through a crimson mist at the exquisitely dressed form of Francois de Brenac. Then his bloodied eyes looked into the cold dark ones of Jacqueline. The girl drew herself up haughtily and stared at Monsieur le Rat. His terrible eyes held hers. A silence fell. In the direction of the Tuileries could be heard, faintly throbbing, the drums of the approaching royal procession. Then Monsieur le Rat spoke.

"Mademoiselle," he said, bowing with a grace the chains could not deny him, "I congratulate you. You are consummate in the art of treachery and pretence."

He held out his wrists and the chains dangled down from them. "Such exquisite jewellery . . . forms also a chain of memory. Look well at them, Jacqueline. As these are fastened to my wrists so shall they be ever fastened to your heart. Never again shall love be given to you . . . to load with chains. Good-bye, Jacqueline; you also, shall be chained forever."

The chains tautened this way and that. The wrists and ankles of Monsieur le Rat were spouting thin streams of blood. The red-spotted trail was plain to the eye right across the Place du Parvis. It followed the prisoner round the southern bank of the Ile de la Cite, along the Quai des Orfevres, along to the Place Dauphine. Here, Monsieur le Rat was brought to a gasping halt. Monsieur Segaert had come this way to avoid the royal procession, even now winding its way along the Quai de L'horloge towards Notre Dame.

Monsieur Segaert saw the difficulty ahead of him. Impossible for him to force his valuable prisoner through such a press. The fellow would be torn to pieces.

"To the bridge," he cried. "And with speed. They will trample the dog to pieces and us with him if we try for the Conciergerie."

Segaert cursed heartily. Even when they gained the bridge they were forced towards the southern end. Monsieur le Rat, licking his bleeding lips, looked like a chained animal.

At any other time the populace would have devoted their cruel wit to him, but now they fought to see the King, the King who, that very morning, had bread waggons feeding the starving until even they were satisfied. Such a King!

Monsieur le Rat's bleeding eyes were fixed ahead of him. It was not very far to the Conciergerie. And there he would die. A cruel, bitter death. He turned his head. It was for England. Even as Jacqueline de Brenac had been willing to sacrifice herself for France. But he would laugh at their torture. Never would his lips reveal the whereabouts of the Queen's letter. That, now, they would never find. An inspired impulse that, a flash of inspiration that had saved his honor if not his life. And the honor of others. He found himself, in spite of his will, thinking of Jacqueline. With a savage shake of his head he dismissed her again. His eyes looked up. Ah, the God-given light! Then he looked out over the river. Soon all these things would be blotted from his sight. And then his roving eyes stopped, riveted on a barge that swung in the stream. In plain sight were the large letters—34. Barge Thirty-Four.

"Barge Thirty-four," he whispered. "Dear Heaven . . . someone said . . . you will find sanctuary . . . on barge Thirty-four."

Sanctuary! He turned and spoke to Monsieur Segaert.

"Monsieur," he said clearly.

Segaert almost jumped. It was the first time the prisoner had spoken.

"Ah," he sneered. "So you have found your tongue? What would you?"

"A request, Monsieur Segaert," was the slow reply.

"Name of a dog!" said the Ferret with a laugh. "He has a request to make. What request, Rat?"

Monsieur le Rat gazed steadily into the eyes of Monsieur Segaert.

"You have won, Monsieur Segaert. I am willing to bargain with you. I have my pride."

"Well?"

"Strike off these chains——"

Monsieur Segaert shouted with laughter.

"Listen to the dog——" he roared. "And I will tell you where the letter lies hidden."

Segaert's laughter died on his lips. He stared at Monsieur le Rat suspiciously.

"Fool," he rasped. "You will talk, chains or no chains——"

Monsieur le Rat laughed coldly.

"And if I do not? Who then will be the fool, Segaert?"

Monsieur Segaert considered him.

"You desire to walk unchained into the Conciergerie? But why?"

"I have said. I have my pride. That I have played the game and lost I acknowledge. But I know that I walk to my death. I would walk unchained. And I pledge my word, on the honor of an Englishman, that the moment I walk through those grim doors I shall tell you, and you alone, where the letter is."

Monsieur Segaert's eyes began to gleam. That vital letter. If he, Segaert, could in person deliver that letter to Louis himself he would be made for life.

"I will do it, Rat. But you swear to your pledge?"

The Rat answered quietly.

"I swear it. The moment I pass the doors of the Conciergerie I shall tell you, and you alone, where the letter is."

"Why not the moment the chains fall from you, dog?"

Monsieur le Rat shrugged.

"You may be tempted to chain me again the next moment."

Segaert's eyes gleamed. He would risk it. The fellow couldn't get away. He took the key from his pocket.

"Hold up your wrists, Rat," he snarled.

The chains fell from the Rat's wrists.

"Now your legs——"

Presently Monsieur le Rat stood unchained. Segaert watched him carefully.

"Thank you, Monsieur Segaert," the Rat murmured. "I shall keep my promise. Ah!"

Segaert sneered. The fellow was exhausted and helpless.

"There, Monsieur le Rat," he said with a soft laugh, "is la Conciergerie . . ."

Segaert's eyes, and the eyes of his men, lifted only for a brief moment, but that moment was enough. Like a flash of light Monsieur le Rat sped to the western parapet of the Pont Neuf. Poised, he looked back and laughed.

Then he dived into the river. Down under its icy water he went. For a long time he kept beneath the surface. Yard after yard until his lungs scorched him. When he at last came to the surface quick hands were stretched out for him. He had come up on the opposite side of barge Thirty-four. A laughing voice said:

"Number?"

"Seventy-seven," he spluttered . . . I'm done, George."

"Not ye, dear lad," retorted Sir George Lake. "But the letter, Peter?"

"'Tis safe, thank Heaven . . . 'Tis hidden in the green room . . . at the Inn of the Mirrors . . . at St. Cloud. Something warned me . . . of danger . 'Tis safe . . . but get it, George. I cannot . . . my eyes . . . torture me . . . and I fear the chains . . . have done their work. I . . . I cannot see . . ."

ON the bridge Monsieur Segaert was shrieking.

"After him, you fools!"

The men stared sullenly down at the water.

"But he has not come up, Monsieur Segaert," they cried. "Can we follow him to the river bottom? Bah! He has killed himself to avoid the torture——"

"Swim the horses and get boats," panted Segaert, terror now in his eyes. "We must produce his body . . ."

With that they galloped off the bridge.

In front of Notre Dame the King, the Queen, the Duc d'Orleans, and his English wife, descended from their coaches.

"Look, Jacqueline," murmured Francois de Brenac.

But the girl's eyes were staring at the snow. Right along the Place du Parvis Notre Dame were scarlet drops.

"Ah," she said. "I must go in——"

Her whisper was unheard in the loud rolling of the drums. The Marquis took

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her by the arm and led her into the church. They stood in that vast, white space while the King came in preceded by the drums and the fifes. Bravely the cavalcade of courtiers followed the proud monarch. Down the long nave they went, the vast audience staring at their splendor, the very bravest and loveliest of France following their King.

"It was . . . for France," was a whisper unheard.

THE red ships of Sebastien Vernet and his associates swept on towards Marseille. The blue Mediterranean broke into white water under the beak of each swift ship. The fleet stretched out in a long half-moon, Sebastien's ship in the centre, the ship of the Genoese corsair, Borromeo, at the tip of the advanced right wing five miles away, the ship of the Venetian desperado, Maurice Sampion, at the extreme point of the left wing, also about five miles away. The southern sun, coldly brilliant, set the hour at noon.

A red half-circle of sweeping death. Ill-famed, hated and feared, combing the Mediterranean with a sureness that struck terror into the hearts of all on lonely ships. They fought all, they robbed all, they gave and asked no mercy. English, French, Italian, Genoese, Venetian, Spanish, Moslem—all were enemies and prey.

Sebastien Vernet. A mighty name now, daily growing in power, daily reaching in whispered story the ears of far-sailing seamen. A name reviled even in the mouths of little children. He was the devil, this Sebastien Vernet, and he hated all. To none did he give mercy. On the innocent he took revenge because he struck through them at those he could not reach. And once he had been innocent, and his father, and his mother and his sister.

So the world began to talk of Sebastien Vernet, and his abiding hatred for the King of France. After he had hanged the Commandant of Nice he had laid his plans before the Genoese, Borromeo. The pirate of the Gulf had embraced him and called him brother. They had sailed in company until their meeting with Maurice Sampion in the very shadows of Venice itself.

Many of the original members of Sebastien's ship still lived. Randa, the Nubian gunner, now had only one arm, the other having been shot away in the fight with Sampion. Henry Seige, Jules Lanchard, and Paul Vidor still lived. Cecco Villani, Vergs, and Saranard the eunuch, were dead.

And dead, almost, was the heart of Marie. In spite of her pleadings Sebastien refused to permit any meeting between her and Andre France. She could but submit.

Andre France lamented inwardly as he toiled in the galley. He was always seasick and ready to die. But with the grinning, cat-like de Volpin watching his every move he staggered round heroically, and somehow prepared the huge masses of food.

It was his mind, however, that was even more sick than his body. Marie was never out of his thoughts day or night, but seldom now did he see her. She spent her time in the great cabin or on the windswept poop. He was confined to the galley, cooking, cooking, cooking. It was so even when the ships were beached in turn and painted. And there was the devilish de Volpin. De Volpin had early been removed from the office of slavemaster. He would have killed each Moslem singly and by inches, so deeply did he hate them.

Andre wondered as he toiled and endured de Volpin's insolence, if he would ever see Nice again. No. He could never go back to Nice. All he could do now until he died was cook, cook, cook.

On the poop Sebastien stood talking to Rene Scarron and his sailing master, Pierre Voison.

The ship was keeping station. The oars were thrashing the sea, and the sparkling wash from the blades went quickly past the red sides. Sebastien spoke to Pierre Voison.

"To-night, you say, Pierre?"

"To-night, my captain," was the reply. "It is now high noon. Marseille is not far over the rim of the sea. You said no more fighting until after Marseille, my captain?"

Sebastien nodded.

"That is so. I shall read Louis a lesson . . . in Marseille. He shall remember the son of the humble mother he despised!"

Rene's loud laughter boomed forth.

"A lesson, by Heaven!" he shouted. "And Marseille and Louis shall not forget the teaching of Sebastien Vernet."

Sebastien did not laugh. Seldom, now, did he even smile. He was grim now, and silent, and darkly brooding, with menace glinting unceasingly in his stern dark eyes. Ever before him was the vision of his mother—waiting, weeping, wasting, praying, dying in bitter disappointment.

"Signal Sampion and Borromeo to come to me. The ships are to rest while we talk."

Pierre nodded.

"I will do that, my captain."

The malformed sailing master moved away when his eyes saw the white hair of Marie coming up the poop steps.

Marie stepped to her brother's side, and in silence watched the red fleet lose way and then rest idly on the sea.

The eyes of Mariet Vernet were patient now, their calm, dark depths masking sad and bitter thoughts. Not even when she looked at the red ships was her horror of them revealed.

"It is so important?" she murmured.

Sebastien nodded, his eyes intent upon his ships. Rene answered.

"That is so, Marie. Sebastien is thinking of reading the French King a lesson—"

Marie gave a gasp. Fear stood in her eyes.

"Sebastien . . ."

He turned coldly from her.

"Little one, I am Sebastien Vernet, the son of Louise Vernet, who once petitioned the King of France. It must be impressed upon the haughty Louis. I will impress it. At Marseille."

Marie considered him with troubled eyes.

"My brother . . ." she began.

He turned on her, anger glinting frostily in his eyes.

"Are you again about to persuade me to forbear? To entreat me to disperse the red fleet? To plead with me to abandon the power I have won? Have done, Marie. I will not listen again to such talk. And I have not done with France.

He was silent.

Then he said:

"None should know better than you that all these ships sail to avenge our mother. But again why talk? My purpose is set. I shall go as far as Heaven and the sea will permit. Why will you not consent to enter a convent?"

"With money that is . . . crimson?" she asked bitterly. "Ah, no, Sebastien. Once before you desired that I should shelter with the Holy Sisters. But, no. Where you go, I go. You are my brother, your blood is mine. Where you live, I live. Where you die . . . I die . . ."

Just for a moment his expression softened. A bitter shadow of pain and regret passed over his face. He said quite gently:

"Sweetest sister that ever a man had . . . I understand. But I have sworn to man and Heaven I will not turn aside from my path. I must go on."

"And if ever you are taken?"

He looked long at her before he replied.

"I shall never be taken. If we are mastered, I die. And my sister . . . dies before I die. Their cruel hands shall never again sport with the flesh of the Vernets. It is their turn to suffer. And suffer they shall!"

There was a pause. Then, with a little sigh she said:

"Sebastien, I am concerned about Andre . . ."

He shot a quick glance at her.

"Andre?" he murmured, shrugging.

She flushed. His contempt was open.

"Ah, Sebastien . . . you are not just there . . ."

Sebastien said coldly:

"I do not desire to talk about Andre."

Rene shuffled his huge, bare feet awkwardly. This had been coming for a long time now. His eyes watched them both.

Marie spoke: "I will please myself now about Andre. I go to him now."

She turned away. Sebastien's voice and eyes were terrible.

"Marie! I forbid it . . ."

She paused and looked at him.

"My brother, you are not concerned in the matter," she said coldly.

Rene gasped. Sebastien stared. She continued:

"You have told me you are Sebastien Vernet. Let me tell you something. I am the sister of Sebastien Vernet. You seem to forget that in blood and in misfortune we are equals, my brother. You seem to forget that I look upon this life as worse than death. And you imagine you can command me as you would the deformed navigator. It is time you remembered, Sebastien, that you are my brother, not my master."

Sebastien stood for a moment, then came to her and took her hand in his. A rare smile faintly touched his hard lips.

"We are brother and sister, you and I," he said gently. "Find what happiness you can, little one. It is all that matters . . ."

She threw herself into his arms.

"OH, Sebastien . . . Sebastien . . . you have not ceased to love me . . ."

He was startled and shocked.

"Ceased to love you?" he gasped. "Heaven above . . . have you thought that of me? Ah, I have been blind, little cabbage. I have been . . . proud, perhaps. But not even death could kill my love for you. But, there. I am ashamed. You will forgive me?"

She kissed him many times, laughing up through her tears. "Oh, my Sebastien . . . dear Sebastien . . ."

Then she ran from him down the steps on to the deck.

Both men watched her as she started to walk along the deck. They had no fears for her safety, or that any would insult her. Indeed they both smiled as men left their guns and the task of the moment and surrounded her. So seldom did the girl walk the long deck that this was an occasion. Prominent, of course, were Henri Seine, Jules Lanchard, and Paul Vidor. The fat Henri's face was cracked with his smile. Jules' little eyes were dancing. Paul bowed very gravely.

. . . and Margaret Vyner does know fashion! ment" hosiery. They will tell

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DE VOLPIN had proved himself more irritating and more lazy than usual this morning. He would do nothing. Andre, with a long, white apron wrapped round him, was stirring a mass of flour and dates in a gigantic cauldron. De Volpin sat on a corner of the galley bench and threw knives. One after another they went hissing across the galley to stick quivering in the wood. After each throw de Volpin would crane his neck critically. If one was the merest fraction of an inch out he would grunt with disgust and repeat the throw. In a moment of exasperation Andre said:

"You might help me, de Volpin. That is what you are here for . . ."

Then he bent his head quickly as a glinting knife flashed past. It fell with a clatter at the feet of Marie as she opened the galley door and stepped in. Astonished, she looked down at the knife. Amazed, Andre stared at her. De Volpin's mouth opened and remained open. There was a little silence. Then the girl said gently:

"Andre . . have you forgotten me?"

Forgotten her? Poor Andre's dark eyes filled with tears. Forgotten her? But perhaps it was but another of his dreams.

"Marie . . ." he stammered. "Have you also come . . to laugh?"

De Volpin had recovered himself. He picked up a knife and felt its point.

"Of course she has," he said impudently.

She considered him calmly. Without a word, she untied Andre's apron and placed it on the table beside de Volpin. Then she pointed to the stick and the cauldron, saying:

"From now on, Monsieur de Volpin, you will see to it that the orders of my friend Andre France, are obeyed. There is the apron, there is the stick, and there is the pot. To work, then!"

De Volpin glared at her and then at Andre.

"To work," said the girl icily. "To work, else will I have you flogged across a gun."

Andre came forward.

"Marie," he said. He held out his hands to her. "I thought—I thought you were for ever lost to me . ."

She went to him.

"Andre," she whispered. "Sebastien agrees . ."

"Heavens," sighed de Volpin. He had heard. The stick went round at a terrific rate.

Andre whirled on him. Sebastien agreed. The words throbbed in his brain.

"You are too slow, de Volpin," he snarled. "Stir faster, my friend . ."

"Heavens," sobbed de Volpin. The breath was leaving his lungs. But Sebastien agreed . . agreed to his sister embracing the foolish cook. How the stick went round.

It was the roar of a gun that broke the embrace of Marie and Andre. For a long moment they stood locked in each other's arms while de Volpin panted and swirled the stick.

"The gun," said Andre. "That means a sail . . ."

"The gun warns the fleet," said Marie. "Come . . . let us see . . ."

They embraced again, and Andre said to de Volpin:

"Do not stop, de Volpin! I shall know . . ."

De Volpin, puffing and blowing now, kept stirring. Marie and Andre went out of the galley, and when they had gone de Volpin spat into the pudding to show his contempt of them all.

Borromeo and Sampion both heard the warning shot, but as the red flag still fluttered from Sebastien's ship they allowed their vessels to approach. When about fifty yards away the great lateen sails came rattling down. Boats were lowered and Sampion and Borromeo, dressed like aristocrats, took their places beside the twenty-two captains. The boats pulled quickly towards the dangling rope-ladders thrown over the sides of Sebastien's galleass.

Sebastien, Rene, and Pierre Voison were carefully watching the approaching strange ship. It was coming into plain view.

The boats came to the ship's side. Sebastien turned to Rene.

"We will all talk in the great cabin, Rene," he said.

They descended the poop steps and awaited their associates. Maurice Sampion, the tall Venetian, was the first to step on deck. He looked about him with calm blue eyes and then walked towards Sebastien. Borromeo was next. The Genoese was almost as red and fat as Henri Seine, but there was a flash in his dark eyes that was entirely absent from the eyes of the praying Nizzard. The two men bowed to Sebastien and then stood silent, while the captains of the ships, all dressed according to their taste for variety and color, were assembling before their chief. Sebastien nodded to one after another as they bowed to him. He counted twenty-four of them.

"We will go into the great cabin, my friends. I have important plans to place before you. It is right that you should know what is before you."

He led the way and they followed. Rene was last. He remained behind for a moment to peer at the oncoming ship.

"That is strange . . that," he muttered, shaking his shaggy head.

Sebastien was already seated at the head of the long mahogany table. On his right sat the stout Borromeo, on his left the lean Maurice Sampion. Rene took his accustomed place at the foot of the table, and the other captains sat eleven to each side. They knew their leader must have plans of great import, so they waited in silence.

"I PROPOSE," said Sebastien quietly, "to attack Marseille."

There was not a movement. Their steady eyes regarded him intently.

"What think you of that?" Sebastien asked after the silence.

They slowly relaxed and gazed at one another. Marseille? But he was a leader, this Sebastien Vernet.

"I like it," said Maurice Sampion, pulling thoughtfully at his yellow beard. His eyes looked calmly down the table.

"I do not like it," said Borromeo, also thoughtfully tugging at a beard.

A murmur of agreement came from the others. Sebastien stared at them. Then he took from a drawer at the top of the table a chart. This he spread before him and examined it intently for a few moments. Nodding his head, he rose and hung the chart on the cabin wall so that all might see it. Instantly their curious eyes were upon it.

"This is the plan of the harbor and its approaches," said Sebastien. "Listen very carefully, and I think you will agree that, with surprise, the thing is certain and easy of achievement."

"But the harbor is locked at night," growled a grizzled fellow whose face showed the scars of a life's battles.

"Yes," said Sebastien. "At night. But remember this: it is night for them also. But you referred to the chain, Gaston." He pointed to the chart. "There it is . . . swinging right across and sealing the harbor . . a long, rusty iron chain, dipping down a little into the water. I have not forgotten the chain. Now what have they for defence? This: first the guns on the mole, then the chain, then the guns of Notre Dame de la Garde. Besides the castles there are the tower, well provided with guns, and several other forts. Inside the chain are the galleys of Marseille—some thirty in all. Also there may be some French and English frigates."

None spoke as he paused.

"Our task is to break that chain, silence the guns on the mole, row our ships into the inner harbor, sink everything that floats, and send ashore quick raiding parties with definite plans as to their work and their return. When the terror is highest, and before they can come together, we go out to sea again. There are silver and gold and jewels and silk and food and wine. The silver head in the church of St. Victoire weighs six hundred pounds. There is the palace of the Duc de Guise, a treasure-house. There are the palaces of the merchants hard by the harbor. There is, I think, vast profit for the trouble of breaking the chain and taking a risk. Now what say you?"

"Ah, I like it, I like it," murmured Sampion, smiling. "We have been shown how to get in . . and better still how to get out. Yes, I like it."

"It will not be easy," said Gaston thoughtfully. "But it can be done. I am with you, my captain. Let me take the guns on the mole . ."

"I will take the mole," said another.

"Bah! Both of you will bungle it," snarled a third. "Leave it to a man of sense, my captain . . ."

"Then do not leave it to him," growled Gaston, glaring.

Sebastien held up a hand. There was silence.

"Steady, my hawks," he told them. "There is yet much to plan, and no time to lose over ruffled feathers. Gaston shall take the mole."

"Ah," sighed the heavy-shouldered Gaston. "It will be done, my captain."

For more than an hour they talked and argued and planned. Sebastien's control over these fierce men was admirable. More than once hot words were hurled across the table, and each time Sebastien's voice, cold and deadly, brought instant silence and obedience. They talked until Pierre Voisin came into the great cabin.

"What want you, Pierre?" demanded Sebastien.

"The strange ship has lowered a boat, and is sending someone to this ship, my captain."

Surprise was written on the faces of all.

"Of what nation is the ship, Pierre?"

"French," said Pierre curtly. "It is a galleon, a three-decker of about ninety guns. A match for any, except us."

"Then it looks as though we have been deliberately sought. Let them come aboard, under careful guard." Sebastien turned to Rene. "Rene, you see to it. Pierre must keep the poop."

Rene raised himself and lurched out of the cabin. He stared at the ship. The galleon, three-masted, square-sailed, with bristling guns on three decks, and with high beak and poop, lay with its sails flapping idly, a hundred yards away. It was a great ship, and from the poop-staff and from the yard of the mizzen floated lazily a great blue banner on which were three

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fleurs-de-lis of gold. The royal standard of France.

Naturally, this strange visit had roused the intense interest of all on the red ships. The staring, conjecturing men crowded the bulwarks and swarmed up the ratlines to gaze at the fine ship. And how those close by goggled when they saw that in the little boat there sat a priest. What in the name of the devil did Sebastien Vernet want with a priest? Was his sister thinking of marriage? But she might be, that little one. Two men came up the swinging rope-ladder. Rene met them. One was a French officer, the other was Monseigneur the Bishop, Henri Sevigne. The purple biretta interested Rene. He liked the color.

"Messieurs . . . your business?" he asked curtly.

The French officer bowed and then stood stiffly erect. He wore a wide, white hat on a black periwig, a doublet of crimson satin, white breeches, white stockings, and crimson shoes.

"I am the Vicomte de Marnet," he said coldly, "and I present to you Monseigneur the Bishop, who is the personal chaplain of His Illustrious Majesty Louis XIV of France. Monseigneur claims protection as an ambassador."

The Bishop spoke hurriedly.

"I AM Bishop Sevigne. I am here direct from the presence of the King. I have a message for one Sebastien Vernet. It is the King's command, my son."

Rene grinned and bowed awkwardly and ironically.

"Monseigneur, the King, as you will have noticed, commands here," he said sarcastically. He turned and tore a button from the crimson doublet. "And we are all his Majesty's humble servants. Indeed, we tremble at the sound of his name . . ."

Monsieur le Vicomte stood very still. His face was as crimson as his doublet.

Henri Sevigne perceived that he had made a mistake. The cold ferocity underlying the sarcasm warned him that to attempt to flaunt the King's authority here would be a foolish, possibly a fatal mistake.

"Are you Sebastien Vernet, my son?" he inquired gently.

Rene laughed and shook his head.

"Follow me, Monseigneur," he roared. "And be not afraid of these doves. They will not fly at you unless Sebastien wills it."

"I trust not," murmured the Bishop, glancing at the grinning faces of the men and not liking what he saw.

Rene, still ironic, bowed him into the great cabin and then followed. The French officer came in after Rene.

"There, Monseigneur," said Rene, nodding, "is Sebastien Vernet, my friend. Sebastien, here is a Bishop come to talk of the King's commands."

Sevigne and Sebastien looked curiously at each other.

"You are?" said Sebastien coldly.

"I am Henri Sevigne, Bishop, and personal chaplain to His Most Excellent Majesty Louis XIV," was the calm, dignified reply. "Are you Sebastien Vernet, my son?"

Sebastien eyed the priest for a moment, then he said:

"I am Sebastien Vernet. Be seated, Monseigneur. You may talk before these men. They are my captains. Indeed, Maurice Sampion here was a priest . . . before he committed a crime and fled to the refuge of the seas . . ."

Maurice Sampion rose to his feet and bowed. A slow, lazy smile twisted his lips. Then he walked deliberately to where Henri Sevigne stood. The Bishop paled a little. He saw at a glance that he was in the hands of men utterly unimpressed by his rank or person. But his glance was calm as it rested on the blond Sampion.

"Monseigneur," drawled the pirate, extending his hand and fingering the Bishop's cassock. "The garments recall old memories. I desire to exchange with you. Nay, my dear Bishop, I will exchange with you. The biretta first, please, Monseigneur."

Sampion took off his hat and lifted the biretta from the Bishop's head. Monseigneur looked aghast under the wide-brimmed, befeathered hat, but what could he do but smile? Sampion clapped the biretta firmly on his yellow hair.

"Monseigneur," said Sebastien, smiling a little. "My friends are playful sometimes. They can be otherwise. You wish to say?"

Henri Sevigne lost no more time.

"My mission is simple and direct," he replied. "It is the desire of the illustrious Louis that you give up this terrible life and return to us pardoned and free sons of France. That is all, Sebastien Vernet."

"Zounds," muttered Rene. He pulled another button from the crimson doublet of Monsieur le Vicomte.

When Sebastien at last spoke, there was a bitterness in his voice that alarmed Sevigne.

"Pardoned and free sons of France," he said very slowly. But there is a laugh! Pardoned and free sons of France! Monseigneur, why is your master so anxious for our conversion? I seem to remember his vow to sweep us from the sea. I seem to remember certain French ships that came to blow us out of the water. I seem to remember the boast that was on every lip in Marseille that soon the King would flog Sebastien Vernet through every town and village in France if the Duke of Savoy didn't first blow him out of the water. And now, Monseigneur, you come to us with a lily in your hand. Is it not very curious?"

"It is, my Sebastien," boomed Rene, ripping off a button.

"I have come to prove the sincerity of the offer," said the Bishop quickly. "The Holy Church deplores the bitterness of the conflict. The bloody carnage and cruelty of piracy . . ."

"Monseigneur," murmured Borromeo sourly, "are you not a little tactless?"

"Be quiet," said Sebastien with a laugh. He spoke to the Bishop. "Monseigneur, how comes it that you know exactly where to find us? You come on a mission and you come straight to my fleet. How did you know our position?"

Henri Sevigne smiled. The question was a godsend. It saved him the difficulty of the first.

"My son, it is three months since I left Paris to seek you. It is one month since my ship left Marseille. We came upon you by chance after a long search.

Sebastien eyed him closely.

"Monseigneur," he said. "You can see for yourself that my friends do not believe in the word of your King. You must remember, also, that most of us have very good cause to disbelieve. When I was poor, and my people were dying and friendless, did the King of France, his officers, or his priests, care whether we received justice or not?"

"And what, my son, does your sister think of all this? I am told she is your chief concern. What does the future hold for her?"

Sebastien's eyes grew terribly stern and cold.

"Monseigneur, speak not of my sister lightly. What the future holds for her is in the hands of Heaven and not the King of France . . ."

Marie had entered the cabin. Quickly she looked at the assembled men and then at her brother.

"Marie," said Sebastien. "Here is something you should hear. Monseigneur the Bishop—no, not Sampion; that one—brings a free pardon for all from the King of France. What do you think of it? He speaks of the justice of the King. What think you of that? He wonders concerning your future with us. What say you to that?"

Marie walked to her brother's side. In silence she gazed at the Bishop. He watched her closely. How different she was to the image he had created for himself. No wonder this upstart of a pirate idolised the girl.

"Monseigneur," she said coldly, "I prefer the ungodly justice of these men to the godly injustice of your King."

There was silence as Marie walked to her cabin. Henri Sevigne, under the mask of well-feigned surprise, allowed himself a keen appraisal of her as she walked past him. Undoubtedly she was the most striking and beautiful woman he had ever seen. And undoubtedly, if his plans went well, that very beauty would help him. He looked regretfully at Sebastien, who said:

"Monseigneur, you have been well answered. I could not have said so much had I talked for a week."

"Is that the last word, Sebastien Vernet?" Henri Sevigne asked quietly.

Sebastien nodded.

"Monseigneur, that is the last word. We do not recognise or know your King."

"Then I shall return to France with your answer, my son. I give you all the peace and blessing of Heaven . . ."

Maurice Sampion shot to his feet. The purple biretta on his head quivered.

"Do not let that hypocrite wave his fingers at us," he thundered.

Sebastien spoke to the Vicomte.

"Monsieur, you will, on returning to your ship, instruct your sailing-master to sail his vessel to the east for forty-eight hours. Else will it never return to France."

The French officer bowed frigidly.

"I understand, monsieur," he said very coldly. Then he tore off the last button and handed it to Rene. "For you, monsieur," he snarled.

With tears of laughter in their eyes the captains of the red fleet stared at the Bishop as he strode out of the cabin, still wearing the befeathered hat and canary-colored doublet.

SLOW clouds blotted out the stars. The unfinished breakwater that jutted out into the sea was invisible except where a pool of light from a suspended lanthorn revealed the damp, sleek length of a brass cannon. Along the mole were lights. Farther back, where the lamps and candles of Marseille ringed the eighty acres of harbor, was a fairyland of light. And these went out one by one with the passing of the hours.

It was the duty of the Officer of the Guard to walk from the town end, right along the battery, until he came to the last gun that thrust its grinning mouth menacingly at the unseen sea. Once every hour. He was coming along the mole now, a cloak masking his breastplate and protecting his neck from a chance-thrown knife.

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On to the breakwater from boats that had crept in under blanketed oars sprang the men from Gaston's ship. Right along the breakwater they attacked at the same moment, timing the raid perfectly, making no sound. As the heavy-shouldered Gaston killed the officer his men fell with the ferocity of tigers upon the unsuspecting soldiery. There was hardly a sound. Here and there a half-choked scream told of death.

Gaston himself cut the cord of a lanthorn and, stepping to the very edge of the sloping rocks, waved the light round his head. Then he, too, died. One of the soldiers, dying as he lay under his gun, saw that waving treacherous lamp. Slowly he raised his pistol and fired, and the thick-bodied Gaston, his chuckling brain blown from its skull by the heavy ball, spun round and fell headlong down the sharp rocks with the lamp. But there was only the one shot, and it passed unheard. Unheard also was the splash of each gun as it was rolled to the edge of the rocks, spiked, and thrown over into the sea. Cruel-eyed men, dressed only in canvas breeches and belt that carried their weapons, stood panting upon the silent breakwater after the last gun had rumbled down the rocks. Several of them looked down at Gaston; after that long look they turned and left him there, leaping back into the boats that would take them back to their ship. It had been, as Gaston himself said it would be, a very tame affair.

The long line of dark ships crept in towards the chain. On the poop of the key ship, his great hands grasping the whipstaff, stood Rene Scarron. At the last moment Sebastien had changed his plans concerning this ship, and because of that Rene now stood controlling this vital vessel. Beside him, trembling with a fear that rose like gas in his throat to choke him, stood Andre France. He had pleaded with Sebastien until Sebastien had coldly nodded and looked at Rene to see if he approved. Rene had smiled.

So Andre stood beside the giant as he steered the vessel right at the chain. But for these two, and the doomed slaves below laboring under the whip of the unsuspecting slave-master, the ship was unmanned. Sebastien's galleass followed little more than a ship's length behind and some fifty yards to the left. In perfect order, in profound silence except for the unavoidable splashing of the moving oars, and in total darkness, came the remaining ships of the dreaded red fleet.

Rene was clad only in canvas breeches and a home-spun shirt. His head and legs were bare, and he carried no weapons. Andre was similarly attired. As he stood beside Rene the young man's eyes glared into the darkness ahead, waiting with sickening expectancy the shock of the chain.

Andre was weak with the horror of it all. His heart was pounding within him as though it wished to leap free from such a vile scene. Those terrible shrieks, those screams of the drowning, agonised slaves, chained to the flooded timbers, the black water rising, rising, and smothering them. Andre could hardly walk for the fearful weakness that dragged at his limbs.

"Merciful Heaven," he panted. "She is going down . . . down."

Rene cut the rope that held the small boat.

"Pull," he hissed. "Pull, pull, pull . . . else shall we go with them . . ."

Rene sighed.

"They were doomed to death. It has come to-night, that is all," he said quietly. "Think of it no more, boy. See, there goes Sebastien's ship, and another, and another. Ahuh! Soon shall Marseille wake . . . and tremble. Pull, now, for we have the paper to give to the Governor."

In a few minutes Rene said:

"Ease your oar. We must put on the clothes that are here in the boat. We step ashore as citizens of Marseille, not as men of the Red Fleet, and then hang the compliments of Sebastien Vernet on the Governor's front door."

"Yes, yes," chattered Andre. "It is done. It must be forgotten. Forgotten . . . forgotten . . ."

Quickly they changed their clothes. Outlawry fled before the sober garments of respectability.

"Of what business are we?" asked Andre. "We may be questioned, it is so late . . ."

"Ha! I had not thought of that. Humph! We are from Paris, boy, and we are brothers—which is true. We are here to set up in business as wine-sellers. Ho! ho! ho! The brothers Berat, of Paris . . . yes? Rene and Andre Berat. Ho! ho! ho! But quiet now . . . we creep in under the piles of this wharf."

ON the poop of Sebastien's ship Pierre Volsin and Sebastien exclaimed together:

"The light—the light!"

They stared at it.

"The chain is snapped," said Sebastien quietly. "We go in."

Pierre laughed softly.

"We go in, my captain . . . what a tale if we live . . ."

"Take the galleass straight on, Pierre, until you come to the flare of the inner beacon. Pause there. And when it is done we will sail round the beacon and out. Borromeo goes one way, Sampion the other. Up with the red lamp to warn them."

At the signal every red ship opened fire. One hundred guns, two hundred, three hundred, four hundred, five hundred red flames licking the lips of the guns after the shot had sped. The roaring of the cannonade was deafening. From the fort of St. Nicholas came the first reply. Sebastien's ship quivered under the impact of hot iron. Marseille also had guns.

The gun on Sebastien's galleass crashed forth its first ball as Rene Scarron tied the little boat to the piles of the wharf. He laughed softly as Andre started.

"The bark of the first red wolf, my Andre," Rene said with a chuckle. "Now follow me quickly, I hope the boat is here when we return. Come."

In silence they climbed up on to the wharf and ran along its dark length. Already lights were flickering in the streets near by. Into the twisting lanes they ran, then slowed the pace to a walk. Andre was panting.

On they went at a rapid walk until they turned the corner of the street. The booming of the guns was deafening. The clouds above were flickering with the crimson light. As they came into the next street they heard the sound of a bell. Ahead of them the narrow, cobbled street took a sharp turn and lost itself between tall, dark houses.

A few paces form them a lumbering cart drawn by a slow horse bumped over the cobbles. In front of it was a man with a bell. Andre and Rene watched wonderingly from the shadows of a doorway. Two men, with cloths across their mouths and nostrils, came from a house into the light of the lamps that swung on the cart. They carried something long, and stiff, and black. Rene stifled words that sprang to his lips. Then he looked closely at the door their shoulders were touching. The big man recoiled, gasping. The door had a cross chalked upon it.

"Dear Heaven!" he whispered to Andre, pulling the younger man out into the street. "Do you realise what it is?"

Andre stared at the cart and shook his head. Rene crossed himself, a gesture that struck fear into Andre's heart.

"The plague . . . the plague . . ." panted Rene. "The plague."

"The plague?" whispered Andre, horrified. ". . . It is. The plague is in Marseille . ."

Andre went hot and cold by turns.

"Heaven," he whispered. "Then that cart . . . Rene shuddered as he stared at it.

"Is filled with the bodies of the dead."

And together Andre and Rene crossed themselves. The plague! And they had come right into the heart of an infected area. Even now the seeds of the dread disease might be clinging to their shoes, their clothes, their bodies. They trembled. Rene was white in the darkness. Here was an enemy that struck terror even into his fearless heart. The plague! They looked at the cart and shivered.

From the fort and the towers, from seven ships at anchor came hissing shot directed at the raiding red ships. The air above the harbor wailed and shrieked with the passage of ball and chain-shot. The black water leaped when the shot missed its mark. Miniature waterspouts jumped incessantly around and among the red ships. Flames were shooting high on the waterfront from the stores that Borromeo and Sampion had looted and fired.

SEBASTIEN turned to Pierre Volsin.

"Borromeo and Sampion have returned," he said. "They have run up the red lights. But Rene and Andre are still away. Heaven grant they are . . not taken. Keep watch for them, Pierre."

"I will, my captain," was the reply.

Joined now to the deep bass of the cannon was the treble of musketry. Rolling volleys and single shots came from the running soldiery, whose breast-plates and steel capelins glinted in the murky, scarlet night.

"The Commandant is no sluggard, it seems," said Sebastien. "Send up the rocket, Pierre. The red ships must go. We must go out while surprise yet gives us time. We did not come to capture Marseille, but merely to slap its face . . ."

"And by the mass, we have done that," grunted Pierre as he turned away.

The red ship trembled as each shot struck it. The rate of fire from the defenders was increasing. Sebastien watched the blue rocket go high into the air. Instantly, the oars of the last ship in began to thrash the water. Then the next in line began to move, and the next. Over the red water they crawled towards the sunken galleass that marked the channel. The red ship that had fired the galleys was moving, its oars rising and falling, rising and falling. The battle lanterns were lighted over the guns. Sebastien turned to the sailing master.

"I am afraid for Rene and Andre," he said slowly. "Long ago they should have returned. You have not seen their boat?"

"No."

"Ah. But we must go. Surely they have seen the rocket?"

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Pierre shrugged.

"In ten minutes you will be here alone if you do not follow the others."

Sebastien stood motionless, staring out over the shot-torn, smoke-smothered water. Ship after ship of his fleet was leaving. Borromeo and Sampion were moving past, their crews cheering Sebastien to the echo as he stood revealed on his poop. But he did not seem to hear them. His dark eyes, smarting with the acrid gun-smoke, stared and stared over the harbor. Not until it was impossible to remain any longer did he turn to Pierre Voisin.

"We go now, Pierre . . . for Marie's sake. Rene and Andre are either dead . . . or taken . . ."

He felt a gentle hand touch his arm.

"What is for Marie's sake, my brother?" asked a soft voice.

Sebastien did not move or speak. The great oars of the galleass began to thrash the water. Then a wild note of grief rang on the air.

"Sebastien! Sebastien! Where are Andre . . . and Rene?"

But he could not speak.

"Ah, my brother . . . they are not here," came brokenly.

Sebastien turned and took her in his arms.

"No, little one . . . they are not here. They are dead . . . or taken, my best friend, and yours."

She went limp in his arms; he picked her up and carried her down the steps to the great cabin.

"Andre . . . Andre . . . Andre," she kept crying softly.

Sebastien's arm was wet with her tears.

IMPENETRABLE was the blackness of the night, yet at a given point the flagship of the fourteen English frigates that sailed in line formation altered its course with a certainty that impressed Monseigneur the Bishop. His own ship, the French galleon on which he had sought the red fleet of Sebastien Vernet, was wallowing along in the rear, unseen in the darkness, falling farther and farther astern.

Henri Sevigne stood beside the Commander of the English squadron. On the poop also was the Vicomte de Marnet. The French officer was filled with admiration for the seamanship he had witnessed since he and the Bishop came aboard just before sunset. And he was full of the wonder of the new steering-wheel, seen in operation for the first time.

It had seemed like an answer to prayer, this sudden appearance of the English ships. After their Commander had listened to the Bishop's brief account of his visit to the red fleet, he set a course for Marseille and cleared the decks for battle.

Sir Charles Gerrard stepped on to the poop. The three great lanterns on the stern-rail burned brightly and steadily in the gusty wind. Up on the gaff, unseen in the darkness, the cross of St. George stood proudly in the wind. A ship's length behind the triple lanterns was the next frigate, a man crouched on its beak, his eyes never leaving the lanterns ahead. Sometimes his star-carrying cry would go back to the officer on the poop and the bows of the following frigate, if it were gaining on the ship ahead, would sheer off to port or starboard ever so slightly to check the speed and fall back to the correct position. Sir Charles looked back at the long line of following lights, wholly confident in these swift ships, intensely proud of their battle-scarred men.

The group of officers at the stern-rail were staring at the ruddy sky ahead. Distinctly now came the booming of the distant guns. Sir Charles joined them and they stood at attention while he spoke.

"Gentlemen . . . these fellows of the red fleet have apparently forced the port," he said calmly. "But I think we shall yet surprise them. One thing must be remembered! Quarter will be neither given nor asked for. These men are the scum of the world, savage dogs that tear all flesh, even their own. When the battle is joined either they or we . . . will be exterminated."

Keen eyes stared at Sir Charles. Grim lips tightened as he spoke.

"In about half an hour, gentlemen, the cry will be 'England and Saint George!' Gentlemen, I wish you all well. This fight will stain the sea as red as their ships, for they are nearly two to one. Were they five to one we would defeat them."

The leading ship of the red fleet, the one with the broken foremast, was rowing easily along just out from the mole when out of the mist to the east came the English ships. So complete was the surprise that the guns of the English flagship had raked the pirate before her captain realised that here, truly, was a fight to the death. But in an instant after that first shock the guns of the red ship were spitting steel at the oncoming vessel. The great oars flogged the seas as the whip below flogged the panting slaves. But the English flagship sailed past, leaving this red ship to the next frigate. The second frigate heeled under her broadside and went on, and when the third English ship had flung death and flame it was seen that the red ship was doomed. Already her bows were low in the water, but still she fought, her guns answering the English until the water leapt up to her poop and engulfed all.

On went the English ships. The second red ship came into action ready for the fight, but death, terrible and instantaneous, snatched her when an English thirty-pound ball, red-hot, bored right into her magazine. With a roar that echoed and re-echoed back from the hills beyond Marseille, a thunderous sound that sent Sebastien Vernet racing for his poop, the red ship went up to the sky in a bright flash of gigantic flame, her timber and oars smashed to splinters, her human freight just blown to dust. It was a blast that brought many running on to the breakwater to witness the imminent battle. Leading the panting mob were Rene and Andre, who ran right to the end of the mole, unheeding the dead who lay sprawled round their brass cannon.

Sebastien and Pierre stared as they saw the English frigates swing to right and left. Sebastien's galleass was not yet in gun range. The English ships had quickly trapped three red ships that seemed to vanish in a hellish storm of flame and shot. One red ship sank. Another heeled over until it lay on its side, its guns thrusting their grinning, smoking muzzles at the sky. On the second English frigate a great cheer went up as the third red ship dived. There came an answering scream as the frigate's foremast toppled and crashed down on the deck, scattering and maiming many of the gun crews. Swiftly the mast was cleared, and the deck swarmed to fierce life again.

Sebastien's eyes swept the scene of conflict. Don Juan, Henri Seine, Paul Vidor, and little Jules Lanchard came running up on to the poop. De Volpin was last, teeth bared in a cat-like snarl as he mounted the steps. Sebastien's heart grew hot when he saw three red ships crawling out of the fight with fast-beating oars.

"See them go . . . our friends," he cried scornfully, pointing. "And see there! An English ship is going down . . . and down . . . and . . . ah! It is gone."

The lamps on the stern rail of the galleass vanished as though whisked away by a giant, unseen hand. De Volpin cursed and spat blood from lips mangled by a flying splinter of iron. Don Juan looked calmly on, leaning on the hilt of his naked sword. He was a little amused at the frantic de Volpin.

"It is too far yet for your knife, my friend," he murmured.

A shrill cry from Pierre Voisin silenced de Volpin's retort. The trembling hunchback had turned and was pointing.

"There is another one . . . coming at us . . ." he yelled.

His voice was merely a cracked whisper in the tumult of the roaring guns.

"I see . . . I see!" said Sebastien. "And here comes yet another . . ."

Underneath them the red ship was jumping like a live thing. Down on the bloodied gun-deck the guns were straining at their ropes and carriages and thudding the planks like gigantic hammers. The gunners that still lived were serving their ravening monsters like madmen.

Marie followed Henri Seine to the poop.

"Sebastien . . ." she began.

"Marie," he said quietly. "Stay beside me, little sister. We have never fought like this before, and never may again . . ."

She paled at that and was silent, standing beside him.

On the poop of the English flagship Monseigneur the Bishop stretched out his arm as he walked to the rail.

"There, Monsieur Sir Charles Gerrard," he cried, "is the woman herself. I have given them into your hands to destroy."

Sir Charles stared across at the figure of Marie. Then he stepped to the poop rail and called down to his gun-deck.

"Harrison!" he yelled. "Keep the shot away from the pirate's poop, and have Fitzroy be ready to board . . ."

Monseigneur the Bishop stared, then flushed, then paled. Lieutenant Harrison did not even blink. An order was an order. He wiped the blood from his eyes and raised an arm. A jagged cut had opened his flesh from brow to chin.

"Yes, Sir Charles," he roared.

HE turned again to his belching guns, screaming an order.

Sir Charles watched the English seamen swarm to the bulwark. They were barefooted and stripped to the belt. Sir Charles' hard grey eyes studied the poop of Sebastien's ship.

"You are done, my fine fellow," he said, laughing a little.

Perhaps the men of Sebastien's ship had already sensed this grim fact. Wherever they looked the fight was going against them. The roaring crescendo of the guns never faltered. Stabbing flame was followed by belching smoke and howling shot.

Sebastien's deck now was a slippery, bloody shambles. Only four of his guns coughed sullenly. The others were silent, surrounded by quiet heaps of the dead. On the poop de Volpin was feverishly fingering his long knife. His wolfish eyes were staring, staring at the poop of the English flagship.

The closely-packed crowds on the breakwater were cheering the English ships like demented people. They danced and shrieked and waved their hats, hands, and garments. Andre and Rene, white-faced and silent, stood watching. One by one they saw the red fleet perish.

The shock of the two ships coming to-

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gether set both vessels rolling. The shot-torn lateen sails of the red ship flapped like the wings of a monstrous red bat. Banda called to the few who lived on the gun-deck.

"Up . . . up! To the poop!" he screamed.

Stumbling, cursing, sobbing, praying, the remnant of Sebastien's crew came to join him in the last stand as the English seamen leaps from their ship down on to the pirate's deck. Writhing, frantic seamen fastened the ropes and chains that bound the two ships together. The guns on the English flagship sent shrieking shot into the bowels of the red ship, tearing and smashing the timbers within and mowing down the slaves chained to the oar-banks. De Volpin had crouched. His eyes had never left the poop of the English ship. Sebastien, grim of lip and eye, thrust Marie behind him. The girl was white with the fear of death, but she stood proudly erect, her dark eyes wide and calm, her trembling lips whispering a prayer for Sebastien and for herself. Just for a moment did Sebastien turn and gaze into her eyes.

"Marie . . ." he whispered. "It is the end."

"Sebastien . . ." and she kissed his hand. "We shall be happy with God . . . beloved brother . . ."

Then he turned from her ready to fight and face the ultimate fate of the pirate. De Volpin suddenly gave a harsh laugh. His hand and arm flew out and the long knife went whizzing across to the poop of the English ship. It came to rest in the heart of Monseigneur the Bishop. Henri Sevigne dropped to his knees, his hands clutching the knife, his eyes already clouding with death.

"No, no . . ." he gasped faintly. "I . . . must not die . . ."

But he was dead before de Volpin's screaming voice shouted:

"That is the end of you, dear Bishop."

De Volpin was shot by the Vicomte de Marmet even as he screamed these words to the dead Bishop. Then the Vicomte ran forward to join in the last assault.

Around Sebastien and his sister the last of the pirates fought like fiends. Don Juan de Ruiz knowing it would be his last fight, seemed to transfer his very soul to the blade. It killed and killed. Banda, an axe in his one huge arm, suddenly gave a despairing cry and launched himself into the midst of the English.

Up and down went his black arm, up and down, up and down, the axe dripping freely before the Nubian was shot through the brain. Closer, closer came that implacable ring of stabbing steel. Sebastien Vernet killed the Vicomte de Marmet and then, even as he turned to kill Marie, fell dead to the deck, shot through the heart by the panting Harrison. It was the end. The white hands of Marie Vernet were clasped over her eyes. Sebastien. Ah, Sebastien. She had seen him fall even as she had waited for his knife.

He was dead, was her brother. He had coughed, and coughed out his blood and then lay still. There he was. Sebastien. And Don Juan de Ruiz was dead. Henri Seine and the quiet Paul Vidor were dead. Still fighting, Pierre Volain and Jules Lanchard had their backs to the rail. The hunchback hissed like a snake between bared teeth. Then Jules Lanchard sank, sobbing as he died. Pierre Volain, with a wild, mad laugh, leapt over the rail into the sea. With the dead around her Marie stood alone.

Alone.

The English paused and stood gasping and spent. It was done. Down came the red flag, and in its place the cross of St. George stood proudly in the wind. Silently the victorious English lifted their dead and wounded and carried them back to the flagship. Sir Charles Gerrard, his hand almost severed, stepped before Marie, and, to his eternal credit, bowed.

"Madame," he panted, "you will please come with me."

But the girl sank to her knees beside Sebastien. She looked up at the English commander with eyes dilated with anguish and terror.

"Ah, monsieur . . . monsieur," she gasped, "do not take me away . . . from . . . Sebastien. We were children . . . together. Now that he . . . sleeps . . . I would stay with him . . . my brother . . ."

But Sir Charles had no need to reply. Even as he stared down at the girl, a slow pity warming his eyes, she fell senseless across the body of Sebastien.

"Carry her," said Sir Charles gently. "He was her brother."

On the breakwater, Rene and Andre fought their way back through the maddened, shrieking onlookers. The English flag had told its tale. The eyes of each man were blinded with tears.

"Will they kill her . . . will they kill Marie?" panted Andre.

Rene drew the back of his hand across his eyes.

"For Heaven's sake . . . do not talk, Andre France," he gasped. "I know but this. Sebastien . . . is dead. His head will be carried through this accursed town on a pike. And all will laugh, and jeer, and spit at it . . . at Sebastien . . . my friend. If Marie lives . . . we will follow her to the end of the world . . ."

"And then?"

Rene's voice was a whisper.

"Ah! Am I a prophet, my friend, that I can tell you that?"

SIR GEORGE LAKE'S cream-and-silver coach had difficulty in passing under the central arch of Temple Bar, so dense was the throng in the narrow street. Ahead of the vehicle was a long line of carriages slowly crawling through the crowds.

Sir George was in no great hurry. So long as he came to the house of Monsieur Rollin—Auguste Rollin, the French picture painter of Lombard Street—before the sun came down in the west, he would be content. He had merely to get the portrait for which he had sat for weeks.

In this great city of half a million souls the streets were already cosmopolitan. Ships from the seven seas dropped their anchors in the Pool above the Tower. London was of the world; Paris, strictly French. London attracted the commerce-laden vessels of every maritime nation; Paris was limited to the carriages and waggon-trains of Europe which thundered over the Pont Neuf and looked down on lazy barges that carried wood, wine, corn, and cattle. Yet Paris then, as now, was first to cut and polish the diamond of culture and hold aloft the precious gem that attracted men from London, Berlin, Madrid, and Rome. The stalls of London were filled with marvels of merchandise. The buildings of Paris held the wrought and painted masterpieces of the world.

In Paris, too, there was a monarch with a mind. In London, a careless, laughing King whose flippancy and sensuality set a ribald standard for his Court. In Paris Louis XIV walked daily in the brilliant flame of ambition and undisputed ascendancy, slowly making himself master of himself and of his nobility and people, looking forward to the day when the frontiers of France would butt against the very mountains of Asia and touch the waters of the Baltic, the Atlantic, and the Mediterranean. In London, his royal cousin, Charles II, but two years returned from the groaning of exile, was content to live, and laugh, and love, rousing himself only when the stubborn Commons trod clumsily on the royal prerogative, the royal purse, and the royal conduct.

Along Fleet Street a young girl and a brown bear danced side by side, and Sir George stared and the crowd roared and threw a shower of pennies when the girl allowed the beast to embrace her in its huge, hairy arms. Then Sir George's eyes rested on the chain that dangled from the animal's collar, and immediately he became thoughtful and grave. The coach rumbled on.

That chain. His thoughts flew to Paris. And to barge Thirty-four. And to a man who dived from the Pont Neuf into the icy Seine while men on horseback raved and raced frantically off the bridge. Poor Monsieur le Rat.

"Death," he said softly. "To think Peter is all but blind . . . because of a plaguy chain . . ."

The chain that had lashed him across the eyes.

"An' to think," he murmured presently, "that Peter wants a wife . . . stab me, a wife . . . to walk beside him for the rest of his days. No one he knows . . . or who knows him. Just a plaguy nurse-woman who will bear the name of Lady Kensim."

The chain that had spilt crimson drops on the white snow before Notre Dame.

"An' I must find him such a woman. I, George Lake, must get him a wife who will be content to spend the rest of her life sitting in a curst garden reading, reading, reading, to him, an' then keeping silent whilst the poor devil broods on the woman that betrayed an' nearly blinded him. Ay, his heart is still with the de Brenac woman. Ah, may she die in shame an' alone . . ."

The chains of Monsieur le Rat.

Sir George sighed and looked out through the window. Near the footpath, in the middle of a staring crowd, a young man was playing a fiddle. He was playing it very well. Beside him, and standing on his hands so that his large, bare feet were in the air, was a shaggy giant of a man whose corded muscles stood out like knotted ropes as he danced on his hands to the time of the music.

Sir George smiled a little and threw them a few coins. They turned slowly and thanked him in French.

"Thank you, Monsieur le Duc," said the big fellow.

"Thank you, Monsieur le Marquis," said the one with the fiddle tucked under his arm.

Sir George studied them swiftly. French, but not of Paris. And the big man had the stamp of the sea unmistakably upon him. The young fellow was no seaman. His eyes were too kind and his lips too sensitive for the life. A strange pair. Sir George nodded and replied in French.

"You have earned it, messieurs," he said.

The two men stared at him in astonishment. The last thing they expected, evidently, was to hear their own tongue so well spoken. Then the giant, with a bellow of delight, sprang for the coach.

"Monsieur . . . Monsieur is of France?" he gasped.

Sir George smiled again and shook his periwigged head.

"No. I am English."

The young man's dark eyes were staring hard at the baronet.

"Monsieur . . ." he stammered. "Help

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us. We have been through torture, my friend and I. All the way from the south of France have we come. Help us, monsieur. We seek a woman . . ."

Sir George gasped. Then he laughed. He had thought the request would be for money. He spoke as the coach began to move.

"A woman? Zut! So do I seek a woman, monsieur, and the devil only knows where I shall find her. But, bring your tricks to Whitehall and then, if I am in the mood, I shall listen to you . . ."

"But monsieur . . . monsieur!" the youth panted.

The big man restrained his companion.

"Do not run after the coach, Andre," he said. "You can play the fiddle in this accursed country, but you cannot run after the coach of a lord."

"Oh, Rene . . . Rene," Andre panted. "He spoke French. We could talk with him. He might have seen Marie. Let us run, let us run . . ."

But Rene held him in an iron grip.

They stared in the direction the coach had taken. Then Rene shrugged.

"He said Whitehall. We will find him, my friend. Now let us eat."

"He threw two gold pieces, Rene . . ."

"A fortune, my Andre! Enough for a week's food . . ."

Rene grinned and threw his great arm round his companion's shoulder.

"If they will let us in," he retorted. "Zut! We look a cut-throat pair. My feet are bare, yours are wound round with rags, my Andre, and there is blood on the cloth. Bah! Even, the beggars shame us . . ."

Andre nodded.

The tavern was a narrow-fronted house with a door standing open between two grimy, cobwebbed, shuttered windows. As they went in they saw, in the dim light, that the tables and seats were arranged down both walls in order like the pews of a church. At the far end of the place a leaping fire grilled meat that was suspended above it. The proprietor came forward hurriedly. He was a sallow, aproned, sharp-eyed man with a curving stomach and bandy legs. He did not like the look of these two.

"You have money?" he suggested, eyeing them closely.

Andre and Rene sat down. They didn't understand what he said, but Rene opened his cavern of a mouth and pointed to it. Andre held up a gold piece. The proprietor nodded and rubbed his hands.

THE studio of Auguste Rollin comprised four rooms, fairly large and well lighted, on the top floor of Mynheer Van Groote's house in Lombard Street. Mynheer Van Groote followed the profession of banker, and he looked upon Monsieur Rollin with faint contempt.

Sometimes a few cavaliers would spend a day and a night in Monsieur Rollin's studio, eating and drinking.

But the white-haired girl who had lately come to Monsieur Rollin as a model seemed to avoid these questing city hawks. She came in the morning, did her work, received her money, and came down the stairs in the afternoon.

She had come, Monsieur Rollin had said, from an English friend of his—a sea captain who had told him a strange story about a girl. But then sea captains were renowned for their strange stories, as both Monsieur Rollin and Mynheer Van Groote agreed.

Naturally, Mynheer's shrewd old eyes saw Sir George Lake's coach stop in front of the house. Mynheer missed nothing. He was a banker. Sir George, the little Dutchman knew, came on the business of his portrait.

Sir George always said many things under his breath whenever he climbed Monsieur Rollin's stairs, but to-day he was too busy with his thoughts to execrate the creaking oak and the man up to whom they led. He admitted to himself that Peter Kenelm's charge had him worried and greatly disturbed. Heavens, it was a delicate matter selecting a wife for another man! But there it was. If Peter wanted a wife he would have a wife, and if he wanted his friend to be his eyes in the matter—well, there again it was. But he admitted that his friend's desire was a natural thing in the sad circumstances.

As Sir George paused at the open studio door he saw Marie Vernet for the first time. He forgot himself and stood, staring. Neither Monsieur Rollin nor the girl saw him, so slowly and quietly had he mounted the stairs. Monsieur Rollin was trying to make love to the unwilling Marie. Her wildly beating hands fought to thrust him away from her; she writhes to avoid the pressure of his fat lips on her own.

Sir George's dark eyes slowly became hard and cold. The girl was in an agony of mind. Monsieur's close caresses were not, for that matter, a mere pretence. They were slowly mastering the panting girl. Sir George glanced about him. Near to his hand, already framed, were a number of portraits. Seizing the nearest, he grasped it in both hands and started forward.

"Monsieur Rollin!" he snapped.

The Frenchman whirled and straightened himself, and as he did so Sir George brought the portrait crashing down over his head. A little dazed, Monsieur Rollin stood blinking and gasping, the heavy frame hanging about his neck and shoulders. Sir George bowed to Marie.

"Madam," he said quickly, "please wait for me outside the door."

Marie gave Monsieur Rollin a look of fear and hatred and fled through the open door. Sir George turned to the Frenchman.

"Monsieur, my portrait," he demanded tetly.

Monsieur Rollin scowled and threw the frame from his shoulders.

He started back as Sir George walked to the door. His savage little eyes were filled with tears. One fat hand caressed the injured member. When he saw that the terrible Englishman had gone, he threw up his arms to heaven and danced the dance of the maddened.

With an oath Sir George raced down the stairs. He caught Marie just as she was running from the front door.

"Madam," he said gently. Do not be afraid of me . . ."

But Marie did not understand his English. She tried to pull away from his grasp, stammering in trembling French.

"Monsieur . . . please release me . . . please let me go."

Sir George, however, held her firmly and slowly looked her up and down. Then he said in excellent French:

"By the mass, little one . . . you have had the devil frightened into you. I will not harm you, mademoiselle. There is my coach," pointing, "and I shall be honored to drive you wherever you wish to go . . ."

"No, no," Marie gasped.

Sir George shrugged as though to the manner born.

"You had better permit me to assist you. Monsieur Rollin will come looking for you . . ."

Without another word she turned and stepped into the coach. Sir George followed her in and tapped the roof gently. The vehicle started forward. Then he turned to Marie, who was pressing herself into one corner.

"Mademoiselle," he murmured whimsically, "there is no need to push out the side of the coach. I have already given you my word; you are safe with me. I merely desire to help you. What do you intend doing?"

The girl shook her head.

"I . . . I wish I were dead . . . monsieur . . ."

Sir George was startled. The bitter tone had told the truth. He leaned forward quietly.

"That is no way for you to talk, child," he said sternly. "Monsieur Rollin was inexcusable, but no woman wishes to die because a man tries to make love to her. Where are your friends?"

A pause, then:

"I have no friends."

"Not even one friend?" came incredulously.

SHE looked at him. Never before, he told himself, had he seen such deep, dark, wonderful eyes.

"Not even one, monsieur. I am a stranger in this horrible city. I cannot speak the language. My friends are . . . all dead. I am alone.

There was a silence, then Sir George whispered to himself in English:

"I'm in a plaguy pickle now. Alone with a beauty who hasn't a friend . . . in the world. Stab me; If Charles hears of this . . . I'll be lampooned from one end of the curst town to the other. Unless I take her to Whitehall. Whitehall? Nay; she would be safer with Monsieur Rollin . . ."

Marie glanced suspiciously at him.

"Monsieur is saying?" she murmured.

He laughed.

"Was I talking to myself again? Damme, I will hang myself that way yet. I once . . . but it would not interest you."

"You were saying, monsieur?" she said even more suspiciously.

"I was telling myself how fortunate I am to be able to help you, mademoiselle," he lied smoothly.

She nodded, looking at him a little eagerly.

"Monsieur is very kind . . ."

"The devil!" said Sir George, grinning, nevertheless. "I'll have to hide her in the plaguy country . . . the country . . ." His eyes gleamed with sudden thought. "The country," he muttered again.

He stared at her and she shrank from him again. The country? Then he smiled and leaned forward.

"Mademoiselle, where do you come from?"

"Monsieur, from Nice," came slowly.

"You wish to return there, of course . . ."

She interrupted him vehemently.

"Ah, no, no! I will never return to France . . ."

Sir George stared. She spoke more calmly.

"It . . . is too sad for me there, monsieur. There my mother died, and my father . . . and my . . . brother. I can never return to those . . . memories."

He still regarded her intently.

"You will pardon me, but if you know no one, and cannot speak the English language, what in Heaven's name will you do if I set you down?"

. . . and Margaret Vyner does know fashion! ment" hosiery. They will tell you that

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She shuddered and kept silent. Then she whispered:

"Monsieur . . . please help me . . ."

Sir George sighed.

"I'll do more than that. I'll get you a husband—yes, mademoiselle, a husband who can take care of you—now, now! You had better listen, child. I have a friend who is blind, or nearly blind. He desires a wife to stand beside him in his . . .loneliness . . ."

Marie shivered.

"Oh, but . . . I could not marry your friend . . ." she began.

Sir George shrugged.

"Then what will you do, may I ask?" he murmured.

She was silent for a long time. Her dark eyes stared out at the crowds in the street. After a while she said sadly:

"Alas, monsieur . . . I fear I must . . . accept . . . or perish. But it is repulsive . . ."

"Neither my friend nor I would force you, mademoiselle," he told her gently. "But for the remainder of your life you would have comfort, and security, and a husband who can speak French."

She looked up quickly.

"He is of France?"

"No, he is an Englishman . . Heaven bless him! If he marries you . . . you will be the luckiest woman in England."

"Why is that, monsieur?"

"Because, mademoiselle," said Sir George quietly, "my friend is the finest man in England."

She studied him.

"Why does he not marry . . . someone he knows?"

Sir George shrugged again.

"You do not know him. I have told you he is almost blind. Frankly, mademoiselle, he desires someone to nurse him, to walk beside him . . . I will tell you something about him. The one he loves is lost to him for ever. She is of France. He will never again see her, although she lives. You would be his wife in name only. He is the last Kenelm. His heart for ever haunts the door of Notre Dame, in Paris. But he would be kind to you, and treat you with a courtesy that only Peter Kenelm can command. I have said you would be lucky, mademoiselle."

"But he may not . . . have me, monsieur."

"Somehow . . . I think he will. I would be honored to—er, marry you myself . . . only I am not drawn to marriage . . . yet."

"But, no? But why is that, monsieur?"

He grinned.

"You . . . would hardly understand, little one. It is a certain restlessness within me."

RENE SCARRON drew his hand across his mouth as he and Andre came out of the tavern. His eyes were narrowed suspiciously.

"I vow that bandy-legged thief robbed us," he growled. "But, there! What can we do?"

Andre nodded and placed the fiddle carefully under his arm.

"We can do nothing, my Rene," he said. "But it was a good meal . . ."

Rene grunted.

"Ah, bah! A good meal. That fish!"

"Do we go now to Whitehall?"

Andre looked towards Westminster.

"Yes. The Englishman said to go there. Ah, Marie . . . Marie . . . poor Marie . . ."

Their curious eyes stared at the coaches with footmen runners. A milkmaid attracted them, and the grimy, crying sweeps. They looked warily at beggars and bellowing ballad-singers.

Rene and Andre drank at the fountain in Spring Gardens. A glance showed them the rambling buildings of the palace hard by. Rene, making the common mistake of the stranger, pointed to the roof of the Banqueting Hall and said:

"There is the palace, my Andre. Now for the Englishman who spoke to us . . ."

But Andre did not reply to that. He had suddenly grasped Rene's arm, and was pointing with a trembling hand.

"Look . . . Rene," he breathed.

Some hundred yards away a cream and silver coach, with luggage strapped to the roof, was rumbling along at a smart pace. But it was at the girl who looked from the window that Rene and Andre stared, a girl with dark, unsmiling eyes, and hair like a cap of gleaming snow.

"Marie . . ." whispered Rene.

"Marie . . . dear Heaven," breathed Andre. "Rene . . ."

But Rene was running like the wind for the coach.

"Marie! Marie! Marie!" he roared.

The coachman heard the cry and looked back. Seeing this wild man running after the vehicle, he whipped the trotting horses to a hand-gallop. But Rene was not to be denied. In a moment he was grasping the rail of the platform at the back of the coach. The footman, livid with fear at this attack, lifted his heavy-booted foot and kicked Rene savagely on the temple. Without a sound the giant sprawled and fell to the road. Andre came running to him.

"Andre . . . gasped Rene. "They have gone . . ."

"Up and let us run," gasped Andre, pumping the wind into his lungs. "Quick! Men are running towards us! They think we were attacking the coach . . ."

They gave the vehicle one glance as it rolled on towards St. Giles. Then they plunged blindly across the Covent Garden into Drury Lane, ran for a while, bewildered and lost, and then turned to the left and came out at the church. But the coach was already well out of sight.

AS the sun sank Rene and Andre found that the hedgerows were vanishing and that the forest was closing in upon them. The marks of the coach's iron tyres still bit deeply into the soft earth road, and they had no difficulty in following the vehicle. They were marching along now at a steady pace, having realised that to run indefinitely would be physically impossible. Andre's feet were hurting him again, and the rag that bound his right foot was showing a stain of fresh blood. He limped a little. Rene pointed to it.

"It is too bad. Your foot is bleeding again, my Andre. If it does not stop because of the walking I will carry you."

Andre's features were drawn; the nervous tension coupled with the physical strain was telling on him. He had not the marvellous strength of his companion.

"I shall be . . . all right, Rene. But I cannot understand it . . ."

"Cannot understand what, my friend?"

"Why she did not answer us . . . or even see us."

Rene shrugged.

"Where are your brains, Andre France? Do you imagine she was thinking of us at that moment? Do you think she knows we tramped from Marseille to Boulogne? That we hid on a vessel that smuggles gloves and perfume into England and so got across? Do you think she even knows we are alive? Zut! You expect too much of the little one. I vow she believes us dead in Marseille."

"Dead . . . in Marseille," panted Andre. "And but for the mercy of God we might have been dead there . . . of the plague . . . or with Sebastien. At least she would not see his head carried through the town . . . as we saw it."

Rene was silent. Then he said gruffly:

"No. She did not see that, thank Heaven. Ah, Sebastien . . . Sebastien . . my good friend . . ."

They trudged along again in silence. Andre looked quickly up to see tears in Rene's eyes. The young man looked away. He knew that Rene never forgave himself for not dying beside his friend.

They tramped on, following the wheel-tracks. The air became chill as night came on, and on either side of the narrow, rutted road the forest loomed high and dense. Only above their heads could they see a ribbon of stars.

"Anyway," grunted Rene, "the coach must stick to this road. How far is the fellow going . . .?"

They turned a bend and came down into a valley. Ahead of them they saw a light.

"Someone has made a fire," said Andre.

Rene sniffed the air.

"Heaven!" he said softly. "There is meat grilling."

"The coach?"

"Heaven knows. But walk softly as we approach. The night is an admirable cloak for cut-throats as well as honest men."

In spite of himself, Andre grinned.

"And which are we, my dwarf?" he chuckled.

Rene stared and then laughed softly.

"Ale! But we are honest men now, my needle. That was a sharp dig. But softly . . ."

Presently they came close enough to the fire to take in the scene. Three men, as ragged as themselves, were cutting a stag into steaks. Portion of the venison already sizzled in the flame.

"By the mass, my mouth begins to water at that," whispered Rene. "Softly, now . . . and maybe they will invite us to eat."

They walked into the light of the fire. Instantly there was a tense moment. The three ragged men glared up evilly as they crouched by the carcase of the stag. But they saw that the newcomers were as ragged as themselves and certainly were not keepers of the King's deer. One of them snarled:

"Split me . . . ye walk plaguy softly . . my friends."

Rene, with Andre a little behind him, walked close to them. He nodded and grinned and pointed to the stag and then to his mouth. A huge hand rubbed his stomach. The man who had first spoken grinned.

"Hungry, eh? But are ye dumb?"

Rene pointed to his mouth and shook his head. The three men looked at one another and heaved a collective sigh of relief. Another fellow, one with a split cheek and a cast in his eye, glared at Andre.

"An' ye? Are ye a dommerer also?"

Andre stared at the fellow and then pointed to his own ears.

"Deaf," said the fellow with a grin. "One deaf, t'other dumb. Well, ye may eat . . ."

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He reached out and took a piece of venison from the fire. He threw it to Rene.

"Take it," he said with a laugh. "An' ye'll find it sweet, for 'tis the King's property . . ."

As Rene bent to catch the meat the remaining gold coin fell from his breeches pocket. It seemed to blaze like a golden star in the firelight. Rene picked it up and put it in his pocket. The three men stared at him and at one another. Their eyes were narrowed and red in the light. The third fellow said:

"Ho, ho! So ye can afford payment for the deer. Stab me! Hand ye over that gold . . ."

As one man the three men sprang to their feet, and in the hand of each was a long knife stained with the blood of the stag. Rene stood half-bent, his fierce eyes glaring at them, watching them, measuring them. But as he sprang he straightened like a steel spring. The first man received the venison steak across his eyes. Then Rene swung the cudgel. With a roar that echoed in the dark forest, he kicked the second man in the stomach and laid him gasping on the ground. The third man met the full force of the club, and his head cracked as an egg cracks when it is dropped on a brick floor.

With a savage twist, Rene turned to the fellow who had received the meat in his face. It was as well he did so, for the fellow had thrown the knife, and it went whistling past his neck with a deadly hiss. With a howl that shook the stars, Rene leaped for him, the mighty club raised high in the air, but the fellow turned and raced away into the darkness, quickly followed by his terrified mate. Panting, Rene stood looking after them. Andre had not been in the fight at all.

"See them run," gasped the big man scornfully. "Bah! Just dogs . . . just dogs!"

Andre stared down at the man on the ground.

"Is he . . . dead?" he stammered.

"Does he not look it, my Andre?" grumbled Rene. "You doubtless heard his head split . . ."

Andre stepped back.

"The devil," snarled Rene. "Bah! They would have slit our throats in a trice but that I knew their tricks. The gold piece started it. Take some of the deer and let us get on. If the darkness is good for them, it will serve us also."

They both cut thick pieces of venison from the stag and then walked away from the firelight.

KENELM HALL was bathed in the glorious sunshine of a May morning when Sir Peter Kenelm, standing alone before the great studded doors, heard the rumbling wheels of Sir George's coach. Sir Peter was dressed with care and taste.

The travel-stained coach came to a stop opposite the doors. Out stepped Sir George, and gave his hand to Marie. Together they stood for a long moment looking at Kenelm. Marie's dark eyes gave him a searching glance and then looked timidly down, for it seemed that he was staring right into her own. But he was blind. Sir George stepped forward and said in English:

"Peter . . . dear Peter. 'Tis good to be with ye. . . ."

Marie liked the slow smile that curved the lips of Sir Peter Kenelm.

"Thank ye, George. Ay, 'tis fine to have ye here again, George."

Sir George spoke in French so that Marie could understand.

"Peter, beside me is Mademoiselle Vernet. You received the letter I sent by courier?"

Sir Peter nodded and bowed. Marie's throat constricted, for he had bowed to the empty air, aside from where she stood. He spoke.

"Mademoiselle, my friend Sir George Lake has already informed me that you are willing . . . to be my wife. You are doing me an immense favor and an unforgettable honor."

Marie found it difficult to speak.

"Monsieur," she said huskily. "I am grateful. Monsieur is giving me a place in the sun. I will speak the truth now. I agreed to marry you . . . to save myself."

Sir Peter bowed again.

"Mademoiselle," his deep voice said gently, "I agreed to marry you . . . to save myself. And according to my friend's letter, I have been singularly fortunate. Permit me to escort you into my house."

He offered his arm. Marie placed her hand upon it. Sir George linked his arm to the other arm of Sir Peter and together they went into the house. The coach pulled away. When they were in the wide, raftered hall, Sir Peter beckoned to a tall, elderly woman who stood by the stairs.

"Martha," he said.

The woman curtsied and came forward.

"Yr honor?" she murmured.

"I give mademoiselle into your care. She doesn't speak a word of English, but I know you will manage. Take her to her room, and when she is ready, we shall be waiting in the dining-room." To Marie he said in French: "Mademoiselle, this woman will serve you. Follow her. She will show you to your room."

Marie looked at him.

"But, thank you, monsieur," she murmured.

Then she turned and followed Martha up the stairs.

Sir Peter and his friend walked into the panelled dining-room. The polished oak table was set for three. On the sideboard was the food.

Later Marie came into the room. Sir Peter's quick ears heard her footsteps. He turned to her:

"Mademoiselle, my friend is a gossip, as doubtless ye have discovered. You will pardon him. Mademoiselle . . . if you continue in your present mind after we have eaten and talked, this house an' all that is in it . . . will be yours. I give you welcome."

"Thank you, monsieur," murmured Marie.

"George, you know where the gong is—strike it! Mademoiselle will please sit there . . . on my left?"

"Thank you, monsieur," said Marie again.

Sir George struck the gong several times. Sir Peter spoke to the girl.

"You are hungry, of course."

She nodded, forgetting that he could not see her.

"Yes, I am hungry, monsieur."

"Then I trust your first meal in this house will be an enjoyable one, as may the others that follow after it."

"Thank you, monsieur."

Sir George bowed to Marie and sat down. Then Sir Peter seated himself.

"What's to eat?" demanded Sir George, gently rubbing his hands.

"I have something special for you, George . . . a dish of trout."

Sir George beamed.

"Peter, I am repaid for my sacrifices." He turned to Marie. "Mademoiselle, Peter has found some trout for us to begin on. 'Tis said to be the food of the twelve apostles in heaven—on meatless days, I doubt it not. . . ."

"I do not know the trout," said Marie, smiling and giving Kenelm a quick glance.

"I hope you will like the fish," he said. "George, as usual, overpraises anything he happens to fancy. But there are also, I am told, some fat capons, and a breast of turkey, should the fish disappoint you. . . ."

The tall, silent Martha served the trout, also the pewter quart-pots of beer.

Martha went out of the room and closed the door behind her. Sir George spoke.

"I am helping Mademoiselle to the trout, Peter. What will you have?"

There was a pause. Then:

"Do not concern yourself about me, George. I will just sit and talk while you both eat. . . ."

Just for a moment the eyes of Sir George and Marie met. Each saw that the other knew the reason for Sir Peter's refusal to eat. Then Marie said very gently:

"Monsieur, I have come . . . to help you. I will take the bones out of the fish for you . . . if you will permit?"

There was a little silence. Sir Peter smiled a little grimly.

"You saw through my poor pretence. I did not wish to embarrass you. Thank you, mademoiselle. The fish will taste the sweeter."

Sir George spoke with a husky note in his voice.

"I'll cut ye some ham an' plaguy turkey, Peter. I am vexed with ye, dear lad," he said in English.

"Vexed, George?"

"Ay, Monsieur le Rat! Vexed! Embarrass your friends! Gut me!"

Sir Peter laughed softly. His voice had the slow drawl of affection in it.

"I will give you a toast, George," he said, speaking in French again. "To my wife . . . to be."

Sir George rose and together they drank the toast. There was a little silence. Then Marie just whispered:

"Thank you . . . messieurs."

ANDRE FRANCE stood swaying on his tortured feet. Rene's strong arm was round his shoulders supporting him. For three nights and days they had followed the tracks of the coach and its out-riders. But Andre's collapse came as the bell in the square, stone tower of the little Norman church on the hill began to peal.

"I can go no farther . . . Rene," he gasped. "I—I am done. You go on . . . to Marie . . ."

"I would never do that," panted Rene. For a long way he had carried the beaten Andre. "Right from Marseille have we tramped the road together. In sunshine, and cold, and bitter rain. We will go on together to the end. . . whatever may that be . . ."

The big man stared about him. Down from the winding road a shallow stream leaped over smooth stones, impatiently brushing aside the rushes that bent to see their reflection on its tumbled, crystal surface. Branching trees almost met above the road, and the rocks by the wayside were brown and cool and green with moss. On the higher ground, across a tiny meadow and up the hill, stood the quiet little church, very old, very calm, and full of peace in every stone of its walls and tower. Rene saw that a few persons were gathered round its doors, rustics clad in clean smocks and with their flowing hair shining in the sun. Faintly came the chant of voices, rising and falling, swelling and dying away,

. . . and Margaret Vyner does know fashion! ment" hosiery. They will tell you that

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"It is a celebration of some kind of English mass," he muttered dubiously. Then he added as an afterthought: "But I have heard that these heretics spurn the mass . . ."

"Rene . . ," whispered Andre. "Go on. I will sit down . . . for a little while . . . and then follow you . . ."

Rene pointed to a flat rock almost hidden by the thick trees.

"We will both rest for a while, my Andre. Then will I beg some food. There, across the stream, is a great house. They will not see us starve . . . surely."

"But . . . Marie . . ."

"Now, now, my cabbage. We have done very well, even for that little one. Sebastien, may his soul rest, will not be angry if we stop to rest and get food. Zut! Without respite and refreshment we shall both drop . . . and what then?"

Andre nodded wearily as Rene led him to the rock.

"It is as you say, old faithful. I sometimes forget that you . . . are enduring this terrible journey . . . for friendship . . . not as I am . . . for love of Marie . . ."

Rene trembled. He did not speak. For love of Marie. The giant turned his head away. His face was suddenly drawn and twisted at the words. But Andre did not see. They came to the rock.

"Rest," said Rene gruffly. "And do not crush the fiddle, my Andre."

"I will . . . not crush it," whispered Andre.

He lay back and closed his eyes, and the world spun round him. Rene spoke very gently.

"From the bench of a Moslem galleass . . . to this rock have we come, you and I, my last friend. We seem to be tramping along the road of life, we two, and going nowhere. I have often replied that we—you, and I, and Marie, too—did not die with Sebastien. I remember, long ago when I was a fisherman of Nice, listening to the shaven abbot's preaching. He preached on a text of his Latin. I have no Latin, but he so often repeated the words that I remember them. 'Quo vadis domine?' he said. Whither goest thou, lord? I would ask now of the good God and the Holy Mother that riddle of our wanderings. I say to you, Andre France, 'Whither goest thou?' And you turn and say to me, 'Whither goest thou, Rene Scarron?' And neither you nor can I answer. Ale! Sometimes my heart is sore."

Andre lay with eyes closed. His lips moved.

"Whither goest thou . . . Marie?" he whispered.

Rene jerked up his head fiercely.

"Ah, bah!" he growled, spitting at a tree. "I am a fool! You are a fool, Andre France! Look at the warm sunshine! Look at the laughing water! Look at the sky, at the trees, and at the little church where the bell peals so happily! It is a good world, my cabbage, and Marie is just along the road. When we are rested, and fed, we will go on, singing a song and spitting at the road. Zut! There is nothing wrong with us!"

Andre opened his tired eyes. They rested momentarily on the other's face.

"Great heart," he panted. "But you are right. Bind my foot again, Rene, and we will go together to the big house over the stream . . . to the big house . . ."

He ceased speaking. He sat up slowly, his arm gradually rising until a finger pointed to the church on the hill.

"Dear . . . Heaven!" he jerked out. "Look . . . !"

Coming out of the church, dressed only in white, as a bride may dress, was Marie Vernet. By her side, with her arm through his, was a tall man who felt the way before him with a stick. Behind them stood a clergyman in his surplice. By the priest's side walked the Englishman of the cream and silver coach.

"Ale," said Rene softly. "Ale! But the riddle is answered."

"Ah, Heaven," cried Andre. "Have pity. But it is all a jest. Marie would not . . . marry . . . another."

"It is a long way . . . from the cabin of Ali Ben Ayub to this church," breathed Rene. "But that is Marie . . . the little one . . . and she has been wedded . . . while our feet bled, yours and mine. My Andre, we have come to the end of the road, you and I . . ."

"No, no . . ."

Rene shook his head as he watched Marie step into the coach.

"She must not see us . . . now. Crouch down behind the rock . . ."

Slowly they crouched behind the flat rock. They stared over its mossy surface at the coach as it came down the hill and went over the stream to the big house. When it had gone, Rene touched Andre and found that he was insensible. Quietly the big man got to his feet, lifted the youth in his arms, and commenced to walk back along the road.

SIR GEORGE LAKER cream and silver coach stood before Keneim Hall ready to depart. It was a tranquil afternoon.

Peace. The peace into which Marie Vernet had crept from the conflict of her life.

Sir George's hand grasped that of Sir Peter in a long, crushing grip while he stood a moment gazing into the sightless blue eyes. Beside the two men stood Marie, dressed in a simple gown of white satin. She was trembling. She had been married only that morning. As in a dream she remembered coming to this beautiful old-world corner; as in a dream she remembered standing beside the tall, sightless man while the priest droned the unfamiliar benediction; and as in a dream she stood now, no longer Marie Vernet, but Marie Keneim, wife of Sir Peter Keneim, last of his line.

The hands of the two men parted. Sir George stepped forward and clasped Sir Peter to him.

"Peter," he said, his voice charged with emotion. "Dear lad. An' I could restore your eyes . . . they could gut me!"

Sir Peter quivered. But he replied steadily.

"Old friend. Faithful Ninety-four . . ."

Just that.

Sir George turned to Marie and whispered:

"Madame . . . be kind to him . . . to my friend."

Marie could not speak. She stood with her beautiful head drooping, her eyes, dim with tears, half-closed.

Sir George bowed to her and went to his coach. Sir Peter and Marie stood very still until the sound of the vehicle died away. Over the hill it went, past the little stone church, and then out of sight. They stood in silence. Sir Peter and Lady Keneim.

With a sigh, Marie said gently:

"Monsieur . . . my husband . . . pray command me."

A little smile broke the thin, hard lines of his lips. He stretched out a questing hand. She did not move when it rested on her arm.

"Madame, this world, and this life, are like two chests playing at cards. You and I are the cards that are used and then thrown aside. Broken and thrown away. Let us go indoors and talk together. I will tell you of England. Perhaps you will talk to me of France?"

"But, yes, monsieur . . ."

They went into the house, his hand still on her arm. Across the wide, raftered hall they walked slowly. Martha again stood by the stairs. The tall woman's face was expressionless. But her eyes watched her master and mistress as, many years ago, they had watched a former master and mistress go walking just like that. Martha turned away. Sir Peter would not see her quiet distress, but the girl with the white hair and the sad eyes might see and be troubled.

They went into a panelled reception room where generations of Keneims looked down from the walls. Marie gave one fleeting, frightened glance at the staring, critical portraits, and then sank down on the chair beside her. Sir Peter stood looking away from her.

"Madame, if my eyes should distress you . ." he began.

She interrupted him quickly.

"But, no. Ah, no, monsieur. They will not do that."

"Thank you."

Sir Peter turned and took a pace to his own chair. His fingers ran down the curved arm of oak; then, satisfied as to its position, he sat down.

There was a little silence. Marie could hear the beating of her heart. Presently he said, smiling a little:

"You told me you married me to save yourself, madame. From what did you desire to save yourself?"

Marie spoke quietly.

"Monsieur will understand when I tell him I was . . . alone."

"There is no one of your own flesh and blood who would help you?"

"Monsieur, no one. I was alone."

He heard and somehow appreciated the past tense. He said:

"And I . . . was alone. George told me you are very beautiful . . . but, there! If you stay with me . . . we shall be very good comrades, you and I . . ."

Marie was startled. She stared at the deep, dead eyes of her husband.

"If I stay . . . with you? But, monsieur . . . I do not understand. Are you going to send me away?"

Again there was a little silence. Again that strange little smile touched his lips.

"Madame, because of what you said then I have read into your heart. It is said that the blind see clearly. It must be so. No. I will not send you away. George said you were little more than a child in many things. I wondered, but he was right."

"But . . . but what did you mean, monsieur?" she stammered.

"I meant that you might tire of a blind husband . . . and leave him."

There was a pause. Then:

"How could I do that? I swore to the good God that I would be your wife, that I would be with you always . . . always."

Sir Peter's hand drooped.

"Yes," he said very quietly. "We shall be very good . . . comrades. I have sworn to make you as happy as circumstances and your memories permit. I will do that. Perhaps, in time, your quiet hands will free Monsieur le Rat from his chains."

"Monsieur le Rat . . . his chains? But again I do not understand."

He smiled again.

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"I will tell you . . . some day . . . of the chains of Monsieur le Rat. But not now."

She studied him intently. It was, really, the first opportunity she had had of doing so. The beautiful home and its lands had already told her that her husband was not a poor man.

"Of what are you thinking, madame?" came the quiet deep voice.

Marie gave a start. She flushed a little, forgetting that his eyes could not see her.

"Of many things, monsieur," she replied softly. "Of the past, of France, of . . . the present . . . of how a humble girl of Nice was rescued from the wreckage of her life . . . by you."

"Are you afraid of the present? Are you afraid . . . of me?"

She did not answer at once. Again her eyes swept over his face.

"Ah, no. You have not the face of one who would be cruel to a woman."

"THANK you, madame. But had I been cruel to a woman I should not now . . . be blind."

How bitterly that was said, thought Marie. Aloud she said: "I am very sorry monsieur."

He nodded slowly.

"Your voice has the ring of sincerity . . . like a child's," he said. "Do you know Paris?"

"No. All my life I lived in Nice."

"How came you to England?"

"I was on a ship. My parents had died. The Moslems took us and in turn were taken by friends. A kind friend brought me to England. Oh, how lost . . . and filled with despair was I. He took me to the house of Monsieur Rollin, the painter. He gave me work . . . as a model. But Monsieur Rollin, as the time passed, became different. He would stand staring at me. He would touch me with his hands. And then he . . ."

Sir Peter nodded.

"I know. George told me, madame."

A note of distress crept into her voice. "He told you? . . . Ah, he told you . . . of that?"

"I am glad he did, child. It showed me that my future wife was no other man's plaything. A necessary quality in a wife, madame, but one, these strange days too frequently lacking. Are you comfortable in your room above?"

"Oh, yes, thank you. My bedroom is a pretty room."

"It was my mother's. We do not live here in the usual country manner. My father followed the fashion of the Court. I have done the same. I am glad you like the room. I was hoping you would . . ."

Marie cried out impulsively.

"Monsieur . . . how good you are to me!"

"Am I?" he asked gravely. "It is but right that I should be. You must have some recompense for your imprisonment, even if that imprisonment was your own choice. This is your first sight of England?"

"Yes. The air and light are so different, yet it is softly beautiful. From my window, in the morning, I can see the dew sparkling on leaves and flowers and grass. And these singing birds that sing and sing so gloriously as of peace . . . in the mind and heart . . . as an anthem rising to God, telling Him of the end of conflict . . ."

She paused.

"How strangely you talk, madame," he said gently. "How beautiful must be your mind, how sad must have been your heart. But, yes. England is beautiful. Here, madame, in England the Englishman's house is his dwelling, the whole length and breadth of the land, his home."

"Ah, monsieur, you speak of the Englishman of wealth. The poor, like the poor of any country, spring up and die down, and like the crops know but the one field."

"You were poor, madame?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"And you are . . . a Papist?"

"Yes, monsieur," she said again. "Do you hold that against me? Is that a great sin . . . to your mind?"

He slowly shook his head.

"I have seen many peoples, and many countries, madame. They live as happily in Rome as do we here in England. Wisdom should come with years and with travel, and what is born in the flesh and the bone can never be taken out with rope or knife. We had better leave it . . . to God."

"But . . . monsieur is not an old man?"

"Old? Alas, too young, I fear, madame. But let us banish this serious mood. Tomorrow I have arranged to take you to the market town near by. There you shall buy whatever your heart takes delight in. You must have dresses, and stockings and shoes, and there are articles for your dressing-table, and for your person, and whatever you may fancy . . ."

Marie caught her breath.

"Oh, monsieur," she began breathlessly.

He laughed softly.

"By the mass—what a child you are! I can feel you trembling with delight even from this distance. I wish I could see you, madame . . . but, no!"

And he grew grim and silent again. And Marie was silent, not wishing to break in upon his thoughts, thoughts so obviously not of her. Martha came into the room.

"The supper be served, y'honor," she said coldly.

He waved the woman away. Marie sat very still. Then Sir Peter roused himself. Again that strange little smile as he said:

"You must forgive me, madame. It was but the chains of Monsieur le Rat . . . with their ghostly rattling."

MARTHA'S old eyes softened as they watched Marie lead Sir Peter to his place at the table. Already the light outside was fading and the stern old woman lit the two white candles that stood on the polished walnut table. The darkly panelled walls did not reflect the light, but the suit of old armor in the corner gleamed with a fitful, ancient life in the mellow rays.

Marie ate very little during that long, silent meal. She felt pity for this man as she watched his clumsy, fumbling fingers make little questing movements and then come to rest as though ashamed. Yet besides compassion she was conscious of fear. She was his wife.

As the night came quietly down, and she sat alone there with him in the candle-lit room, the knowledge that she was his wife sent little cold chills of apprehension to her heart. Her quick, nervous breathing evidently reached his ears and caused him to speak.

"Madame," he said quietly. "I fear you have eaten little. Do not bother about me any more."

"I—I am all right, I thank you," she murmured. "I have eaten a good meal. But . . . I am a little tired."

He nodded.

"Madame, we shall live together for a long time," he said with a smile. "Suppose you call me Peter. It is my name. And, if you will permit, I will call you Marie. Do you object?"

"Oh, no, mon . . . Peter. You shall call me Marie . . . of course. I am your wife . . ."

"Marie, that is the third time you have said that. It must keep rising in your mind, the fact that you are my wife. Does it . . . disturb you?"

She spoke slowly.

"Peter, I do not know."

"Well, that is bravely said," he muttered.

Again there was a pause. Marie saw that his eyes were upon her, as though striving to read her secret thoughts. Then he said:

"I think, Marie, that the advantage is with you, after all."

"I do not . . ." she began.

He smiled.

"At least, Lady Keneim, you have seen your husband . . ."

Marie rose to her feet, her voice choking in her throat.

"Ah . . . Peter. It is all too terrible. What have we done, you and I, that we must just live on . . . together. I can never love you, but you know that. I could . . . If you were cruel to me . . . hate you bitterly. What have we done, what have we done . . ."

His blind eyes vainly tried to follow her as she walked up and down the room. The mental vision of her, however, was clear in his mind—a sad, lovely girl in white, clearly limned against the dark oak panelling, stifling her distress and mastering her regrets.

"What have we done?" his voice echoed. Then he said very harshly: "What we have done is simply told . . ."

She paused, panting, and stared at him. He raised a hand and pointed to where he thought she was standing, but he pointed well away from her.

"You and I have been fools enough to love . . . and more foolish still . . . to leave our souls on the altars of our shattered dreams. That is what we have done."

He rose, pushed back his chair, and walked confidently to where he expected her to be. His outstretched arm felt for her. Marie watched his pause; the arm fell to his side. His head, that a moment before had been erect, now drooped. He stood very still.

"The altars . . . of our shattered dreams . . ." she whispered.

Then she went to him. Gently she took his arm.

"Peter . . . forgive me. I have been very . . . cruel," she said simply. "You have given me so much. Your name, your home. I have done nothing in return except to say . . . hurtful things. I am very sorry . . ."

His hand found hers and pressed it slightly.

"Come," he said. "We will drink a pledge together before leaving this room . . ."

She led him to the table, and he stood while she poured the Burgundy into the goblets. She put one into his hand and took up the other. But before he could

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speak again the sound of carriage wheels rolling past the latticed window gave them pause. Marie looked inquiringly at him. His head was slightly inclined as he listened.

"Someone you know . . . Peter?" she asked.

He shook his head.

"No one I know, Marie. I do not encourage . . . visitors."

Martha came slowly into the room. She looked a little surprised.

"A lady, y'honor . . . craves y'honor's indulgence."

He was astonished.

"A lady, Martha?"

"Ay, Sir Peter . . . a lady."

"Do I know her?"

"Doubtless, y'honor," said old Martha a little sternly. "But she be heavily veiled an' I cannot see her face."

"Do ye bring her into this room, Martha," he said.

Martha hurried out. Marie said quickly:

"Something is wrong?"

He shook his head and smiled.

"No. Just something unusual. A woman wishes to see me."

"A woman? Do you wish that I shall leave you?"

His hand touched hers.

"On the contrary, Marie. You are my wife. It is well that the world should know it . . ."

Marie looked up to see a woman walk slowly into the room. Martha closed the door. Just a little way inside the door the visitor paused, her hands, in long, black, kid gloves, making nervous little movements. Marie saw that she was young, although her face was as yet a white blur behind the mask of the dark veil that drooped from her wide-brimmed hat. Even through the veil two dark eyes seemed to burn. Marie saw them flash as they stared momentarily at her. Marie looked from the woman to her husband.

"She is in the room, Peter," she murmured.

SIR PETER faced towards the doorway. The light of the candles fell fairly on his face as he spoke.

"You are welcome, madam. But who are you?"

There was no sound or movement from the girl in black, then a moment later, she ran forward and fell to her knees at Sir Peter's feet. Her voice was low and sweet, but it seemed to hold in her throat as though laden with sobs.

"Ah . . . Pierre . . ." she said with a sigh.

Marie was even more astonished at the effect of those words on Sir Peter. He gave a start and a cry like a man who had been pierced with the steel. His tall form began to tremble. His voice was rough and hoarse as he said:

"It cannot be . . . it cannot be! Who are you, who are you?"

The girl in black rose slowly to her feet. Slowly she lifted the veil and swept it back. She looked at him with eyes filled with a haunting sadness.

"Who are you?" he repeated.

His face was twisted so that its expression shocked Marie. The girl in black stepped back a pace.

There was a silence. Then Marie said quietly:

"Madame . . . he is blind."

Now indeed did horror stiffen the features of the girl in black. Again she retreated a step, staring wildly at the unseeing blue eyes that searched for her.

"Blind," she whispered. She repeated the word as though it had not yet conveyed its full meaning to her. "Blind?" Then her voice rose pitifully. "Blind? Blind? Blind . . .? Oh, no! . . . it is not true . . ."

Then Sir Peter spoke quietly. He still trembled.

"So my words proved true, Jacqueline. Yes; I am blind. Was I not right, Jacqueline, when I said those chains would bind you also? Was I not right, Jacqueline?"

A silence. Then Jacqueline de Brenac said:

"Then you know me . . . Pierre?"

He nodded slowly.

"Were you as far as the farthest star . . . and you called down to me . . . I should know you, Jacqueline."

So sadly were the words spoken that unbidden tears sprang to Marie's eyes. Without further telling she knew that this girl in black was the one whose heart formed the altar on which lay the love of her husband. Jacqueline lifted her eyes and looked at him.

"You must hate me . . . with a terrible hate, Pierre. I thought, that night they took you, and during the day of my triumph that followed, that I hated you. But there . . . in Notre Dame . . I knew. Since that day I have been in torment. Ah, Pierre, Pierre . . . how great was the love I killed. It is not given to many women . . . such a love."

There was quietness in the candle-lit room when she ceased speaking. Marie stood with downcast eyes. The eyes of Jacqueline were fixed upon the blind ones of Sir Peter. He said:

"I will have a room prepared for you, Jacqueline. Yes; I loved you. But why, Jacqueline, did you come here?"

Tears were gleaming on Jacqueline's dark lashes.

"I came . . . to ask your forgiveness. I have left France for ever. I came . . . I came . . . to see, Pierre, if by the goodness of the Almighty . . . your love still lived."

Sir Peter's voice was deep and low.

"If my love still lived. Ah, Jacqueline . . . you have come too late."

Jacqueline's voice broke with a sob.

"Too late? Pierre . . . Pierre! We parted once. Give me the opportunity of proving my love. I would give my life, my very soul . . . to heal the wounds of your flesh and heart. Ah, let me stay by your side . . . see . . . on my knees . . . I crave it . . ."

Marie turned without speaking and walked from the room. She was shaking with the tragedy of this scene, and could no longer look upon the agony of the girl in black, of a girl who had again fallen to her knees, her arms held up to eyes that could not see them. The door closed gently.

Sir Peter bent forward and felt for Jacqueline's hands. Slowly he raised her to her feet. Still with her hands in his he said:

"Jacqueline you must know."

He turned to where Marie had stood. Thinking her still there he smiled.

"Jacqueline, this lady who stands beside me . . . is my wife. We were married only this morning."

Jacqueline moaned at the pity of it. Poor blind Pierre!

Poor Monsieur le Rat. Smiling at the empty air, smiling with his splendid courage at the blackness of his life. Jacqueline crossed herself and whispered:

"Ah, Pierre . . . I understand. Indeed it is too late for me. For what I have done to you, Pierre, I shall suffer until I die. You have nailed me to the crucifix of memories, Pierre. The chains of Monsieur le Rat are round and round me, holding me for ever. But let me hear . . . just once . . . that you forgive me . . ."

He spoke very gently.

"Forgive . . . there is nothing to forgive, Jacqueline. I saw why you betrayed me. It was for France. Should I hold that against any man or woman? If it is my forgiveness you wish, it is yours, Jacqueline."

She turned from him with a sigh.

"Ah Heaven forgive me, too," she prayed. "I shall go in the dawn. . ."

With a silent step she walked from the room. Sir Peter called sharply but once:

"Jacqueline!"

But she was gone. He turned to where Marie had stood.

"She is gone," he whispered.

There was no reply. He stood still for a moment and then said:

"They have both gone . . ."

Slowly he felt his way to the door. He closed it behind him, locked it, and placed the key in his pocket.

"Let the candles burn down . . . and out. There are but two. One is Jacqueline. One is myself. Never again shall any foot tread the floor of that room, for there Jacqueline came to me . . . too late."

As the hours passed the candles burned down and went out.

WITH the dawn Sir Peter stretched out a hand.

"Someone is there," he said.

He had heard his door open and shut very quietly. Jacqueline stood just inside the closed door. Sir Peter threw on a silk gown and walked towards the door. Jacqueline came towards him. Her dark hair fell like a sable mantle about her shoulders. One white hand grasped her silken night-robe. Little satin slippers enclosed her bare feet. She took his hand, whispering:

"Pierre . . . Pierre . . . Oh, my beloved . . ."

He spoke very gently.

"Jacqueline . . . I thought you had gone from me . . ."

The next moment she was in his arms, panting, clinging to him, her arms round his neck drawing his lips down to hers. A long time they stood in that close embrace, all things forgotten but the love that held them, the last ecstasy, the healing there of the wounds of the past, the thought of the parting to come.

"Pierre . . . you love me . . . so much?"

He smiled as she had seen him smile in the days of the past.

"So much . . . Jacqueline. All my heart is yours."

She pressed against him, seeking his lips again.

"That will comfort me . . . to-morrow, Pierre. Soon I must go. But you do not love this white-haired girl?"

Slowly he shook his head.

"No, dear heart. But she is my wife. I love only you. She knows that. The sweetest song in my heart is the sound of your name . . ."

Slowly she pressed her lips against his, murmuring:

"Because of that I have forsaken my home, my people, my country. I shall never return

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to France. I shall go to the French island of Trinidad . . . but never mind that . . . now."

"Jacqueline, why did you come to me . . . like this?"

She silenced him with her lips. Then she said:

"I have to go far, Pierre . . . and for ever. I can live only in the shadow of your love. My youth has left me already, as the fragrance leaves the rose. I go to the new Convent of the White Sisters in Trinidad. Pierre . . . must I go . . . now."

IN the late afternoon Marie guided Sir Peter among the budding roses. It was a fine afternoon, and the sun threw a strong light across the sloping ground. A dark red rose attracted Marie and she left her husband's side to pick it. He waited.

"The roses, Peter . . . are so beautiful," she murmured.

She gave the rose to him and he inhaled its fragrance.

"I had a pride in my roses, Marie," he told her. "Is the sun setting yet?"

She looked to the west.

"Yes. It is just touching the trees."

"Face me so that were I able to see I should look right at it . . ."

She did so, wondering a little. His strong features were bathed in the light. His blue eyes shone as though they were alive again.

"I can sense the light," he said.

A little curious, she asked:

"Why did you wish to face the sunset, Peter?"

"Jacqueline de Brenac has gone into the west. She left early this morning. She was the love of Monsieur le Rat, Marie, and with her have gone the chains that once bound him."

She did not understand.

"Who is Monsieur le Rat?"

He smiled.

"Some day, perhaps, I will tell you. The light has gone. Has the sun set?"

"It has set."

He nodded.

"Shall we go in? I fear you must be tired."

But she did not reply. Her hand suddenly rested on his arm and he felt it tremble.

"Marie . . . something is troubling you?"

Coming towards them from the distant gates were six mounted, armed men whose breastplates shone with the polish of dull steel. Another man, not a soldier, rode awkwardly with them, and stumbling along a few paces in front were two ragged men, their arms bound behind them. Marie stared wide-eyed at the two men and presently a little cry of amazement and horror broke from her lips. Sir Peter repeated his question.

"Marie . . . is anything amiss?" he asked.

She managed to reply.

"But . . . yes. Oh, but . . . yes. But, surely . . . I am dreaming . . ."

Sir Peter's ears caught the sound of approaching riders.

"Someone is coming? Someone on horseback?"

"Yes, yes. Someone . . . is coming . . ."

"Those riders creak with the harness of soldiers."

"Yes . . . they are soldiers . . ."

They stood silent. Presently the little cavalcade halted in front of them. Marie gave a sharp cry, and, leaving Sir Peter's side, ran to the two ragged men, her eyes wide with love and terror and complete bewilderment.

"Andre . . . and Rene . . . my friend," she choked.

Sir Peter stood very still. He marvelled inwardly at the emotion that could have prompted such a cry. Rene nodded slowly.

"Ah, Marie, little one . . . sister of my friend Sebastien," was all the big fellow could say.

Andre hung his head. He could not look at Marie.

"Marie . . ." he whispered.

She clung to him, crying:

"Andre, Andre . . . look at me . . . look at me! I thought you dead . . . you and Rene . . ."

Sir Peter's lips drooped. One had gone into the west, another had come out of the east. He stood very still.

The officer in charge of the soldiers dismounted from his horse. He stared first at Andre and Marie, and then at the citizen on horseback.

"Monsieur Rollin . . ." he said quietly. "Be this the wench?"

Monsieur Rollin? Marie started back and stared at the man. It was Monsieur Rollin. His little black eyes gleamed vindictively.

"But, yes, Monsieur le Capitaine," he snarled. "That is the girl. She has the white hair . . . you see." Then he said in French: "She is Marie Vernet, the sister of the pirate . . . Sebastien Vernet . . ."

Rene and Andre whirled and stared at the man. Sir Peter did not move. Then Rene roared:

"By my life . . . will I remember you for that!"

Monsieur Rollin laughed. It was amusing. Marie placed her hand on Rene's mouth.

"Hush, Rene," she said quietly. To the officer she said in French: "I am, or I was Marie Vernet. I am now married to monsieur there . . . pointing to Sir Peter.

The soldier shook his head.

"I don't understand the tongue," he said gruffly.

Then Sir Peter spoke.

"I am Sir Peter Kenelm," he said in English. "The woman you are discussing . . . is my wife, Lady Kenelm." Quick looks flashed from soldier to soldier. Sir Peter Kenelm? The finest swordsman in England? Said the officer:

"Sir Peter, my humble respects. But we travel under a warrant bearing His Majesty's signature and seal. It is a special instrument, and it demands the arrest of the woman, Marie Vernet."

Sir Peter spoke coldly.

"Soldier, I have just told you . . . there is no longer any Marie Vernet. The lady there is Marie Kenelm. She is my wife, an' because of that is now an Englishwoman."

But the soldier answered, speaking quietly:

"Sir Peter, ye know the King. My instructions were to return with this woman in my custody. It is the King's command, Sir Peter. She is to be lodged in Newgate prison. She is accounted an enemy of His Majesty's cousin of France. 'Tis a political matter, Sir Peter, and there is no alternative."

There was a silence. All looked at Sir Peter. Quietly he asked:

"On whose information was the warrant sworn?"

The officer, not knowing Sir Peter was blind, said, pointing to Monsieur Rollin:

"On the information of that man . . . Monsieur Rollin."

"Ah," murmured Sir Peter. "That explains the matter. Where is this Frenchman now?"

They all stared at him. Marie gave a little cry and said:

"Monsieur le Capitaine . . . my husband is blind . . ."

Monsieur Rollin threw back his head and laughed loudly. He had nothing to fear, after all.

"She is telling you, Monsieur le Capitaine," he said in broken English, "that her husband is blind."

"Blind?" the men murmured.

"Blind?" echoed the officer, glancing sternly at Monsieur Rollin. "If that be true, why do you laugh, Frenchman?"

Monsieur Rollin hastily composed himself. He shrugged.

"I fing it . . . just a little droll," he murmured cynically.

The officer gave him another stare and then turned to Sir Peter.

"'Tis with deep regret we hear of that," he said. "We did not know he were . . . unable to see, Sir Peter. But my orders permit of no delay."

Marie turned to Andre.

"Andre . . . what do they want of me?" she panted. "And why are you and Rene bound like this?"

Andre answered sadly.

"We saw you leave the church as a bride, Rene and I. We were returning . . . to France. They came upon us as we slept. We were taken for rogues and vagabonds."

Monsieur Rollin spoke. He looked vindictively gross in brown velvet doublet and breeches as he sat astride his horse.

"It would seem . . . madame, that France is still pursuing you. And with reason, as I have come to see."

Sir Peter said very gently:

"MARIE . . . do not distress yourself. All will be well. Will you tell me who are these men you name as Rene and Andre?"

"But, yes . . . monsieur," faltered Marie. "It is this. The one you love came to you last night. The one who loves me . . . now stands beside me. He is Andre. The other is my friend Rene Scarron . . . who was a friend of my brother. I should have told you . . . but I . . . could not."

"Madame," Sir Peter said gravely. "I already knew."

Marie caught her breath.

"Monsieur? You knew?" she gasped.

He nodded.

"Yes. How I knew does not matter. But I was in Paris when Monseigneur the Bishop was sent to trap your brother . . . through you."

Andre and Rene stared at the baronet in astonishment. He continued:

"I knew you the moment I heard your name, madame."

"And you . . . you did not shrink from me . . . or care?" Marie stammered.

"Who am I that I should judge your brother . . . or you?" he replied, smiling faintly. "You came in the hope of peace. I wanted peace. I was content."

He turned slightly towards the officer.

"My wife and I will come with you just as soon as madame can prepare. I trust ye will agree to that?"

The officer nodded. Sir Peter spoke again.

"This Monsieur Rollin. He came merely to point this girl out to ye . . . I take it?"

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"That be so, Sir Peter," was the reply.

"An' how knew ye she was here?"

"We inquired at the town house of Sir George Lake. His fellow told us."

"Ah! An' are ye bound to have Monsieur Rollin return with ye to London?"

"There was naught said as to that," was the reply.

"Then as one Englishman to the other I ask this of ye. Set the rogue afoot an' let him walk back to London . . . as best he can."

A twinkle appeared in the officer's eyes. But there was no merriment in Monsieur Rollin's. He understood English, and he sent startled, fearful glances from man to man.

Clammy with sudden sweat his little pig's eyes rolling with terror, Monsieur Rollin almost fell off the horse. He stood quivering and gulping in the air.

"Ah, no, Monsieur le Capitaine . . ." He turned and tottered to Marie and fell at her feet. "Madame," he chattered in frantic French. "I appeal to you, I implore you to be merciful to me. Sweet lady . . ."

Sir Peter's cold voice interrupted him.

"A sickening brute!" he said icily.

The officer turned upon Monsieur Rollin and touched him on the shoulder.

"In truth . . . a sickening brute," he agreed. "Out! Away! There are the gates. Away, Monsieur Rollin . . ."

"No . . ."

The officer's face went black with sudden rage.

"Dog!" he roared. "Away, else will I gut ye as ye kneel!"

Monsieur Rollin heard the rasp of steel. He looked once into the officer's burning eyes, and got to his feet.

"I will go," he panted. "I will go . . ."

He walked weakly away from the silent group. All eyes watched him. For once there was no feeling in Marie's heart. Pity, now, seemed to have dried in her soul. Her dark eyes stared with horror at Monsieur Rollin. He went down to the gates, and through them, and away. Not once did he look back.

Sir Peter said:

"SIR soldier, I thank ye. Now I give ye my word as a gentleman of England that we shall not attempt to thwart or trick ye. An' ye wait till my coach be brought, I'll have food an' ale sent out to ye."

"Thank ye, Sir Peter," came in chorus from the men.

"One favor more. These two men are friends of my wife. They will, if ye permit it, ride with her in the coach. Will ye cut their cords?"

The officer did not hesitate.

"They shall be freed, Sir Peter!" he said. "All I ask is that ye proceed with speed. Ye have experienced the commands of the King, and will understand."

Sir Peter called to Marie as a soldier cut the cords that bound Andre and Rene.

"Madame," he said quietly.

Without replying she went to him and placed her hand on his arm. Gently he patted it with his other hand. It was like ice.

"Everything will be all right, Marie. Have no fear for the future, my child."

Marie could hardly speak. Her eyes glanced at Andre, who stood looking at her sadly.

"Ah, monsieur . . . my . . . husband," she whispered. "The conflict still rages round me. Now am I desolate. My heart is in the dust . . . at last . . . and they trample upon it . . ."

Sir Peter's face was grave.

"Ye need have no fear, madame," he said gently. "The King will hear me. You . . . and your friends . . . shall live to laugh at it all . . ."

In silence they walked into the house.

"THE KING will hear me."

His own words rang mockingly in his ears for days after they were uttered. For days, while Marie, Andre, and Rene lay in the foul cages of Newgate prison, Sir Peter, with the steadfast Sir George ever by his side, haunted the galleries and corridors of Whitehall. Unending days and nights. Confidently at first he had craved an audience of the King, but then came silence. A little bewildered, Sir Peter sought man after man whom he knew to be close to the King. Then, one evening, it was conveyed to him that the Lord Steward was tired of his presence in the palace. It was the end. He was unwanted. He had forfeited the friendship of his King by marrying the sister of Sebastien Vernet.

On the twelfth of May Sir Peter rode beside Sir George in the cream and silver coach. The heads of the horses were turned towards Newgate prison. Sir Peter, after a long period of silence, said quietly:

"George, 'tis hopeless. They will kill her. They will hang her and the two men in England. Did not the judge say they were as guilty as Sebastien Vernet of the deaths of Englishmen?"

Sir George said slowly:

"Ay, Peter. She has been judged an accomplice, poor girl. I can see, now, that there be no hope. Ye remember her brother mortally insulted Louis on a certain occasion, and Charles dares not offend the French King. You heard the letter read. Ye witnessed the fury of Louis. Ay, she will die."

To Sir Peter's mind came a word. It rolled off his tongue like an echo of the past.

"Unless . . ." he murmured.

There was a world of significance in the tone, and Sir George brightened. Then he smiled and said:

"Monsieur le Rat . . . I salute ye."

"Monsieur le Rat. He must live again for a few hours, and for the last time, George. His honor demands that this girl whom he made his wife . . . shall not be hanged or harmed. They think, because he is blind, that Monsieur le Rat is dead. But sometimes the sight of the blind is terribly penetrating. Ay, Monsieur le Rat lives again."

Sir George rubbed his hands.

"An' I shall be with ye as usual, Peter . . ."

"Nay . . ." Sir Peter began gently.

Sir George almost exploded.

"An' ye would mortally hurt me . . . do not say that word again. Could I leave ye now? My blood! I'd rather be dragged by the bones over the cobbles than afterwards endure the terrible regret an' dishonor. Curse me, Monsieur le Rat! Ye have too great an opinion of your plaguy powers . . . damme!"

Sir Peter smiled grimly and allowed his hand to fall on his friend's arm.

"Thank ye, George . . . ye always were a willful rogue . . . putting your head near the plaguy block for the fun of the thing. But a wondrous friend ye be, George."

Sir George grunted.

"A wondrous numbskull ye be, Peter Kensim," he growled. "'Twill be a pleasure to be at work again. Stab me, I take it as a personal insult that Charles would not see ye after what ye did for England. But Rowley has the habit of throwing aside any who can no longer serve him, no matter what they have done in the past. He cares naught for anything or any man. He dabbles as a patron with the arts, he smiles upon those who fawn to him an' can support him, but, gut me! He is a true Stuart at heart an' treachery is bred in his bones. This plaguy marriage, now! Catherine is a Catholic. Great will be the indignation of the nation because of this alliance. But she brings to Charles five hundred thousand pounds in dowry, the town of Tangier in Africa, the town of Bombay in India, an' the right to trade free at all Portuguese ports. 'Tis said to be the work of Louis, this marriage. To save Portugal being swallowed by Spain. But, there it be. For five hundred thousand pounds Charles would wed a plaguy Hottentot. . . ."

"What think ye the tempestuous Castlemaine will say to it?"

"The beautiful Barbara?" Sir George laughed. "Split me, already she is threatening to burn down the palace. Charles will not dismiss her. He is a slave under her heel."

"The King is now on his way to Portsmouth, 'tis said, to receive the Portuguese princess. Perhaps that is why the judges sentenced Marie to death. Doubtless they think England's eyes an' ears will be full of the King's marriage, an' that the French girl will die unheard an' unseen."

The carriage stopped before the grim prison of Newgate.

"'Tis doubtless so," said Sir George. "But here be Newgate. I'll be glad to see the last of the curst place—an' of that plaguy statue of Dick Whittington and his grinning cat. Whittington found the money for this prison, 'tis said. A shame upon the fellow!"

"A word before we get out, George. . . ."

Sir George sank back on the seat.

"Ah! Ye have a scheme?"

Sir Peter nodded.

"Yes. Ye will have to ride like the devil to Paris, George. But more of that anon. Now, listen . . . I have come to the end of the road, my good friend. Nay, nay! I know what I shall have to face in the work before us. But it is the only way. Am I not blind? Jacqueline is the perpetual contemplation of my sightless eyes. With Marie 'twas different. There was no love between us. I cannot remain in England once we assault Newgate—they would gut me at Charing. I cannot go to the west. I cannot go to France, for there Louis and de Brenac would press me into the foul slime of a dungeon. An' faith, I'll never rot! So, it is the end of the road. 'Tis better so. Marie has her life and her love. Can I stand eternally in her path, turning her heart from gratitude to hatred? Nay, she has suffered enough. I am content. Come, let us go into the prison."

Sir George turned his head away. He forgot that the eyes of the blind cannot see tears.

"Heaven keep ye . . . stout heart," he said huskily.

Sir Peter's tall figure, arm in arm with his friend, Sir George Lake, was as familiar to the keepers of Newgate as it was to the smirking gallants of the Court. A footman followed carrying a large basket containing food and wine for Marie, Andre, and Rene. None but rats and the desperate could survive on the prison fare. The two men walked under the entrance arch of stone with its sinister grille of spiked iron and

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crossed a flagged courtyard to where a narrow door in the stone walls gave access to the main prison building. Here Sir Peter paused a moment and allowed his arms to measure the width of the doorway.

"'Tis a very narrow space, George," he muttered.

Sir George gave him a swift glance.

"Two cannot pass in that doorway, Peter," he said grimly.

They passed through, Sir George leading. Presently they were in a wide corridor. At one end of the passage steps led down to the cells below. Various offices abutted on the corridor, and Sir George pushed open the door of the Head Keeper's room. The man sat at a small table studying a document with interest. He was dressed in brown kersey-cloth. His head had been recently shaved to clear it of the vermin, and he looked somewhat unlovely with his wide nose, loose mouth, and long ears that stuck out from the side of a bullet head. His cunning eyes narrowed when he saw Sir Peter and Sir George. He rose and deftly caught the gold Sir George tossed to him.

"Good day to ye, m'luds," he smirked. "Ay, ye may proceed below. Your friends be still there . . . but by this time next week . . . I fear the cells will be empty."

"Thank ye, Master Keeper," murmured Sir Peter.

The two men left the room and walked towards the stone steps that led down to the cells.

Newgate was a grim prison.

Behind Sir Peter and Sir George came the trembling footman. Plainly he was afraid of this place and its fierce denizens. After him again came a slow-footed keeper, the common key of all the cell doors dangling from his leather belt beside his pistol and scourge. Rene's cell was reached first. The giant stood waiting at the bars, his shaggy head twisted to catch sight of them. All day he had waited like this.

"AH, messieurs," he growled. "I knew it was you by the savage cries of these devils. How good it is . . . to see you."

"Thank you, Monsieur Scarron," said Sir Peter. "Keep up your heart, my friend. . . ."

"For myself I fear them not," said the big man contemptuously. "A man must die some time. It is for Marie I shrink. What news?"

"I will tell you as I return. In the meantime, here is food and wine. . . ."

Andre leapt up from the foul straw as their voices reached him. Pallid, drawn, his shadowed eyes burned like two black circles with flashing centres. His rags clung to his thin body as he grasped the iron bars.

"What news . . . what hope?" he gasped, panting as he waited for the reply.

"There is hope but no news," said Sir Peter quietly.

Andre ignored the provisions.

"Ah, for myself . . . it does not matter . . . but for Marie. . . ."

Sir George patted him on the shoulder.

"You heard what my friend said, Monsieur France," he said softly. "There is hope, but it is not time yet to talk. We will return. Eat."

Sir Peter and Sir George walked to the next cell. In it there was no furniture of any kind, just a heap of straw in one corner. On this miserable bed the girl was lying. Her head was buried in her arms and she did not move when Sir George spoke gently to her. He spoke again, and without answering she slowly raised her head and looked at him.

"Is she there, George?" asked Sir Peter anxiously. Her silence startled him.

"Yes; but I fear she is terribly depressed . . . poor girl."

Sir Peter felt for an iron bar and clasped it in his hand.

"Madame," he said very gently.

Then she responded, sitting up slowly and half crouching against the stone wall at her back.

"Monsieur . . ." she whispered.

"We have brought you fresh food and drink."

A pause. She looked at him without interest. Her white hair was uncared for and frothed about her neck and shoulders. Her beautiful face had lost its life, and her dark eyes were dull and fixed. Each movement she made seemed to cost much in effort; once she raised her hand only to let it fall helplessly to her side. When she spoke, her voice was very faint, very low, and infinitely tired.

"Thank you . . . monsieur. But . . . there is still food. I cannot . . . eat . . . now. What is the use?"

"I beg of you not to lose heart, Marie," said Sir Peter. "I swore to you that all would be well. Have you forgotten?"

Just for a moment some of the glory of her dark eyes returned. A brief light glowed in their depths.

"You have seen the King, monsieur?"

A pause again.

"No," said Kenelm at last. "His Majesty is gone from London."

The girl sighed.

"Ah," she murmured. "But it does not matter. I am sorry you are so concerned. I am not worth your trouble, monsieur. Indeed . . . now that it is almost finished . . . I look forward to reunion with . . . my people. There is my father . . . and my mother . . . . and Sebastien who used to laugh . . . to laugh."

The two men stood silent. Day after day they had come to her and promised help and hope. They saw now that she regarded herself and her friends as being past all help and hope. The pitiful look in her gentle eyes shocked Sir George. Sir Peter could not see her. His ears told him how utterly she had surrendered. When the food and wine had been thrust between the bars he said:

"Madame, we must go, but have faith in Heaven and in us. We will not come again for several days . . . But when we do . . ."

He paused.

"When you do, monsieur?" she whispered.

"We will try to bring the answer to your prayers. And in those prayers . . . Marie . . . include Sir George and myself. We must go now, child, but be of courage . . . and your faith will be rewarded. Until our next meeting, madame."

"Until our next meeting, monsieur," she said slowly. "And so much do I thank you . . . and pray for you . . . Peter."

Sir Peter stood grim and silent. Then he smiled as he turned away. Sir George bowed to Marie.

"And for you . . . monsieur," she said faintly.

Sir George had to turn away suddenly. He could not look at those eyes that held so much pain in them. As the two men passed Andre and Rene they said but one word to each.

"Eat."

Followed by the footman and the keeper, Sir Peter and Sir George went slowly along the passage to the steps. Presently their footsteps died away and they were gone. Rene whispered to Andre.

"What meant they by the word?"

Andre's whisper came back.

"A message . . . on a biscuit . . . I have found it. Read, read . . . and eat, eat, until no crumb be left of it."

Rene made a dive for the food.

THE next morning's sun saw Sir George Lake spur out of Boulogne. A quick wind had brought his yacht from Dover. Like an arrow he shot along the road. For hour after hour he rode, changing horses, and throwing down his gold with a curse.

In Amiens his haste and condition were officially noticed for the first time, and as he raced out of the town on a fresh beast three agents of the constable thundered after him. But Sir George was a judge of horseflesh and a hard and reckless rider. He looked over his shoulder and bared his teeth in a soundless laugh.

"Ride, ye fools . . . then ride," he snarled, rising in his stirrups and leaning forward on his horse's neck.

The tall poplars went by like a ribbon of green. The road was narrow, and it twisted like a serpent. Twice he was nearly unseated because of stupid, starving cattle that blocked the road.

The third time he leaped his beast right over a startled bull that gave a bellow of fright and went plunging through the thickets. It was then that the three agents gave up the chase.

"He is the devil," panted one, glaring after the laughing Sir George. "Did you see him lift that horse?"

"By the mass, he is a horse-master, at any rate," said another grudgingly.

"Zut!" He deserves to get away. Not for years have I seen such riding. He is in a hurry, that one," said the third man. "Come, let us return. He can go to the devil . . ."

They watched Sir George until he flashed over a low hill and vanished. The dust hung in the still air for a long time. Then the three men turned back towards Amiens. Who could catch the devil when he rode with wings at his heels instead of spurs? By the time the three tired men reached Amiens they were firmly convinced that it was the devil who had outpaced them, and that they had a tale to tell.

In Paris, as the sun sent slanting shadows to the east, Francois de Brenac, Marquis d'Evreux, sat in a closed room driving a quill over some paper that lay on the carved escritoire before him. He was splendidly dressed in black and silver, and rare gems flashed on his hands and on the buckles of his shoes. But the eyes of the Marquis were troubled when once he held the quill suspended for a moment.

"But she is gone," he whispered. "Into the blue . . ."

Just for a fraction of time he raised his eyes and looked at the smiling portrait of Jacqueline. The girl seemed to look at him as he stared. His silver periwig hung without movement on his head. Then, the hard lines at the corners of his lips drooping a little, he turned to his writing again. He made a gesture of annoyance when a knock sounded on the closed door.

"Who is it?" he asked curtly.

His secretary came in and bowed.

"Monsieur le Marquis, there is a courier from Whitehall."

De Brenac stared and slowly placed the quill on the desk.

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CONFLICT

"From Whitehall?" he murmured. "Let him come in . . ."

The secretary bowed and went away.

"From Whitehall?" de Brenac muttered again. "The fellow must want the King himself . . ."

Again the door opened and Sir George Lake, a dirty and dishevelled apparition, with dust thick on his doublet and hat, and with the sweat of several horses still clinging to his long, leather boots, strode into the room with a tired stride. He measured the Marquis with level eyes as he bowed.

"Monsieur le Marquis," he murmured. "You will pardon my seeming lack of courtesy, but I was in Boulogne this morning."

De Brenac started. The thing was impossible, surely.

"In Boulogne, monsieur? This morning?" he asked in slight surprise.

"This morning, Monsieur le Marquis. I fear I killed two horses and lamed two more in getting here. I was in haste."

"The devil . . . you were," said the Marquis softly. "That was a ride, Monsieur. Is your King dead that you ride with such speed?"

Sir George laughed and shook his head.

"But, no. It is far more important than that, Monsieur le Marquis."

"The devil," said de Brenac again. "Your name is, monsieur?"

"I am Sir George Lake, at your lordship's service . . . and if you have any cognac . . ."

De Brenac smiled.

"Ah, pardon my lack of thought. But you burst in like a messenger from . . . from . . ."

"Exactly," murmured Sir George. "From the Pit, Monsieur le Marquis. I trust you will not continue to think so . . . ah, my thanks . . ."

The Marquis poured the brandy with his own hands and gave the goblet to Sir George who drank greedily. De Brenac's eyes widened a little. What stomachs these Englishmen had

"Zut! But you have a taste for cognac, monsieur," he muttered.

"ZUT! It was a long road, Monsieur le Marquis, Sir George retorted. "May I sit down?"

De Brenac laughed. He waved his visitor to a chair. There was really no telling what these English would do and say next.

Sir George selected the most comfortable chair and threw himself down in it. He stretched out his long legs with a grateful sigh. De Brenac stared at him as he stood waiting.

"You are from Whitehall, I understand, monsieur?" he said.

Sir George shook his head.

"No; not from Whitehall," he murmured.

"From where or from whom, then, monsieur?" asked de Brenac quickly.

Sir George was silent for a moment. He closed his eyes and then slowly opened them to look right into the eyes of de Brenac.

"From your old friend . . . Monsieur le Rat," he murmured.

De Brenac stiffened. His eyes slowly narrowed and began to gleam frostily.

"That dog," he snarled softly. "From Monsieur le Rat, you say?"

"From Monsieur le Rat, Monsieur le Marquis. And your lordship is mistaken when you refer to my friend as a dog. Monsieur le Rat . . . is a gentleman of England," said Sir George coldly.

"Indeed?" murmured de Brenac icily. "Our opinions differ, friend of Monsieur le Rat. But that need not prevent my listening to what you have to say. What does this gentleman of England want of me?"

Again there was silence. Sir George's dark eyes were beginning to harden into a cold, prolonged stare. He got slowly to his feet and faced the Frenchman.

"Monsieur le Marquis," he said gently. "My friend craves your indulgence to the extent of obtaining for him instantly—instantly, Monsieur le Marquis—your King's written pardons for Mademoiselle Marie Vernet and her two companions."

Had Sir George struck the Marquis across the face the result could not have been more startling. De Brenac recoiled a step, his eyes blazing with hate and anger. For a long moment he was speechless, then he snarled:

"Such insolence, monsieur, it has never before been my ill-fortune to encounter. Whatever Monsieur le Rat is to you, to me he is but a thief, and a spy, and a dog for whom death would be too good. . ."

Sir George laughed softly but very, very coldly.

"Ah, but Monsieur le Marquis is unwittingly paying my friend the highest of compliments," he drawled. "Your anger, my lord, springs from your chagrin at having been beaten by a cleverer man. That you should continue to do injustice to an opponent who fought you fairly . . . very fairly, Monsieur le Marquis, if you will but think for a moment . . . is unworthy of a de Brenac."

The mouth of the Marquis opened and shut and opened again before he could find words to reply to such outrageous insolence.

"The Rat fought me fairly? By slinking along the tunnels of the underground quarries? By abusing the privileges extended to an English gentleman? Sir George Lake, it would seem that Englishmen have a strange code of manners and honor."

"Softly, softly, Monsieur le Marquis," murmured Sir George. "Nothing is to be gained by the creation of heat between us. But speaking of codes of honor, Monsieur le Marquis, what of the honor of the nobility of France?"

Francois de Brenac stood like a statue.

"Well? What of it, monsieur?" he asked slowly.

"I was thinking of the peculiar betrayal of Monsieur le Rat by . . ."

"Stop!" cried de Brenac hoarsely. " I will hear no more. Monsieur, this whole matter is ended. You will be pleased to depart now."

"By Jacqueline de Brenac," continued Sir George relentlessly. "Monsieur le Marquis, it is not often that a man allows his heart to be seared and his eyes to be blinded because of his love for a woman. Monsieur le Rat knew, he knew, she was leading him to his doom, yet, he spared her . . ."

"I will not listen, I will not listen," panted de Brenac fiercely.

"But you will listen, Monsieur le Marquis. You'll listen to what other men of honor think of that deed, a deed not even eclipsed by the treachery of the Borgias . . ."

"By Heaven . . ." spat out the Marquis. "But I will have personal satisfaction from you for that . . ."

"I shall be delighted, Monsieur le Marquis," said Sir George quickly. "But, before we fight, I tell you that your daughter, Jacqueline de Brenac, will be written down one of the infamous women of France!"

"You . . . dog!" gasped de Brenac, turning and walking to where his rapier lay. "You . . . English . . . dog!"

"Of whom, presently, Monsieur le Marquis will feel the teeth," said Sir George calmly. "De Brenac, it is a pity Kenelm himself could not cross blades with you. What I shall teach you would be elementary compared with the lesson he would read you."

De Brenac smiled coldly. He was accounted the first swordsman of France. His pliant blade swished through the air as he tested its balance. Sir George's weapon whined leisurely as it left the scabbard.

"I wish . . . devoutly . . . Monsieur le Rat was in your place, monsieur. But . . . on guard, Englishman. You will not, of course ask for mercy, for I shall not give it. On . . . guard!"

"On guard, Monsieur le Marquis," drawled Sir George.

The two gleaming, slender blades fell and kissed. Just for a fraction of time de Brenac's rapier felt the wrist behind the other blade and then it leapt for Sir George's throat with the speed of light. But Sir George turned the point so neatly that his feet did not even move, and de Brenac glided back again.

"MONSIEUR LE MARQUIS," murmured Sir George coolly as the steel writhed, "is a fair swordsman . . . but only fair. Now, if Monsieur le Rat . . ."

Again de Brenac thrust, this time at the heart, but his point slipped past Sir George without even touching the doublet. With the speed of light de Brenac recovered himself and Sir George laughed.

"If Monsieur le Rat were here . . . he would think it a shame to cross . . . blades with you . . ."

"Swine of an Englishman," panted de Brenac. "Be silent, and fight . . ."

"Stupid Frenchman . . . twice already could I have killed you," Sir George retorted as his rapier held the other. "Once when you . . . thrust for my throat and . . . missed so stupidly; the other . . . ah! Softly, softly, for I will not move my feet! The other . . . when you thrust at my heart . . . so!"

The point of Sir George's rapier went in like a striking serpent and lightly touched de Brenac's doublet right over the heart. The Marquis leapt back, his breath coming quickly from between his bared teeth.

"Dog . . . dog . . . dog," he gasped. "Will you cease chattering and . . . fight?"

"Monsieur le Marquis is not satisfied? Perhaps he would prefer to lay aside his toy and finish the matter with a chair in his hands . . ."

That set the Marquis screaming with fury. A chair! A chair! Francois de Brenac came forward in a plunging rush. But Sir George did not move. His blade seemed to glitter like the stabbing lightning. The steel whined shrilly on steel. De Brenac's face was working convulsively as he staked all on this assault. All his past experience backed his bitter attack. His rapier hissed and darted and glanced and quivered as he thrust and parried and thrust in closer and closer at that mocking, unmoving figure before him.

And Sir George talked on with the infuriating calmness of a master giving a pupil a simple lesson. And then de Brenac's steel went through his adversary's arm just below the left elbow. The blood spurted and de Brenac gave a chuckle of unholy delight.

"Perhaps that will bridle your tongue, Englishman?" he taunted.

Sir George smiled and refused to take his eyes from the watchful ones of the Marquis.

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"So!" he mocked. "Is that the best you can do, Monsieur le Marquis? Here have I been making myself a target for your clumsy blade . . . and you can do no more than pink . . . me through the arm. Bah, I have lost patience with you. Watch yourself, conceited one . . ."

"Ah . . ." said Monsieur le Marquis. "Ah . . ."

He stood very still. His blade had been plucked from his hand and tossed through the air to fall crashing near the wall. The rapier of Sir George was levelled at his throat. Then it was slowly lowered.

"Stand very still, de Brenac!" came the Englishman's voice, not cool or lazy now, but hard and metallic like the steel in clashing contact with steel.

De Brenac stood very still, his face as white as a marble mask. Sir George walked slowly to where the rapier of the Marquis lay. Slowly he bent and placed the blade under his heel. With a quick wrench he snapped it. De Brenac had a spot of scarlet now burning in the centre of each white cheek. Defeat and humiliation—and living to see it . . .

"Monsieur . . . has the advantage," he panted. "As a gentleman he should kill me."

Sir George sheathed his rapier and bowed to the Marquis.

"Monsieur le Marquis there is no reason why I should kill you. I do not hate you, and the desire for the duel was your own. You will yet need your life."

"How can I need it now?" came the bitter question. "Can one need life with which to outlive dishonor?"

Sir George raised his eyes to the portrait of Jacqueline. "I came to tell you, Monsieur le Marquis, when you so impetuously interrupted me, where your daughter is . . ."

That humbled de Brenac. Gone in a flash was the hauteur of the nobleman. Sir George was amazed at the hungry, wistful light that shone in his eyes, and at the lines that had suddenly deepened in his countenance.

"AH . . . monsieur . . . if you had said that at first," he murmured. "Where is my Jacqueline? Is she alive . . . is she well . . . is she happy?"

Sir George smiled. He took off his doublet and began to bind his arm with his kerchief.

"If Monsieur le Marquis will be seated," he said, "we can resume our—er, discussion. Your lordship forgets that I am tired."

De Brenac looked at him. This man had ridden like the wind all day. How would he have fought had he been fresh? De Brenac shivered slightly. Ah, but he was growing old. He knew it now. Still a great swordsman, but growing old. It tells a tale. Perhaps that was why this strange Englishman refused to kill him. Slowly he seated himself and waited for Sir George to speak.

"Your daughter, Monsieur le Marquis, is alive and well."

De Brenac nodded at that.

"She is . . . with . . . Monsieur le Rat?" he said, speaking with difficulty.

And Sir George pitied the man in this moment of his crushed pride.

"But, no, Monsieur le Marquis. They have parted . . . for ever. You see . . . she came to him, but he had married. He thought she had only hate for him. To my friend . . . it was like a stab in the heart. To your daughter it meant a living death. My friend, whom you mistakenly called a dog . . ."

De Brenac rose and slowly bowed. All that was best in his proud heart was now rising in him.

"Monsieur, I apologise to you . . . and to . . . Monsieur le Rat. Is it too late for you to accept that . . . surrender?"

Sir George sprang to his feet. He marvelled at the man. Out went his hand.

"My dear Marquis, life is often difficult . . . because of the mistakes we make . . ."

De Brenac took the hand that was offered to him.

"Monsieur," he muttered, "that is true. Will you tell me of Jacqueline?"

Sir George looked him in the eyes.

"For my own part I would," he replied. "But I pledged my word to Monsieur le Rat not to divulge her whereabouts and her destination . . . until I had from you the pardons I asked for."

De Brenac drooped. He was hopelessly beaten. His head nodded slowly. Then he walked to the bell-rope. He jerked the silken cord.

"Monsieur," he said. "You shall have the pardons . . . for Jacqueline's sake. To have her restored to me . . . I would give my life . . ."

"I would add," said Sir George gently, "that in the heart of Monsieur le Rat, and now in mine, there is no bitterness towards Mademoiselle de Brenac."

The Marquis turned and bowed.

"Monsieur, for that I thank you," he said. "My daughter is very dear to me, and I——"

A voice near the door silenced him. Both men turned and stared.

"My father . . . because of that . . . I am here."

Francois de Brenac uttered one word.

"Jacqueline!"

It was indeed Jacqueline. Her dark eyes regarded her father sadly.

Sir George stood very still. It was his first sight of Jacqueline de Brenac, and a complexity of emotions stirred within his heart as he regarded her.

Sir George's dark eyes expressed his growing sympathy and admiration. Francois de Brenac went slowly across the room to his daughter; his arms were trembling a little as they waited outstretched for her.

"Jacqueline," he whispered. "Dear child of my heart . . ."

Then she was in his arms, crying softly, crying a name that never left her lips.

"Pierre . . . is lost to me," came brokenly. "I could . . . die."

Francois de Brenac's white hand slowly caressed the black curls. Then he smiled a little.

"Little one," he murmured. "He is to be restored to you, your Monsieur le Rat. Nay; do not start. Sir George here has told me . . . all. He and I will go, yes, this very minute, to England. If God is merciful we will bring back the man you love."

"Ah, but the marriage——"

"Is unwanted by all. A marriage of convenience. It will be annulled. Then there will be a marriage . . . of love. Stupid old man that I am, traitor to my training and caste, I am eager to witness this giving of a daughter of France to a son of England. My daughter. Dear little one . . . you will wait at the chateau . . ."

But new fires were glowing in Jacqueline's eyes.

"At the chateau?" she panted. "No, no! I will come with you . . . oh, I must come with you . . ."

Her eyes seemed to see Sir George for the first time. Francois de Brenac smiled.

"Jacqueline, this gentleman is Sir George Lake, a true friend of Monsieur le Rat . . . and our true friend . . ."

Sir George came forward, bowed very low, and then kissed the girl's hand.

"Mademoiselle," he said quietly, "I am your very humble servant. You are heaven-sent. You will restore life to my friend, because you will bring him . . . yourself . . . and all that your love means to him. But we must not delay. Time is life to Pierre."

"Then please let us go . . . ah, let us make haste," cried Jacqueline.

In silence they walked quickly from the room, Francois de Brenac's arm round the girl's shoulders. Sir George stooped and picked up the hat that had fallen from Jacqueline's hand.

THE lanthorns of Newgate prison were burning dimly as the watch on the great gates called the hour of midnight.

The long, dark, echoing passage between the cages wherein the prisoners were confined with their vermin and their misery was patrolled by a solitary and sleepy keeper.

In the last three cages Andre, Rene, and Marie were upon their knees, praying. The keeper came to them, his footsteps echoing on the hard, stone flags. He raised his lamp and stared at Rene. The giant did not move. Then the keeper looked in upon Andre France. The youth's head drooped lower. Then the light moved along and shone in upon Marie. Here the keeper lingered, staring, his narrowed eyes and harsh features showing neither pity nor satisfaction. But he said softly to himself:

"'Tis well ye pray . . . for at high noon to-morrow . . . ye die. The three die. At high noon . . . to-morrow."

Marie did not hear him. Her eyes were closed, and her slender body was rocking slowly from side to side. Her spirit, wearied and sad, was looking up to a greater light, the light eternal in the heavens.

"At high noon to-morrow . . . ye die."

The keeper lowered his lamp and walked slowly away. Dancing blackness fell upon the cages behind him as the light went farther away.

An hour passed. The crying voice of the watch called one o'clock. Round the corner, some yards from the main gates, a coach without lights came soundlessly to a stop. Had one looked at the hoofs of the horses it would have been seen that they were carefully sewn round with thick blanket. The felloes and tyres of the wheels also were wrapped round and round with the same noiseless material. No wonder then that the vehicle had come out of the black shadows like a phantom coach, with not even the creaking of harness to tell of movement. It rested, a black shape in the shadows of the black street. As the gate-keeper ceased crying the hour he stood up to stretch himself. A black, quiet, peaceful night, he told himself with a yawn. A drunken man, cloaked to the eyes, came slipping and lurching along the cobbles. Within a few feet of the gate-keeper he raised a silver flask, and drank deeply. He emptied the flask, shook it, cursed it thickly, and threw it down in drunken disgust. Then he stumbled on. The gate-keeper saw the silver flask. It was easily worth several guineas.

In the silence the gate-keeper opened the wicket-gate and stepped out on the cobbles of the footpath. He looked to right and left. Then he bent to pick up the silver ask. As he did so the swift rush of stock-

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linged feet came from the deeper shadows. The blow fell as he looked up, wondering at the new sound. Quick hands lifted him, stripped him, and took him away. A figure donned the gate-keeper's garments and went in and sat in the box. When the Head Keeper, taking a last look round for the night, came to the narrow stone doorway in the main building he saw the figure of the watch, and was satisfied. He turned away and went in again.

Again the keeper below commenced his walk of inspection. Slowly, deliberately, he peered into the cages. When he came to the first of the last three cells he saw that the huge man within was sprawled upon the stone floor with his arms outstretched towards the gate. Close to his insensible fingers five pieces of gold lay gleaming on the flags. The keeper blinked and raised his lantern higher. Yes: there they were. Five pieces of gold. And fallen from the hand of a man who was to die that very day. The keeper chuckled softly. There was half a year's money lying there of no use to anybody. A quick look proved the passage deserted except for himself. Then he knelt down, the lanthorn on the flags beside him, and stretched his arm through the bars. But to his dismay he could not reach the gold. Like yellow, mocking eyes they winked at him. He stared keenly at the prostrate prisoner and listened intently to his breathing. Rene's breath was a harsh, exhausted snore. Grinning, the keeper stood up and quietly fitted the great key into the lock. With infinite caution he turned it and slowly drew back the heavy bolt. The prisoner still snored. Silently the iron gate swung open a little, and the keeper, creeping like a wary cat, went softly in on tiptoe. He also bent to seize the prize, but as he did so a huge fist shot out and grasped his arm in a grip of steel. Before he could utter a sound a terrible blow on the temple stretched him unconscious on the flags.

The giant scooped up the gold pieces and dropped them into his breeches pocket.

"It was a good plan," he grunted, as he gagged the man's mouth and tied his hands and feet with the ripped-up doublet. "Lie there, Master Gaoler . . . and may the vermin feast off you as they have off us . . ."

Rene bolted the unconscious man in the cell and then sprang to the door of Andre's cage.

"Andre . . . quick!"

"Heavens . . ." choked Andre. "But it was simple . . ."

"Quick! The straw . . . the straw!"

RENE jumped for Marie's gate. He unlocked it, stepped in, and picked the girl up in his great arms.

"Little one . . . little one . . ." he panted.

She lay in his arms without speaking, her eyes closed, the droop of her lips uncaring.

Andre opened the lanthorn and set fire to the straw in Marie's cage. The keeper would be scorched but not killed by the flames. Good. A few blisters would repay many things. Then, with a great brand of flaming straw in his hand, Andre went from cage to cage unlocking the iron doors.

"Out . . . out!" he cried.

Startled, the inmates glared at this mad fellow with the hissing, flaring flame in his hand. Then they saw the doors sullenly swinging open. From down the corridor came the roar and light of fire. The prison was on fire. In a flash the prisoners were out of the opened cells, their yells and screams awakening those who still slept. Presently the vault was pandemonium. They had sensed the plan. Liberty. Andre's gestures were plainer than any language, and frenzied men and women seized great bundles of straw and lighted them from the flames. Then, screaming like demons, they fought their way along the smoke-filled corridor to the steps. But faster than they was the smell of the acrid smoke. It set the nostrils of the Master Keeper twitching. He sat up in his bed and saw a tall, cloaked figure standing beside him. In the light of the dim office lanthorn he recognised Sir Peter Kenelm.

"Sir Peter," he gasped, springing to his feet. "But ye startled me. How got ye in here? Be there a message?"

"Master Keeper," said Sir Peter coldly. "Does the tumult below convey no message to ye? Listen, man!"

With an oath the fellow turned. His cruel face was suddenly twisted by fear and anger and cunning, all blending into one malevolent expression. The howling of the liberated mob set his heart beating madly. It was like the sound of wolves that had scented blood.

"They be out," he panted.

Sir Peter laughed.

"Ay, Master Keeper, they be out, ye careless fellow. An' by the sound an' smell of things the place be well on fire. What tricks be ye playing in here, Master Keeper?"

"By Heaven . . . by Heaven!" the man snarled as he ran to the door. "I'll ask ye the same question . . . later . . ."

"I think not," murmured Sir Peter.

He bent his head to listen and then measured his steps to the door. Loudly clattering on the flags came running, pounding feet of the inmates. Voices choking sobbing, and shrieking were close to him. A great hand fell on his arm.

"Monsieur . . . monsieur," said the voice of Rene Scarron. "We are free . . . free . . ."

Sir Peter asked softly.

"And Marie?"

"Is in my arms, monsieur . . ."

"Ah," said Sir Peter. "I bid you farewell, madame . . ."

"She seems unable to speak, monsieur . . ."

"Poor girl. Then listen! When ye are far from here, and you know the ship to board, remember this! Just tell madame that I said . . . a bed of red roses will suffice. I am very fond . . . of a dark, red rose."

"I will, monsieur," gasped Rene. "Here is Andre . . ."

Andre grasped Sir Peter's hand and pressed it to his lips. "Heaven bless you . . . monsieur," he faltered. "Ah, Heaven bless you . . ."

"Away with you all," said Sir Peter quietly. "The coach is waiting round the corner, and Sir George is already at the ship with free pardons for you from the King of France. In your France . . . peace will come to you again . . ."

"But, monsieur," they gasped together. "But, you . . . monsieur?"

Sir Peter's voice cut like a knife.

"Away, you fools . . . or you are lost!"

As they turned he felt for Marie's hand and quickly raised it to his lips.

"I have kept my word, madame," was all he said. But when they had gone from him he whispered: "Pray for me . . . Jacqueline."

He turned as the last of the maddened prisoners went out through the narrow stone doorway. Still the keepers had not come, the rioting of those still in locked cages holding them for a while. With sure steps he reached the opening. He closed the narrow iron door and set the bar across it. Then he turned. His cloak fell from his shoulders, and in his hand, now, was his rapier. He stood waiting, the point upon the point of his leather shoe, his hands crossed upon the hilt. So he stood when the keepers came running to the doorway. At the sight of his grim figure they recoiled. The point of his weapon came slowly up, the light from the torches and lanthorns glimmering on the bright steel.

"I regret," he said calmly, "that no man may pass."

In silence for a startled moment they stared at him. He wore no hat, but his black periwig gleamed in the light. And his deep-set blue eyes were narrowed and moving as though vainly striving in these last moments to fill themselves with light. His stern lips were smiling a little, and his fine head was held proudly erect as he waited with perfect composure the onset of the keepers.

The Head Keeper recovered himself.

"Pull him down . . . ye fools . . . he has planned this riot an' uproar to hold ye all from the pursuit. Cunning, ay, cunning . . ."

THE flashing steel made a slow circle through the air. The men recoiled. They knew of his terrible skill with that rapier. It was death without doubt for the man who ventured within range of that steady, deadly blade.

Then the Head Keeper snarled:

"Ho! Ho! But I have a better blade than that . . . traitor. A better blade." He turned and whispered to a man who instantly turned and ran down the corridor.

There was a silence. The torches spluttered and the smoke went up. The Head Keeper stood with his arms akimbo, sneering, snarling with soundless fury. The others stared at the tall, unmoving figure in the narrow doorway. Then the straw came.

"Throw it at his feet . . . at his feet, ye fools. That be it . . . more, more!"

"Heavens. . . . but ye'll roast him!"

The Head Keeper raved.

"Up with it—throw more! Up to his shoulders . . . the dog . . . he'll open the door . . . he'll never face it . . . he'll turn . . . when the fire touches him."

Coming through the great heap of straw was the bright point of the rapier, searching lest the straw be used as a shield for attack. But the keepers had drawn back. The Head Keeper himself threw the torch, the flame caught and sprang to red life, and mounted higher in a roaring, red inferno.

The staring keepers expected to see Sir Peter turn and run. But there was no movement save that of the falling, flaming straw. They heard his voice but once. It cried aloud as though in agony:

"Pray for me . . . Jacqueline . . . for whilst I live . . . they must not pass . . ."

"He be done!" snarled the Head Keeper. "The smoke be in his curst throat! The flames be just upon him . . . see! Watch now . . . an' then rush and scatter the fire. I want that rogue alive . . ."

Up to the vaulted roof above the flaring curtain of fire the swirling smoke ascended. The turnkeys watched it, and even as they watched the iron door behind the flaming barrier was flung open. They heard a muffled voice shout:

"Peter . . . Peter! . . ."

And then, chokingly, the reply:

"George . . . dear lad . . . 'tis done!"

"Here . . . let me hold ye . . . de Brenac be here to take ye to the sanctuary of France . . ."

"I . . . am sped. The fire . . ."

Close upon the words came the clanging of the door as it shut. The turnkeys stood

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gaping; they could not leap through the furnace in pursuit. Then the Head Keeper roared:

"A rescue! After them, ye fools . . . Scatter the fire! If they get to France . . . they be lost to us!"

But many minutes passed before the keepers, their faces and hands blackened and scorched, could open the door and race across the quadrangle. Under the arch of the great gates they paused, looking to right and to left. Silent was the street, and dark. Where to go? Where to search in sleeping London? The Head Keeper turned with a bitter curse.

"'Tis useless. They be gone. But I'll set England at their heels ere the morning light . . ."

In silence the panting men walked back into the prison where, deep down, the prisoners who remained screamed and raved in their delight and fear and mockery.

Sir George supported the stumbling, fainting Sir Peter as they ran to the waiting coach. By the open door of the vehicle stood Francois de Brenac.

"Permit me to assist, Sir George," he whispered.

Sir Peter, racked with pain and exhausted almost to death, stiffened at the sound of his voice.

"You are?" he gasped.

"I am Francois de Brenac, Monsieur le Rat. I give you my hand . . . and with it my heart . . ."

"Thank you, Monsieur le Marquis . . ."

"Into the coach," panted Sir George. "Haste! The dogs will be at our heels in a moment . . ."

Sir Peter brushed heavily against someone as he collapsed on to the leather-padded seat. Then he felt a soft little hand touch his, take hold of it, and raise it to unseen lips.

"Pierre . . ." came a whisper.

Sir Peter could hardly speak. He seemed to be sinking into a dark, flowing river, sinking and sinking with the cool waters closing over him.

"Jacqueline," he panted. "Jacqueline . . . it is . . . you!"

He could say no more. He did not know the girls tears were falling upon the hand she had kissed. He was not aware that the coach had leapt forward and was rocking on its way to the opening of the Dover Road. Insensibility had claimed him. Jacqueline supported his head, and her arms clung tightly to him as the vehicle lurched and swayed.

Sir George forced his flask between the stiff teeth. The brandy flowed down Sir Peter's throat. De Brenac spoke.

"He moves."

"He is done," muttered Sir George. "But he is not dead . . . Hold him, mademoiselle, so that he will awake in your arms . . ."

Jacqueline's voice trembled with love and pride.

"Hold him? Ah, I will hold him now . . . forever," she whispered.

THE seasons come and go. Across the sky the four horsemen of the Apocalypse ride eternally. Time brings all changes, and humanity crouches, lives, laughs, and dies under the shadows of its everlasting wings. For Monsieur le Rat, Jacqueline, Marie, Andre, and Rene another year had passed, but the terror of Newgate's ordeal was but as yesterday. The lanthorns shone brightly in Pere France's wine-shop. Outside, a crescent moon smiled down upon a placid, murmuring sea, and upon lovers who whispered and hugged the darker shadows of the Parc wall. High on the tall rock the dark castle, faintly gleaming in the moonlight, frowned down upon shadowed Nice. The cypresses by the Paglion were still, sleeping in the night-glow. The wine-shop was thronged. Since Andre France had come to succeed his father all Nice made the place its rendezvous. Noble, bourgeois, and beggar mingled and dismissed convention and distinction; and with their ladies, wives, and women banded together in happy revelry and participation. Andre, Marie, and Rene were famous people now. The King himself had smiled on them.

One could see at a glance that the giant who guarded the spigots of the wooden casks was Rene Scarron; and the huge fellow grinned contentedly as he watched Marie's lissom form flitting from table to table. Presently she came to him, and stood breathing quickly, a glow of color in her cheeks, a happy light in her expressive dark eyes.

"Burgundy, Rene . . . two tankards . . ." she panted. . . . But the place is full."

"Pull it is, my cabbage," was the reply. "But when is Andre to play his fiddle?"

"Presently, impatient one," Marie retorted. "He is still busy with the cooking . . ."

"Zut!" grunted Rene, watching the play of light on her white hair. Then he said: "I never saw one so fond of his pots and pans. And the dishes he gives us . . . they are marvellous! But never did he cook like that when old Pere France was alive, or when he sulked in the galley of the red ship. Helas! Gone are the red ships. Gone. Those days seem far away . . ."

"The Burgundy, lazy one," said Marie with a smile. "And forget the red ships, and do not get drunk to-night, as you did last night at my wedding . . ."

"Ale," said Rene softly. "But that was your wedding, little one. You and Andre. I got so drunk . . . I prayed for you both. I must have been drunk to do that . . . eh?"

Marie reached out and touched his hand.

"Ah, Rene . . . a child's heart you have in that great body of yours . . . a heart that Andre and I will ever love. But the wine, obstinate one!"

He looked at her and laughed deeply. She would be astonished could she read the thoughts that had lain in his heart all these years. But they did not matter. Still laughing he said:

"Do you know what I heard to-day?"

"The Burgundy! The Burgundy . . ."

"Bah! They can wait, Marie. Listen, my pigeon! Matteo, the muleteer who brings the news from Paris, told me of a great wedding in Notre Dame——".

"In Notre Dame?" asked Marie very softly.

"Yes. All Paris was there, Matteo says. The King sent his man, the Archbishop was there, the Marquis d'Evreux, the Englishman Sir George, and . . . and . . ."

Marie's eyes were shining.

"Ah," she breathed. "It was——"

He nodded and filled the two tankards.

"Yes. Mademoiselle de Brenac and the gentleman of England . . . Monsieur le Rat."

Marie turned quickly.

"Oh! But I must tell Andre. Oh! In Notre Dame! Mademoiselle de Brenac . . . and . . . the gentleman of England."

Rene himself took the two tankards to the tables. Marie hammered on the grille with her little fists.

"Andre! Andre!" she called.

"What is it?" came Andre's voice. "What is it . . . There was a sudden crashing and banging of pots and pans and a hiss of steam. "There! You've made me upset all the bouillon——"

His face appeared in the opening.

"Why . . . Marie! You are jumping with excitement! Has Rene promised never to get drunk again?" he exclaimed.

"Andre! Monsieur Ketelm . . . Monsieur le Rat, and Mademoiselle de Brenac . . . were wedded in Notre Dame. Rene got it from Matteo . . ."

Andre gave a shout.

"Well . . . by the mass! But that is happiness!" he cried. "Wait . . ."

Presently he came through the doorway, his apron tucked round his waist, his fiddle and bow in his hands. The customers turned and then shouted, clapped their hands, and stamped their feet. They called to Marie.

"Madame France . . . Madame France! A song, a song!"

"No. Dance for them," whispered Andre.

In a moment Marie was dancing. Andre's fiddle set everybody swaying. Tankards and feet tapped time. Then Rene leapt upon a cask as the dance ended. He held a brimming tankard high over his head.

"NOW listen all," he roared. "Up with your wine. Up with you! A toast . . . I give you a toast!"

In a body they rose, the tankards held high. Rene's deep voice boomed loudly, his little black eyes gleamed.

"A very dear friend of ours has been wedded in Notre Dame," he told them. "Ay, in Notre Dame! We owe him our lives—Marie, Andre, and I. Salute him! Cry his name! Drink . . . to Monsieur le Rat!"

There was a deafening shout.

"Monsieur le Rat . . . long life to Monsieur le Rat!"

Rene's mighty voice stilled them. He was grinning again. From his shirt he took a small package carefully wrapped in oiled silk. He held up the object so that all might see.

"Observe," he bellowed. "Matteo was entrusted with this present for our Marie. Here it is . . ."

He leapt down and gave it to Marie then, catching her gently round the waist he lifted her on to the cask.

"Open it, little one," he pleaded. "Let us all see it."

In great confusion, and with her sweet face hot with blushes, Marie quickly undid the wrapping. Then she gasped and stared, and held up in her fingers a magnificent emerald set in massive gold.

"I—I will read you the writing on it," she said slowly. "It says: 'To Andre and Marie France from Sir Peter and Lady Kenelm—a token of undying remembrance.'"

There was a silence. There was something here deeper than mere joy. Andre lifted Marie down. There were tears in her eyes.

"Leave them to it," said Andre gently. "Rene will attend. We will go outside. There is a moon. Just you . . . and I."

Quietly they walked from the wine-shop. None noticed Rene's tankard rise a second time; none heard his soft whisper:

"Sebastien . . . my good friend . . . to you!"

THE END

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living persons.)

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